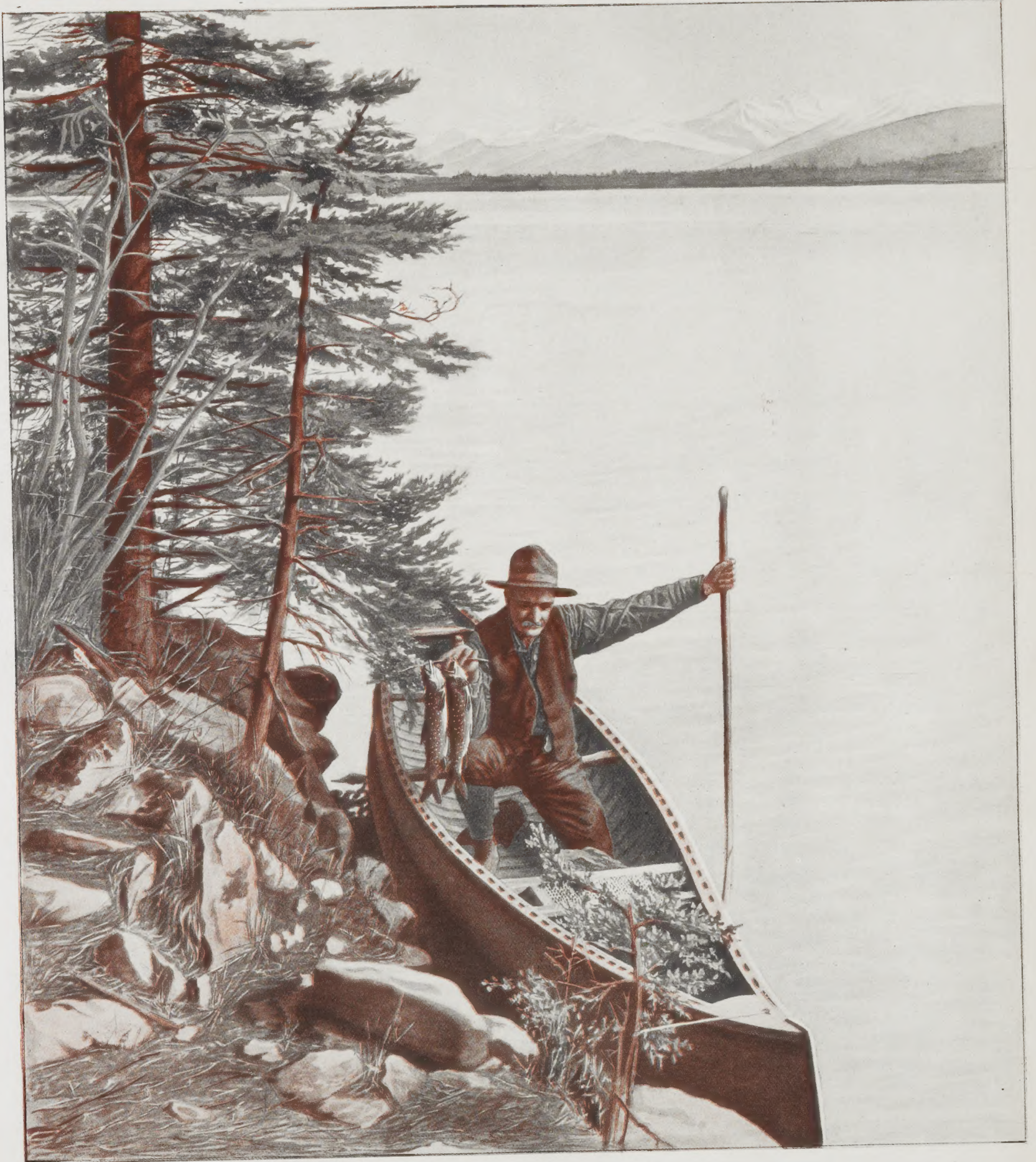


WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



AUGUST, 1913

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Say "I Want Blue Ribbon Tea"



Mention the name when you buy Tea. Otherwise there is a chance that you may not get Blue Ribbon, which is guaranteed superior to other Tea. If you are not fully satisfied with it you merely have to return the packet to your grocer and we authorize him to refund your money at once

THE PIONEER MUSIC HOUSE OF WINNIPEG

"The House of McLean"

Winnipeg's great Frontier celebration will attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the country anxious to witness the re-enaction of pioneer scenes.

Outside of the "Stampede", many of the visitors will make this a business trip, and to these visitors the well known music store "The House of McLean" offers special inducements.

"The House of McLean" has grown to such proportions that its immense purchasing power has placed it in a position to offer better values than is possible with the ordinary music house.

The position has been attained by fair and upright dealing with each customer throughout their business career extending over thirty years. Satisfaction is a feature of every transaction and customers can depend absolutely on every claim made by this well known house.

An invitation is extended to all visitors to the city to call and visit their beautiful showrooms at the corner of Portage Avenue and Hargrave Street.

Visit Our New Victrola Parlors.

We have recently fitted up the most complete Victrola Parlors in the West. Four record demonstrating parlors and a large Victrola parlor with a complete stock of Victrolas in all styles.

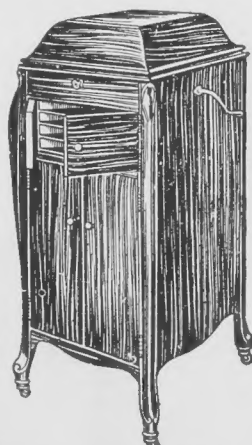
Call and hear your favorite selections played on the Victrola.



Victrola, Style X

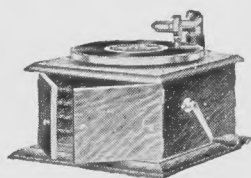
In oak or mahogany.
Complete with five record
albums with space for 82
records.

Price **\$100**



VICTROLAS from **\$20 to \$250**

All the latest Victor Records in stock.
Call or write for catalogue.



New Style Victrola, VI

12 inch turntable.

Equipped with suspended
sound amplifying com-
partment.

Price **\$32.50**

Exceptional Values in Slightly Used and Second-Hand Pianos

We have a large number of second-hand pianos in stock, some of which are practically as good as new and afford a substantial saving to anyone purchasing one of these instruments.

Every instrument offered has been thoroughly overhauled and is in perfect playing condition.

Following are a few examples of the savings offered.

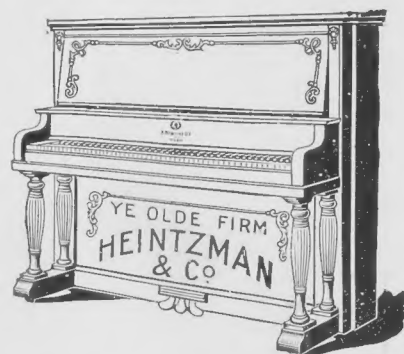
Heintzman & Co. Piano, practically new. Regular \$475. Special \$400.

Heintzman & Co. Piano. Regular \$450. Special \$150

Weber Piano, slightly used. Regular \$375. Special \$275.

Player Piano, in good condition. Regular \$750. Special \$550.

Second-hand Organs from \$35 to \$75.



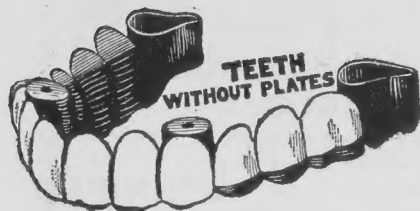
**Winnipeg's Greatest
Music House**



Dept. W.
**Cor. Portage Ave. and
Hargrave St. Winnipeg.**



The Old Way.



The New Way.

New Method Dental Parlors

Cor. Portage and Donald Sts.

WINNIPEG

for
all forms of up-to-date and durable dental work.

Absolutely no pain where the Dola Method is used.

Visitors to Winnipeg make your trip to this city the most enjoyable and the most useful in your lifetime by having dental work which will last for ever, improve your appearance and give you better health.

Good dental work is a cheap investment because you get returns every time you open your mouth to speak, every time you eat a meal, and it doesn't wear out or get out of style.

If you doubt our ability we will gladly furnish you with a list of names of satisfied patients who will tell you what we are and how our work looks and wears.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV.

Published Monthly

No. 8.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

We were indeed glad to welcome our many friends who came in to see us during July. As is well known, a very large number of people living in country districts invariably make a point of visiting Winnipeg for the annual fair, and somehow or other they do not feel that their holiday is complete unless they call on The Western Home Monthly. We will be at home again this month during Stampede Week, and again we extend a very hearty invitation to all who can come to see us. If you care to renew your subscription at the same time, so much the better.

Just now we happen to be in a particularly good position to offer you a very dainty as well as useful gift in return for a very little amount of work on your part. In return for one new annual subscription we will send you a pair of embroidery scissors made of the very finest steel. Those who live in the more remote country districts know how hard it is to buy any pair of scissors except shears, and we believe that we are supplying a long felt want in enabling our subscribers to get such a nice premium at no cost to themselves. If you really want a pair of these scissors, just visit one or two of your neighbors, and we shall indeed be surprised if you fail to obtain a new subscription within a half hour.

It would surprise many of our readers to know what a large number of agents we have throughout the West who regularly every month turn us in a certain number of subscriptions, and receive in return a very handsome cash bonus. We are not now referring to professional canvassers, but to just ordinary people who, finding that they have some time on their hands occasionally, have made arrangements with us whereby they can turn it to profitable advantage. Perhaps one of your friends is quietly and unobtrusively making money in this way, and we can recommend no other work which is so pleasant and profitable. Perhaps we have not yet a representative in your town. Why not write in to us and see if you can get an agency?

Tens of thousands of people will this year take up their abode in the Great Canadian West. Men and women of many nationalities—English, Irish, Scotch as well as many who have never before known life under the Union Jack; such as Americans, Germans, French, Swedes, Poles, Galicians, etc., and the great aim should be to Canadianize them all. Every true Canadian has a duty in this respect and we do not know any better way of familiarizing them with western conditions than by getting The Western Home Monthly into their possession. Its aim is to present from month to month what is pleasurable and profitable, and under the following headings subjects are dealt with in each issue that cannot help but make for the good of the country. Matters of vast and immediate importance are dealt with intelligently and concisely in the Editorial page of each number and following that will be found special articles on many subjects treated by men who are recognized as specialists in their respective lines. A wealth of choice stories, Correspondence, Talks on Temperance, Sunday Reading, Woman's Quiet Hour. What to Wear and When to Wear It, Fashions, Patterns, Work

for Busy Fingers, Woman's Realm, Farm Suggestions, Home Doctor, Household Suggestions, Young People, Children, The Young Man and His Problem, Lighter Vein, all come in for due treatment. May we suggest again to you that in speaking to your neighbors or whomsoever you may come in contact with, you are doing something that will help to bring together in one strong Canadian Nationality the many diverse elements that are fast filling our western provinces?

In a recent issue we endeavored to impress upon our subscribers the advantage of reading the advertising columns of The Monthly from month to month. There is no department of business to which more thought is given today than advertising, and as a consequence much that is interesting and educative will be found in every advertising page. Many of our readers will visit Winnipeg during Stampede Week and there is no better way of getting a correct idea of the city's progress and activity than by visiting establishments whose announcements appear in The Monthly. This embraces many of the leading institutions of the city and almost every line of commerce. On behalf of our advertising patrons we assure our readers of a cordial welcome whether they call as purchasers or not.

Sylvan, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find two subscriptions. I am going to try to get two more so I will have the full dozen spoons. I like the papers, and it would be hard to do without them.

Yours truly,

Katherine McCuish.

Carnduff, Sask.

Dear Sir:

I am sending you a full year's subscription for your good magazine to be sent to my sister at Cambray, Ont. I simply could not do without your lovely paper. And I remain,

Yours truly,

Charles E. Medland.

Lethbridge, Alta.

Dear Sir:

Our home enjoys your paper very much. Please send April number as we do not want to miss one. I think it is the best monthly paper in the West. Enclosed you will find \$2.00 for a three years' subscription. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success in the coming year,

Yours truly,

Norman Reid.

Broomhill, Man.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for renewal of your paper. I have been home in England this winter or should have sent this sooner. They think your paper a wonder. My sister gets it first and then it is sent home, and they all enjoy reading it, old and young alike. I am enclosing coupon for dollies if it is not too late; but, of course, if too late it cannot be helped.

Yours faithfully,

James Hogg.

Statuary
Easily Cleaned

Among its infinite uses, such as cleaning pots and pans, bathroom accessories, etc., Old Dutch Cleanser is especially valuable on marble statuary.

Removes that yellow tinge, which common soaps only intensify. All dirt and discolorations, quickly respond to its cleaning qualities. Equally as effective in cleaning jardinières, vases and bric-a-brac. Old Dutch Cleanser halves the work and time—doubles the satisfaction.

Many other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter Can

10c.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Chases Dirt

MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SHAN"

"No darning for me *this* trip, Dad.

Notice their style, too. If we stay *six months* we're fixed for hose."



Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

So soft and stylish, and can be had in such light weights, that many say, "These hose can't wear." Yet six pairs are guaranteed to wear a full six months.

We pay an average of 74 cents a pound for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn costs 32 cents. 74 cents is the top market price for cotton yarn—Egyptian and Sea Island. Ours is 3-ply, long-fibre, fine strands. Pliable and soft, but of the maximum strength. We spend \$60,000 a year for inspection, to see that each pair of Holeproof is perfect.

The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada.

The genuine Holeproof bear this signature: *Carl Fuschl*.

Write for Free Book on Holeproof

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.
000 Bond Street, LONDON, CANADA (447)

Six pairs of men's cotton Holeproof, \$1.50 to \$3 a box; women's and children's, \$2 to \$3 a box of six pairs; also three pairs for children, guaranteed three months, \$1 a box. Silk Holeproof for men, \$2 a box of three pairs. Women's silk stockings, \$3 a box of three pairs. Three pairs of silk guaranteed three months. Medium cashmere socks, six pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six pairs, \$3. Women's fine cashmere stockings, six pairs, \$3. Six pairs of cashmere are guaranteed six months.

Genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Fuschl

As supplied by appointment to the HOUSE OF LORDS, also to the HOUSE OF COMMONS, H.M. NAVY AND ARMY, and the leading Hotels and Homes throughout the world.

OK The ARISTOCRAT amongst SAUCES.

A FRUITY, appetite-creating RELISH of GUARANTEED PURITY & DIGESTIVE MERIT. Delicious with MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, CHEESE, etc.

WESTERN CANADA AGENT:

DAVID BROWN

328 Smith Street

WINNIPEG

BIG CARTAGE COMPANY RECOMMENDS

MOLASSINE MEAL

Made in England

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY:

THE SHEDDEN FORWARDING CO. LIMITED

Cartage Agents for THE GRAND TRUNK RY. SYSTEM, THE INTERCOLONIAL RY. SYSTEM, Etc. Messrs. The MOLASSINE Co. of Canada, Limited 402 Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs—I have much pleasure in recommending your "MOLASSINE MEAL" which has been used by this Company for several years with good results.

Yours truly, (Signed) G. E. BELCOURT, General Manager

ROYAL WARRANT



MOLASSINE MEAL

This Company owns and uses such a large number of Horses that the feeding becomes a very important feature with them. "MOLASSINE MEAL" will do as much for your horses—try it.

Put up in bags containing 100 lbs. Get it at your Dealers or write us directly.

Look for this Trade Mark



on every bag

MOLASSINE Co. OF CANADA, LIMITED

ST. JOHN, N.B. MONTREAL TORONTO

WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS—

The A. McDonald Co., Winnipeg, and all Branches Crown Feed and Produce Co., Calgary, Alta. A. S. Gavin & Company, Vancouver, B.C.

25 Cents

will bring you the WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER from date order is received to January 1st, 1914

50 Cents

will bring you the WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER and the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY from date order is received until January 1st, 1914

FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG

I enclose.....cents. Send me (WEEKLY FREE PRESS) (WEEKLY FREE PRESS and WESTERN HOME MONTHLY) until January 1st, 1914.

Name.....

Address.....



Be Sure of Your Separator Oil



STANDARD Hand Separator Oil

Standard Hand Separator Oil is the perfect lubricant for cream separators. Reduces friction and jarring to a minimum, so that greatest cream yield is insured.

Never gums, rusts or corrodes. Lengthens the life of the separator.

One gallon cans. All dealers.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Main Office: WINNIPEG
Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Vancouver



Ask your neighbor to take the Western Home Monthly. Special Rates in combination with other papers.

Co-operation

It is fairly safe to say that the prosperity of a community, a state, or any organization, depends upon the power of the individual members to co-operate. Co-operation may be for purposes of attack or for purposes of defence. In either case it is a necessary condition of success. So true is this, that history is the story of organizations rather than of individuals.

The last two decades have in a marked way illustrated the growth of organization for the furtherance of social, industrial, commercial and political ends. Churches are seeking union; philanthropic societies are banding together; cities are wresting powers from individuals and assuming the right to act as corporations in furnishing their own power, light, water, modes of transportation. The question men are asking is how they can best combine to get a maximum of efficiency or income with the least expenditure of time or energy.

This question has been asked, first of all, by the captains of industry, by money kings, and they have answered it in the one word—merger or monopoly. It has been asked by the wage-earner, and answered in another single word—union, or co-operative effort.

If the co-operative efforts of nations and of the owners of wealth have been interesting, infinitely more so have been the efforts of the common people as they have combined to secure political, religious or economic freedom. The struggle for economic equality has witnessed great failure as at New Harmony, Orbiston, Palatine and in South America. Fortunately there have been some cases where co-operation has met with signal success.

Co-operative Distribution

To escape the burden of high living there was opened in 1844 at Rochdale, England, a distributive store. "These twenty-eight Lancashire working men successfully grafted certain portions of Robert Owens' co-operative ideal on a vigorous democratic stock, out of which is sprung the modern co-operative movement with its million members—thirty-six million pounds sterling annual trade, three millions of yearly profits, and twelve millions of accumulated capital." The great principle of this organization was that the trading profits should be divided among the members according to the amount of their purchases—and this principle strengthened by cash purchase of articles guaranteed to be genuine, is the very life of the co-operative movement. The figures given above were from statistics of some years ago. The figures for 1911 give a total of about 1,500 societies, with a membership of about three million and a trade of about \$350,000,000. Nor has the development remained with distribution. Through the organization of wholesale societies, the work of manufacturing and trading has been engaged in, and a fleet of vessels now carries goods to and from Denmark, Canada, Australia, United States, Germany and other lands. This then is the first successful attempt at co-operation—the profits going to the consumer.

Co-operative Production

There are in England many co-operative societies of workmen, especially in the textile trades, in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in the building, the printing and the metal trades. These are self-governing shops paying interest on loan capital and proportioning their capital not among the

customers but among the producers. These societies last year did a business of about \$12,000,000. It is probable that in only a few selected industries would organizations of this kind succeed. Yet the ideal of a self-governing workshop makes a strong appeal to many minds. Nevertheless as in all branches of trade and commerce the larger organizations are pushing the smaller to the wall, so nothing short of such a strong association as that mentioned in the last paragraph would likely meet the competition of united capital. Co-operative production would then seem to be a doubtful possibility.

Sharing Profits

There was organized in 1842 by Leclaire a system of division of profits among the workmen in his employ in a glass factory. He found that \$15,000 a year could be saved on working expenses. He offered to divide this amount, if it were saved by care on the part of the employees. The experiment was most successful. Now, when five per cent has been paid on capital and the managers have received fair income, the balance of profit is divided as follows: One-fourth to the managing partners, one-half to the workmen, one-fourth to the mutual aid society (for the benefit of workmen). This principle of profit-sharing has been employed since in many institutions in Europe and America; indeed, in some concerns in Western Canada. As a system it is not generally followed, though its advantages are apparent. Profit-sharing acts as a buffer to the opposing forces of labor and capital. Yet the scheme is not favored by many union leaders for it tends to weaken the allegiance of workers to their class. None the less this is a form of co-operation that is working out well where it is tried.

Co-operation in Agriculture

There is one industry where co-operation has been successfully attempted in many lands. Denmark has been conspicuous for thirty years for its co-operative dairies. There are now over a thousand agricultural co-operative societies, and every village has its co-operative dairy.

In 1844 the French farmers turned to co-operation for the preservation of life. The aim at first was to assist the cultivator in the purchase of chemical manures. Quickly the aims and the membership extended. Now the farmer has the advantage of better prices, technical assistance, cattle insurance and credit. In Britain because of the system of land holding, co-operative societies have not flourished in the same way, although since 1901 there has been a considerable movement towards combination among farmers and small holders. The Irish Agricultural Organization Society has done excellent service. In the United States and Canada there have been several almost vain attempts at co-operation among farmers. In the nineties the Patrons of Industry was mighty in Ontario, and there was a companion organization in Manitoba, but these because of political entanglement or lack of wisdom or suspicion of the farmers, or for some other reason came to nought. Now the grain growers of the West have organized, and the growth of the movement seems to augur success. Beginning in 1906 with a subscribed capital of \$25,000, it now has a capital of \$683,000, and its grain receipts last year were about 28 million bushels. If this organization goes into manufacture, and distribution of commodities, it may revolutionize trade in Western Canada. It is a form of co-opera-

tion that may succeed. A very complete history of the aims and organization of this body has just appeared in "The Round Table," published in London.

Co-operative Banking

A form of co-operation that has significance for farmers and others was introduced into Prussia in 1849, when Friedrich Raifeisen started his loan banks for the benefit of his rural neighbors. He saw them in the clutches of the bankers, hopelessly embarrassed by debt and even sinking lower and lower in the morass of despondency. By the aid of a few socially-minded men and women of means, by making the shares in the bank as low as possible, by keeping down the working expenses to a minimum, the loan banks were established and prospered. A shareholder borrows from the society on the security of his fellow-members but only when they are satisfied that a loan is necessary. There are no general loans. The rate of interest is five per cent. Since 1880 the Raifeisen Bank has been a popular institution in Germany. On the model of this bank the English Agricultural Co-operative banks have been formed, and here is a suggestion for the farmers of Western Canada. Of course no system of this kind is possible here or elsewhere unless there is a feeling of mutual trust. Really that is the bugbear in the way of all co-operative effort.

Always Possible

If, then, actual industrial and commercial co-operation of the working classes is as yet a somewhat doubtful venture, there are, fortunately, some forms of co-operation that may accomplish even more and yet not be open to such great risks. In the first place, through the power conferred on them as citizens, the people can hasten the day when in all matters that affect their welfare as a whole the community shall operate and control public necessities. They can hasten the day when in every town there shall be a real market in which consumer and producer may meet directly; they can work for the nationalization of railways, telegraphs and power-production and distribution; they can, in every case where private ownership acts oppressively, demand the institution of municipal plants for manufacture and distribution. They can go further. As controlling the power which makes the laws of the land, they can, if they so wish it, combine to get such enactments as will make it for ever impossible for private greed to fatten on the labor of helpless hunger; they can demand a showing of actual profits from every privately-operated concern. For the people are king if they will forget for one brief moment to be partisans. It is a dangerous thing to ask people to press for class legislation, but all legislation today, because of party rule, is class legislation. The party that now needs a little legislation in its behalf is—the party of the common people. For it is plain that our fiscal policy, our trade policy, and our method for the transportation and distribution of life-necessities are alike unfair to the man who lives by the labor of his hands and to the man who acts as clerk in a counting house. Common decency calls upon every good citizen "to come to the help of the under dog." We shall make it possible for him to live and to enjoy living, and towards that end shall begin by making it easy for him to get an education and difficult for him to fall into vice or crime.

Absolutely Pure and
of Fine Quality

Baker's Breakfast

Cocoa

is a delicious
and wholesome
drink

Made by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals, thus preserving the delicate natural flavor, aroma and color characteristic of high-grade cocoa beans.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Canada Dorchester, Mass.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(à la Quina du Pérou)

"Pure wines increase the appetite and tend to fill the veins with pure, healthy blood."
Dr. Robert Druihl.

MEAL TIME

will mean hungry time to you if, half an hour before eating, you drink a generous wineglass of

WILSON'S Invalids' Port Wine

(à la Quina du Pérou)

It's a delicious-tasting natural appetizer and tonic that coaxes the jaded digestive organs overtired with too much hurry and worry.

Indicated in all anaemic and febrile conditions—doctors know!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE. ALL DRUGGISTS

TOE-KOMFORT CURES INGROWING NAILS

Satisfaction or money-back at druggists and shoe stores or send 25c to

FOOT KOMFORT MFG. CO.
389 Tweed Ave., Winnipeg

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

One Too Many

By Fred Jay

It was springtime. Mr. Samuel Gudge, a house-decorator by trade, had plenty of work. But springtime is credited with more responsibilities than one; and Mr. Gudge contemplating a second and belated venture in matrimony, was unable to give to his business the full scope of a remarkable energy and imagination, and kept his clients waiting.

Twice that day had he strolled past the widow's house, an intention of calling resolving itself into an amorous smile at the neat window-curtains. Supplementing a third failure by a note, he received a gratifying reply at the hand of his messenger, to the effect that Mrs. Maple would have much pleasure in joining Mr. Gudge at a game of cribbage at eight o'clock that evening.

In spite of the fact that he had not the slightest misgivings as to the result of his suit, Mr. Gudge was not free from anxiety. There was an embarrassment, an encumbrance in the person of a self-willed daughter; and, turning this one difficulty over in his mind, he went home to tea in a state of irritable preoccupation.

He toyed with two eggs and a considerable quantity of toast in gloomy silence, only once addressing his

"You done it on purpose!" repeated Mr. Gudge, with a roar.

"Oh, well, if you choose to think so, you must," said Winnie. "I don't know what's come over you lately—nothing I do for you is right. When Mrs. Maple was here the other day, you couldn't find things nice enough to say about me, and yet when we are alone you're so disagreeable, and make such a fuss about trifles—"

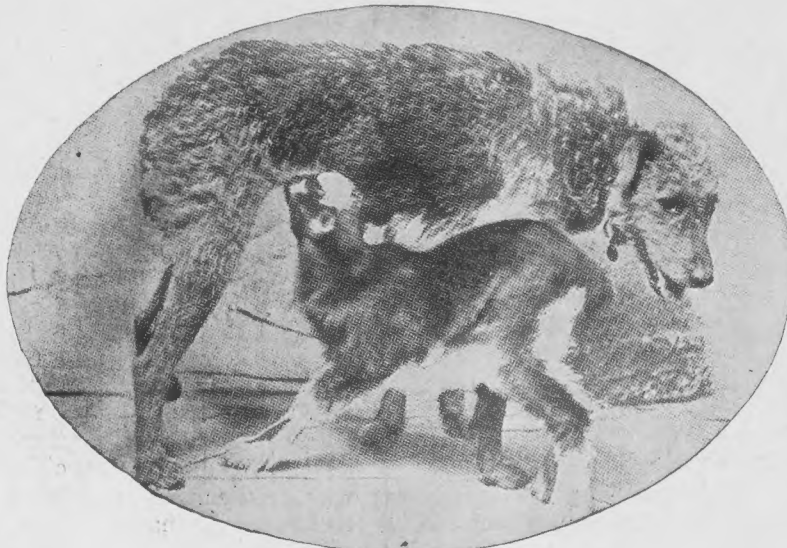
"Trifles!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge, with self-pitying indignation.

Winnie laughed.

"There," she said, crossing behind his chair and putting her arms over his shoulders. "I'll kiss another bare place to make it well. I'm sorry if it really hurt, but you're very ungrateful, dad! Don't I work hard enough and cheerfully enough to make you comfortable and happy, when any other girl of my age would be thinking more about some bit of a boy? Haven't I promised to devote myself to you as long as you live, and don't I mean to keep that promise?"

Mr. Gudge, shuddering at the ominous determination in her voice, took hold of the hands that clung tightly about his neck, and hastily disengaged himself.

"Ah," he exclaimed nervously, "that's it—that's just it!"



A Baby Goat mothered by Airedale Terrier

daughter, when, in a complaining, peevish manner, he drew attention to the unwashed condition of his teacup. Miss Gudge, having expressed surprise that he should disturb himself on that account when his saucer—the vessel he invariably drank from—was perfectly clean, finished a hearty meal with unruffled temper, and proceeded to remove the platters, humming the while with exasperating cheerfulness.

Mr. Gudge took off his muddied boots, filled a pipe, and sat in the armchair, sulkily regarding his socked feet. A big toe protruding its nakedness gave him a much desired opportunity of venting his feelings.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed sourly. "Pity you can't find time to do a little darnin' now and agin! You'll spend hours of an evenin' trimmin' of a 'at, while your father, wot keeps you idle at 'ome when other gals 'ave to work for a livin', can go about in that disgraceful condition!"

"You'll get holes in your socks, of course," said Winnie, "if you will go about without your boots. I'm tired of complainin'; it ain't pleasant. Nice people don't do it."

"I'll go about in bar feet if I think I will!" said Mr. Gudge threateningly.

"Please yourself," rejoined the girl.

She lifted the tray from the table, and, carrying it from the room, trod on something soft. With a terrible exclamation of mingled pain and blasphemy, Mr. Gudge sprang from his chair and hopped about the hearthrug. "You done that on purpose!" he cried furiously.

"Ridiculous!" declared Winnie. "It would 'ave hurt your corn just the same if you'd got your boot on."

"Just what?"

"Why, I can't help feelin', my dear," added Mr. Gudge, striving to impart a kindly inflection into his words, "that it's about time you deserted your old dad for somebody as 'ud appreciate you. A clever, sweet-tempered, industrious 'ighly domesticated gal like you ought to 'ave a 'ome of your own."

"I've got a home of my own," said Winnie.

"Er—yes; but it ain't quite the same thing," said Mr. Gudge. "You've sacrificed yourself, my gal, too long; and afore I go I want to see you married and 'appy."

"Before you go where?"

"Afore I'm dead," replied Mr. Gudge solemnly.

Winnie laughed. "Why, only the other day I heard you tellin' Mrs. Maple that you felt like a boy o' twenty!"

"Idle chaff, my dear," said Mr. Gudge, hastily opening a cupboard-door and hiding his face behind it. "Mere idle chaff. I'm fifty-five next birthday."

"Fifty-eight," corrected his daughter.

"Fifty-five!" declared Mr. Gudge.

"Well, it ain't worth while gettin' red in the face over three years," said Winnie.

"I don't know what you mean—gettin' red in the face!" said Mr. Gudge, diving into the cupboard again.

"Where's the matches?" Nothin's kept in the proper place in this 'ouse!"

"Not even you!" agreed Winnie.

"I won't 'ave no more of your sauce," said Mr. Gudge wrathfully. "I've put up with it long enough. It's time you got married and orf my 'ands!"

"I ain't never goin' to marry," declared Winnie.

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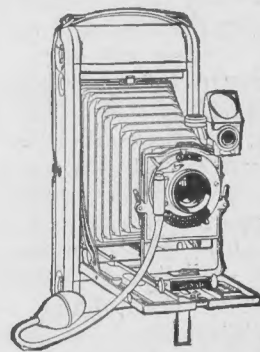
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"Well, anyway, I've kept you long enough. You'll have to clear out and go into business."

"All right," said Winnie, biting her lip. "And wot's goin' to appen to you?"

"I ain't thinkin' o' myself. I'm only considerin' of you. Good 'ousekeepers is plentiful, and cheap."

"Very well, if I ain't wanted, I'll go. Millinery would be the best thing, I should think. I've 'ad a lot o' practice making smart hats out of old bits. I could start in a small way on fifty pounds."

Mr. Gudge gasped.

"I'll think it over," he said; and moved to the open window for a little fresh air. "Ulloa," he added, as the gate clicked, "ere comes young Porter! Wonder what 'e wants?"

"Well, don't keep him long," said Winnie. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Fifty pounds!" ejaculated Mr. Gudge mentally, as his daughter retreated to the back premises. "Ow much cheaper it 'ud be if she'd only git married, too!"

And he smiled artfully as he responded to the timid knock on his front door.

"Good-evenin'!" said the visitor, with some hesitation. "You—you don't 'appen to be engaged, I suppose?"

"Engaged" said Mr. Gudge, starting self-consciously. "Er—oh, why, no o' course not! Come in, Ralph, my boy; pleased to see you."

Mr. Porter had called to solicit a job on a new house that Mr. Gudge was endeavoring to erect with the assistance of a few friends on the local council; and Mr. Gudge, declaring that he could

"Maybe, Ralph, maybe! I've been father and mother to 'er for near twenty years, so you can reckon she's been well brought up," said Mr. Gudge, swelling with paternal pride. "She's a credit to me, and I'm proud of 'er!"

He paused, and closely regarded the other. Ralph, thoughtfully sipping his liquor, remained silent, and Mr. Gudge proceeded:

"She's bin a comfort to me, and I lean on 'er. But I mustn't be selfish, Ralph, and let 'er waster 'er young life on me. I want to see 'er happily married and settled afore the time comes when I shan't be 'ere to look after 'er myself. It makes a father think when he's gettin' into years—I was fifty-three last birthday."

"You don't mean it!"

"Fact!" admitted Mr. Gudge, with a gratified smile.

"Why, you look a good ten years older," said the other.

"Well, I don't feel it, anyway!" snapped Mr. Gudge. "Whether I look ten years younger or ten years older don't signify; the fact remains I'm fifty-two, and 'ave to face the future. Well, I'm a poor man, Ralph, and 'ave to work 'ard for a livin'."

But, pore as I am, the chap that marries my gal will 'ave five bob a week to 'elp with the 'ouse-keepin'. 'Tain't every father as values his son-in-law so 'igh. Eh? What do you think?"

"Very generous, I'm sure," said Ralph. "Scarcely ever heard of such a thing!"

"Five bob a week!" repeated Mr. Gudge, with slow impressive emphasis. "Think wot that mean— It's on con-



The awakening of China. The teacher at work with Western Methods

always find work for such a thorough workman as Mr. Porter, requested him to be seated. Opening the cupboard, he produced a couple of glasses and a bottle of ale, and proceeded with great care to equally divide the contents of the latter.

"Seen much o' Winnie lately?" he asked casually, handing the other his glass.

"Not for over a month," replied Ralph, with some surprise. "Why?"

"Um! Um!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge, playfully jabbing him in the waistcoat. "That won't go down with me, my boy! Why, your name is on 'er lips every day o' the week."

"Really?" said Ralph, with indifference.

"Fact," said Mr. Gudge. "And I can't say I'm surprised, either. She's a sensible gal, my Winnie is, and knows a good-hearted, fine, strapping young fellow when she sees 'im!"

Ralph un'ent slightly, and Mr. Gudge eagerly followed up the advantage.

"She won't look at none o' them dandified young cubs," he continued, "wot come about my place, 'alf choked in 'igh collars, and talkin' stuff wot they read of in them library books. She knows wot fine feathers and fine words is worth. Give me a chap, she ses, wot 'as straight legs and broad shoulders, and never mind about 'is 'ead!"

"She ses that, does she?" said Ralph.

"Well, she don't exactly say it," hedged Mr. Gudge, "but them's roughly 'er ideas. Sterling worth—that's wot she reckenises and sets store by. Sterling worth! It's on 'er lips every day o' the week."

"I expect she's learnt them ideas from you."

ditions, though, mind you—conditions wot shall be nameless."

He took a couple of turns up and down the room in an irresolute manner, then stopped suddenly in front of his visitor.

"Well, dunno, Ralph," he said. "Arter fifty years' experience (I mean forty years) in the building line, I reckon a plumber whose job'll stand mor'n six months is a man to be trusted. But between ourselves, o' c'urse, and the door-post—you understand? Well, I'm 'alf disposed—disposed, mind you—to marry ag'in myself! Does that surprise you?"

"Rather!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Gudge airily. "Why should it?"

"I mean," replied Ralph, more cautiously, "it surprises me you ain't bin snapped up years ago."

"Well, you see, my boy, I'm a bit difficult where wimmen is concerned. A old fish—I mean a fish wot 'as bin hooked afore—don't shap so greedily at the bait, eh? But it gits a bit lonely, Ralph, swimmin' about alone, and the party wot I'm feeling disposed to is lonely as well—a widow. Nice, pleasant woman, good-lookin', and comfortable 'orf; and that last is where them conditions comes in."

"Well, good luck to you, Mr. Gudge," said Ralph, getting up and looking about for his hat. "I reckon the chap who's fortunate enough to marry your daughter will think himself lucky enough, without wantin' the five bob a week with 'er."

"Spoke like a man!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge, eagerly seizing the other's hand, and shaking it warmly. "Spoke like a man! But you'll stay a bit longer, won't

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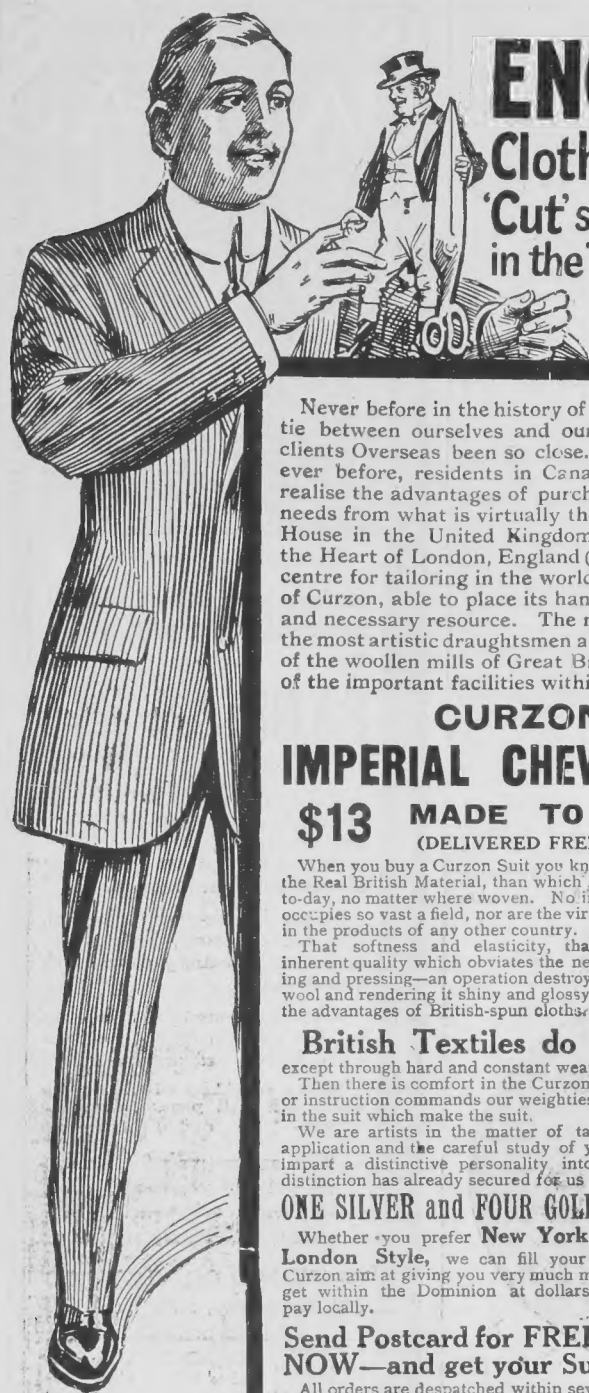
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you. Winnie'll be back soon—she'd be disappointed not to see you. Why don't you ask her to go for a walk sometimes?"

"Me?"

"Yes. Why not? Ask 'er to-night. I'd sooner it was you than anybody else. I'm only thinkin' of my gal, o' course; and I reckon a chap wot 'ud marry 'er for 'erself alone would be more likely to make 'er 'appy."

"But I've never been out with a girl before," confessed Ralph. "I shouldn't know what to say to her."

"You wouldn't know what to say to her!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge, in tones of



An unusual incident of animal affection.
A retriever dog rearing two little pigs

pitying contempt. "Ah, when I was your age, Ralph—Well, it don't signify. It'll come easy enough, my boy. You don't know what you can do till you try. A little nervousness at first ain't amiss; it flatters 'em. They think it's a sign of respect. It looks like it, but it ain't always. Yes; a little timidity as a push orf don't do no harm; but it mustn't be overdone on no account. You have to startle 'em with somethink a bit darin', then look 'umble like, as though you've gone too far, and tone it down. See 'ow they take that; and nine times out of ten you can be more darin' still, and forgit to apologise. Sweep 'em orf their little feet, my boy! That's the trick; you take it from me. In a word—bluff! That's wot goes down with the wimmen."

It certainly looked easy enough. Ralph modestly concluded he might try; but he was not dressed for the part. That, however, was a matter Mr. Gudge could soon remedy. As a matter of fact, he had bought some new collars, cuffs, and other accessories that afternoon. He produced a brown-paper parcel, and, cutting the string, held up a gaudy waistcoat of the fancy variety.

"A man can be smartly dressed without looking a dandy, eh?" he remarked. "There's a collar for you—latest style, the Dragon; thought they'd suit me. Pity there's only one weskit; but you can 'ave your choice of the ties. Er—'adn't you better 'ave a wash first? You'll find the sink in the kitchen."

Ralph was not absent many moments from the room, and on returning he observed a corner of the waistcoat peeping beneath a chair-cushion.

"Ulloa!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge from the interior of a stiff new shirt he was endeavouring to struggle into. "Who's that?"

"Me," replied Ralph, hastily donning the waistcoat.

"You ain't bin long over that splash."

"I thought it would be cleaner not to wash, after all," said Ralph, buttoning up his jacket. "What about a hair-brush?"

"I gen'rally use the palm of my 'ands," said Mr. Gudge. "But if you'll help me through this, I'll go and fetch one for you." With Ralph's assistance he quickly emerged, blinking in the gas-light, his ears crimson with friction. "Quarter to eight!" he remarked. "We must 'urry. I'll fetch that brush."

"Well, 'ow does the collar go?" he asked cheerfully on his return.

"A treat, thanks," said Ralph, taking the brush and crossing to the overmantel-mirror.

"Ow does my trousers look?" queried Mr. Gudge, strutting up and down the room.

"Your trousers?" murmured Ralph, preoccupied.

"Yes. Does they show the crease?"

"Only a spot or two."

"Ulloa!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge. "Where's that weskit? I left it on the table—"

"So you did," agreed Ralph. "I found one under the chair-cushion."

"Come now, no larks! Orf with it at once—"

"Hush!" said Ralph. "Someone coming up the path—quick!"

He hurried the silently protesting man into his old coat and waistcoat as a rattat sounded on the door.

"Only Winnie's knock," said Mr. Gudge.

But it was too late for reprisals, and he opened the door to his daughter. To her astonished inquiry, Mr. Gudge replied with considerable dignity that it was not a party. He and his friend Mr. Porter were merely discussing a little bit of business.

"Oh! Is that all?" said Winnie.

"Well, no, my dear, it ain't all—quite," said her father. "The fact is, Mr. Porter—er—with feelin' of respect wot does 'im credit, 'as bin asking me—asking my permission to take you out for an hour to-night. Said somethink about a blow on one o' them electric trams, didn't you, Ralph?"

"It's very kind, I'm sure," said Winnie gravely; "but I shouldn't think of goin' out and leavin' you all alone, dad. You go with Mr. Porter, while I get supper ready."

"I sha'n't be lonely, my dear," urged the perplexed Mr. Gudge, becoming suddenly interested in an anæmic geranium in the window. "As a matter o' fact, I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Maple was to come round to ask my advice about a little deal she's thinkin' of. Us old folks 'll keep each other company."

"Do come!" pleaded Mr. Porter, nudged into action by the desperate Mr. Gudge. "It would be awfully jolly."

Winnie met his eyes, and smiled wickedly.

"What would be awfully jolly?" she asked. "Going for a tram-ride with another man's girl?"

Ralph turned in bewilderment to Mr. Mr. Gudge, and Mr. Gudge stared blankly back at him.

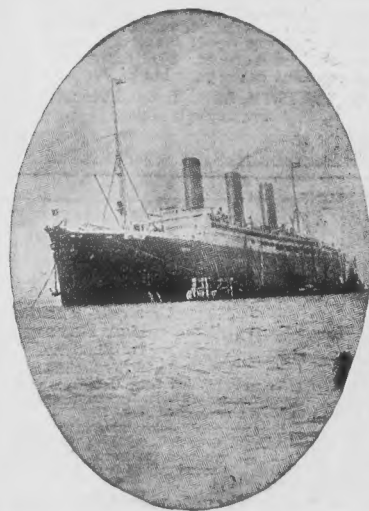
"Another man's girl?" he exclaimed. "Why, wot do you mean, Winnie?"

"I mean," said his daughter carelessly, "that I've been thinking over what you said to me (it's all right. I don't mind Mr. Porter hearing), and I've been out to give Teddy Walters an answer to somethin' he asked me last Sunday. He's coming to see you about it to-night, at eight o'clock."

"Teddy Walters!" exclaimed her father. "Eight o'clock! Well, I'm jiggered!"

Having delivered himself of which sage remark, Mr. Gudge became lost in complicated reflection. A neighbouring clock striking the doubly appointed hour brought him to his senses.

"You'd better see about gettin' a bit o' supper, then," he said, striving to control his voice. "O' course, I shall be 'appy to welcome Teddy Walters. Well, Ralph," he added, extending his hand, when his daughter had gone, "it was very kind o' you to drop in and see us. Any time you're passin' I shall be pleased—"



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"All right," said Mr. Porter, picking up his hat. "I ain't anxious to sop and be made a fool of no ger! We'll 'ave another quiet little talk about this afore long."

He strode angrily to the door, and, opening it, nearly fell into the arms of Mrs. Maple, who was about to raise the knocker.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said.

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"My fault, I'm sure," declared the
widow sweetly. "Good-evening, Mr.
Gudge. I didn't understand I was to
meet company. Who's your friend?"

"Mrs. Maple," murmured Mr. Gudge,
with hasty ceremony. "Mr. Porter—er—
old friend o' my daughter's. He was
just going. Wasn't you, Ralph?"

"I was going," said Mr. Porter, with
an admiring glance at the widow, "but
I ain't in no particular hurry."

"I seen you before somewhere, I
think," said Mrs. Maple. "In uniform,
too, I believe. Ain't you a soldier?"

"If you'd said soldier, now, you'd 'ave
bin nearer the mark," interposed Mr.
Gudge.

Mr. Porter, with a frank smile, ex-
plained that he was a plumber by trade.

"Well, it's a pity," said the widow.
"You're just built for the Army."

"Size ain't everything," remarked Mr.
Gudge, who was getting restless. "E's
got a weak heart."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the widow
sympathetically.

"So far as I know," said Mr. Porter,
"there's nothin' the matter with my
heart. Leastways," he added pointedly,
"it's kept sound up to the present."

"Ave you 'ad another of them fits
lately, Ralph?" asked Mr. Gudge.

"Fits" queried Mr. Porter.

"Well, it was a fit, wasn't it?" said
the other. "I mean the time the police
took you off on a stretcher."

"Look here," said Mr. Porter, keeping
his temper admirably: "who're you
tryin' to get at? I'll ask Mrs. Maple.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Gudge, by an
effort. "I ain't toggled up in other peo-
ple's things, and staying in other peo-
ple's houses when I ain't wanted!"

"Nice little woman that, Mr. Gudge,
eh?" Ralph continued, with irritating
calmness. "Seems to 'ave took quite a
fancy to me, too, doesn't she? It's this
waistcoat and them certain tips you
give me that's done the business. As
you said, you don't know what you can
do till you try. What's my next move?"

"Out o' my house!" roared Mr. Gudge.
"Oh, I remember. Sweep 'em off their
little feet—that's the trick, my boy. In
a word—bluff! That's wot goes down
with the wimmen."

"Are you going," asked Mr. Gudge
threateningly, "or shall I 'ave to kick
you out?"

"No force!" pleaded Ralph, laughing.
"I'll go quietly—into the kitchen."

He crossed to the door, encountering
Mrs. Maple, who entered with Winnie
and Teddy Walters. The latter ad-
vanced to Mr. Gudge, and shook hands
with some nervousness.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Walters,"
said Mr. Gudge shortly. "Ow about a
bit o' supper, Winnie? Thought you was
gettin' it ready all this time in the
kitchen."

"I'll soon 'ave it on the table," said
Winnie.

"Let me help you, dear," suggested
the widow sweetly.

"Set for four, my love," said Mr.
Gudge, with an attempt at cheerfulness.
"Winnie, I mean," he added, "unfortu-



Stefansson receiving the last Scientist to join Expedition before the Karluk sails from Esquimaux Harbor for the Arctic.

Do I look like a chap as is subject to
fits, or anything o' that sort?"

The widow looked him up and down
critically, then dropped her eyes.

"No," she said; "you're the finest and
healthiest-lookin' young man I've met
for many a long day. You mustn't
mind me sayin' that," she added, look-
ing up with a smile. "I'm a lot older
than you, you know."

"Really?" said Mr. Porter gallantly.
"No one would believe it, I'm sure."

"Ralph looks a lot older than 'e is,"
said Mr. Gudge vindictively. "E's
knocked about a good deal in 'is time."

"Yes; I've done some knocking about
in my time," admitted Mr. Porter, eye-
ing him steadily; "chaps of my own
age, I mean, that was silly enough to
insult me."

An awkward pause followed, and Mrs.
Maple, anxious to create a diversion, in-
quired after Winnie.

"She's in the kitchen with her young
man," said Mr. Porter. "I heard him go
round soon after you come in."

"Her young man!" exclaimed the wid-
ow. "Why, I thought I understood Mr.
Gudge to say that you—"

"Was old friends, that's all," said Mr.
Porter. "You can be old friends without
fallin' in love, just as you can fall in
love without bein' friends."

"The best way, too, I think," said the
widow softly. "I'll go and see them."

She left the parlor, leaving Mr.
Gudge glaring venomously at Ralph, half
choking with indignation.

"Well," said Ralph.

"Well, Mr. Porter!" hissed Mr. Gudge.

"What's the matter? Ain't you feelin'
well? Collar too tight?"

nately Mr. Porter can't stop no longer."

"Really?" said Mrs. Maple.

"Well, I'm sure I should disappoint
Mr. Gudge if I disappoint you," said
Ralph. "Many 'ands make light work
—let me 'elp, too."

"We don't want any assistance,
thanks," declared Winnie.

"He can carry the tray, dear," said
Mrs. Maple.

Ralph followed them into the kitchen,
to the profound astonishment of Mr.
Gudge, who sat staring blankly at Ted-
dy Walters. And Teddy Walters, smil-
ing nervously, wriggled his way slowly
to the door and left him. Sounds of
hearty laughter reached the neglected
and unhappy man as preparations for
the meal proceeded. With four pairs of
hands at work, progress was surprising-
ly slow.

Presently Winnie came into the parlor
and laid the cloth, while Teddy Walters
followed close to admire her dexterity.
There was a murmur of voices in the
kitchen and Mr. Gudge, straining his
ears, distinctly heard Mrs. Maple, in low
and playful accents, declaring that Mr.
Porter was a bad man.

"I'm a-goin' to fetch the knives and
forks!" he said suddenly.

"Sit down, dad!" commanded Winnie.
"We really can't do with any more
help!"

"I'm a-goin' to fetch the knives and
forks!" repeated Mr. Gudge, with in-
creasing vehemence.

He crossed the room, meeting Mrs.
Maple in the doorway.

"Don't trouble," she said; "I've got
them!"

Winnie and Mr. Walters returned to
the kitchen, and, for the first time that

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evening, Mr. Gudge and the widow were alone together. Her cheeks bright with excitement, she tripped merrily round the table, arranging the cutlery. Mr. Gudge gave a deep sigh, swallowed nothing twice, and looked at her imploringly.

"Mrs. Maple—" he began, in quavering tones.

"Where's the spoons?" asked Mr. Porter, putting his head into the room.

"In the kitchen!" snapped Mr. Gudge desperately. "Go and look for 'em!"

Mr. Porter laughed.

"I thought they were in here!" he said.

"Then you made a mistake," said Mrs. Maple, laughing too. "Come along, Mr. Porter. I'll help you find 'em."

Despairing to obtain an explanation of her conduct from the heartless widow, Mr. Gudge relapsed into sullen silence. During supper, which was at length satisfactorily arranged on the table, he refrained from joining in the conversation, except to reply in surly monosyllables to the polite commonplaces of Teddy Walters, who was nervously anxious for his approval.

He scowled darkly on observing Mrs. Maple deeply interested in the romantic details of Mr. Porter's plumbing experiences; and when towards the end of the meal that young man whispered in the widow's ear, and received in response a playful tap on the head, Mr. Gudge could no longer restrain his indignation.

With an effort that well-nigh choked him, he swallowed an impulse to break out into invective against such reprehensible freedom of manner between strang-

Mr. Gudge was silent.

"I think I know why," said the widow, in a low voice. She bestowed a reproachful glance upon the unhappy Mr. Gudge, and, crossing to the open window, drummed on the sill with her fingers in agitation. "If Mr. Gudge," she continued, "has changed his mind—if Mr. Gudge has been thinking of something he hinted at a few days ago, then his little plan has proved successful—quite successful. I wouldn't wish it otherwise."

A mystified silence followed. Mr. Gudge opened his mouth to speak, but nothing articulate escaped his lips. Ralph rose from the table and joined the widow by the window.

"Nice air blowin' in," he said.

"Beautiful," she murmured pensively.

"Mr. Gudge was suggestin' a tram-ride earlier in the evening. What do you two say?" he added, turning to Winnie and Mr. Walters.

The idea met with approval.

"Come along, then," said Ralph cheerfully. "You'll join us, of course, Mrs. Maple?"

"No; I think not, thank you."

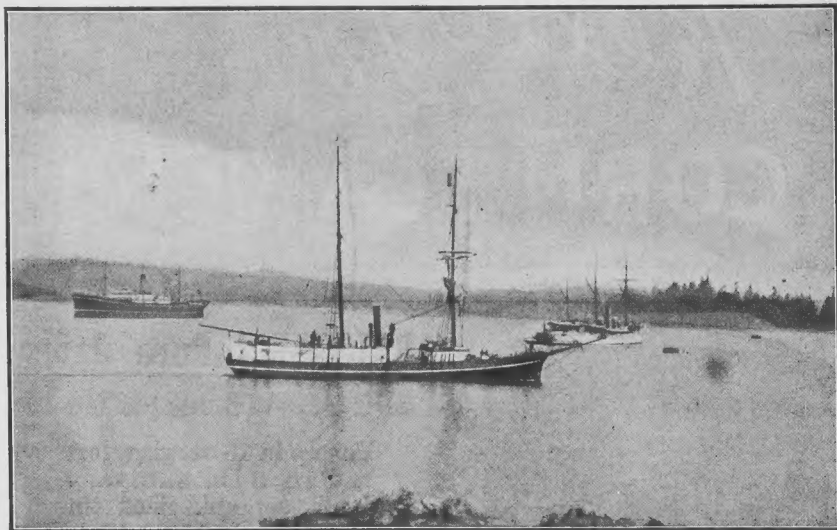
"You must," he pleaded. "I can't go with 'em alone!"

"But—Lottie?" murmured the widow archly.

Ralph laughed.

"I'll tell you all about Lottie on the tram," he said. "It won't take long. We shall 'ave plenty o' time to talk of more interesting things."

"It would be very jolly; you're such an amusing young man," said Mrs. Maple, adjusting her hat with care before



S.S. Karluk, Esquimalt Harbor, with the British Warship H.M.S. Algerine

ers, and, adopting a more subtle line of attack, inquired of Mr. Porter, in a voice of studied carelessness, as to health of one Lottie. To his great surprise, Mr. Porter, so far from disputing any such acquaintanceship, replied in equally careless tones to the effect that the young lady's health, when he last had the pleasure of seeing her, left nothing to be desired.

"I thought you wasn't feelin' anxious about 'er," said Mr. Gudge.

The widow's curiosity was aroused.

"Who's Lottie?" she asked. "Do tell us, Mr. Gudge, please. I'm sure he's a rascal!"

"All I know about 'er," replied Mr. Gudge spitefully, "is that she's a young woman o' Mr. Porter's particular acquaintance—a young woman of 'is own class."

"Sorry she cut you the other day," remarked Ralph.

"A young woman," continued Mr. Gudge, with increasing venom, "wot 'e promised to marry."

"No, no, Gudge!" protested the other, smiling. "I can't allow the promise o' marriage."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mr. Gudge. "It's the least you could have done!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Ralph. "I'm fairly good-tempered, but you must draw the line somewhere. If I'm all that you've been tryin' to make out this evening, why did you ask me—bribe me, in fact—to court your daughter?"

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Mr. Gudge, paling before the indignant Winnie.

"Very well," continued the other. "Tell Mrs. Maple why you give me these togs, and asked me to stop tonight."

the over-mantel-mirror. She looked at her watch, and crossed over to the window again. A man paced slowly and silently before the house, and, coming under a street-lamp, the light illuminated a full beard and middle-aged figure. "Ah, there he is!" exclaimed the widow.

"Who?" asked Winnie.

"Mr. Cooper."

"Mr. Cooper! Who's Mr. Cooper?" asked Mr. Gudge and Ralph together.

"One of my tenants," replied the widow. "He's waiting for me"

She kissed Winnie affectionately, and shook hands with the others, Mr. Gudge last.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gudge," she said. "I—I'm glad you've been reconsidering things. It makes it all the easier for me to tell you that—that Mr. Cooper didn't take so long to make up his mind, and didn't want to alter it when he had!"

Wanted to Give Her Every Chance

The clerk was most obliging, but the young woman customer was hard to please. Roll after roll of blankets did he patiently take down and show to her; nothing suited.

For some fifteen minutes this mock sale went on, then the young woman said condescendingly, "Well, I don't intend to buy. I was just looking for a friend."

"Wait a moment, madam," cried the clerk. "There is one more blanket left on the shelf. Maybe you will find your friend in it."

The Cherub's Choice

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bertha C Foster

THE big American liner was ploughing her way across the ocean, keeping good time, in spite of heavy seas and head winds. It was early in September, but, notwithstanding bright sunshine, bitterly cold. Those of the passengers who were able to struggle out of their berths, paced the decks, arm in arm, or sat huddled up in little groups, their deck chairs close together, wrapped in rugs, trying vainly to keep warm. A few hardier souls played games down on the lower deck, or skipped and ran races, endeavouring to cheer up their poor sea-sick companions and make them see the delights of crossing the Atlantic. There were the usual groups flirting in corners, the gossips watching for tit-bits of scandal, the card players, the men who spend most of their time at the bar, and the medley that go to make up the company on board a boat crossing between Liverpool and New York.

A very tall, broad-shouldered man, in a thick frieze coat, stood leaning against a barrier which prevented the second-class passengers encroaching upon the sacred precincts of the first. Every day he was there, scanning the white faces of the less fortunate ones, who struggled up to breathe the sea breezes. Every day he walked their deck, taking no notice of resentful looks. Second class passengers object to the superior first class visitors, as much as vice-versa.

He was always alone, always apparently on the lookout for somebody. "Fourth day out," he growled to himself. "It's time she was getting well, if she's been sick. Wish I knew her name!"

Again he strolled down the deck. A friendly steward, not unmindful of a possible tip, touched him on the arm.

"Are you looking for somebody, sir?" The big man looked at him speculatively.

"Yes, a lady with a little child. I don't know her name, but the child is about two years old, a pretty kid with golden curls, and the lady is fair and tall."

He was annoyed at the steward's covert smile, and vexed with his own inadequate description.

CLOUDED BRAIN

Clears Up On Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and the results are very interesting:

"A steady diet of rich, greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

"My brain was clouded and dull, and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The Road to Wellville," in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed directions carefully, the physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy, and which all might have by giving proper attention to their food." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"There's lots of tall ladies with children on this boat. We've over three hundred second-class passengers on board, sir."

"I know, but I wish particularly to find this one. She is going to Canada—Winnipeg—and her boxes were marked 'N.' Hang it all—there can't be such an awful lot of ladies travelling alone with one child! It may be worth your while to find out her name." His hand was in his pocket, the man caught sight of a bright coin.

"Very good, sir, I'll do my best."

"My cabin is number 73, and my name is Ralph Carew, but I do not wish the lady to know of my enquiries. I merely wish you to find out how she is, and her name, and let me know."

"Very good, sir, and the steward retired.

That same afternoon, as Ralph Carew sat in a sheltered corner, trying to get up some sort of interest in a new novel, his bedroom steward came to his side.

There's one of the second-class stewards waiting to speak to you, sir," he said, in a reproachful tone.

Ralph sprang to his feet.

"Where is he?" he cried.

"Come to your cabin, sir."

Ralph hurried inside, where he found the little steward, his face beaming with importance.

"I think I've found her, sir," he whispered. "She's been awful sick, but she's up to-day, and the stewardess says she'll be out on deck to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock.

"Well—her name?"

"Mrs. Norton. She is a widow, going to Winnipeg by the G.T.P. from New York. The baby's the cutest kid on board, they call him the 'Cherub,' but he's an awful handful for his mother. If you come on the second-class deck to-morrow I'll be on the lookout for you, sir."

"Right," and a second coin changed hands. "You are a deck steward, eh? Well, do all you can to make the lady comfortable."

He walked away, calling himself a sentimental fool, but he found his book more uninteresting than ever. Do what he would he could not banish the vision of a soft, appealing pair of blue eyes, hair the color of a ray of sunshine, the most alluring little curls blown about by the wind, and surely the sweetest voice ever heard.

Punctually at ten o'clock the next morning he presented himself at the barrier, where he found the friendly steward waiting.

"She's just come up sir, and I've put her in the best corner I can find, over there. She is alone, with the kiddie."

Ralph nodded. For a moment he hesitated. Now she was found he was almost afraid to address her, for the few words they had exchanged at Liverpool, when he had rendered her some slight service, scarcely warranted further intercourse. But on board ship conventions are relaxed, and having once made up his mind for anything Ralph was accustomed to get what he wanted.

She looked up as he approached, and her eyes seemed bluer than ever.

He raised his cap, holding out his hand to the baby, who struggled to escape from his mother's arms.

"Come for a walk, old man?" he said.

The baby regarded him with solemn eyes, then stretched out his chubby hand, with a beaming smile.

"I want to see the big hole, where the sailor man put my cart," he said, with cheerful friendliness.

"Don't let him bother you. He has done nothing but enquire about his cart ever since he saw it lowered into the hold."

Ralph Carew laughed good-temperedly. He was genuinely fond of children, and clearly the way to win the mother's friendship was through her little son. They went off hand in hand, and more than one of the passengers looked after the big man and toddling boy, with sympathetic eyes.

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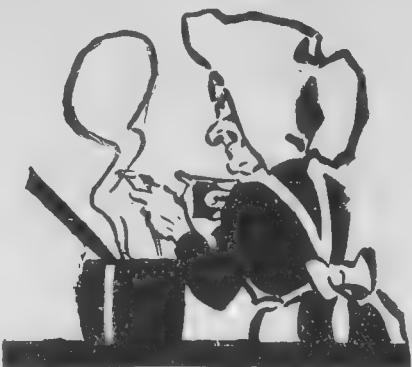
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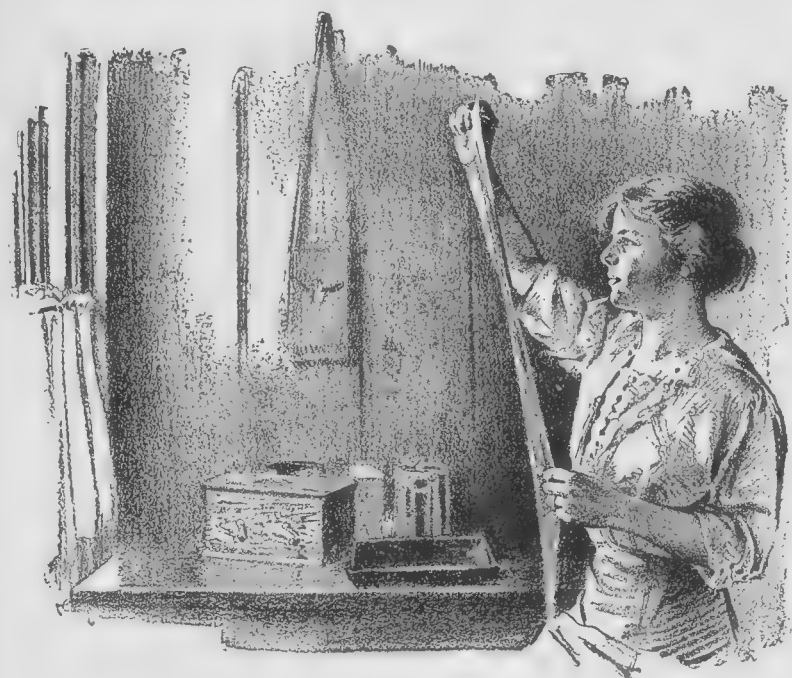
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TORONTO.

After that Ralph found the way easy. For the next three days, most of his time was spent on the second-class deck. The Cherub welcomed him with chuckles of delight, and the pretty mother had good cause to bless the tall Canadian for the many hours he spent telling stories and inventing wonderful games for the child's amusement. She found Ralph a very pleasant companion. His candid, almost boyish speech, pleased her; his gentle manner, his entire openness about himself, his work, his past, his hopes for the future—all interested and amused her. Those three days might almost have been weeks, so quickly did their friendship ripen.

About herself she was more reticent. He gathered that she was poor, for she made no secret that she had come to Canada to work, but beyond that she was going to Winnipeg, and had no friends in the West. He learnt little.

"I live in Winnipeg," he said, his grey eyes lighting up as he looked down into her deep blue ones. I'm a true Westerner, born in Manitoba, lived there all my life, except the few years I spent at college, and travelling around. I've just been to England for a few months—my second trip there—and also to Germany and France, on business. My father is head of a large machinery concern and lately I've been travelling for them. I like it, and Dad wanted me to see something of the world outside. You know, we youngsters, who've been born and bred out West, and seen towns like Winnipeg, and Calgary and Regina, grow up with us, get to think they are the centre of the universe, just "it" in fact. We have to see other older and larger cities to open our eyes. Not but what I am always glad to get back to the prairie town."

He laughed, and she smiled back at him, secretly envying his youthful enthusiasm. The sad circumstances of her life had somewhat damped her own.

Brought up as she had been, in a family, poor, but proud, to whom the idea of trade was odious, his evident pride in his work was something of a shock. However, she was sufficiently in touch with the times to understand what is styled a self-made man, and Ralph Carew was something more, he was in mind and manners a gentleman.

At New York she found cause to thank him more than ever. He took charge of her luggage, saw it through the customs, found her a comfortable hotel with reasonable rates, and promised to get her berth fixed at the G.T.P. ready for the train the next morning. Then he considerably withdrew to his own hotel.

She was feeling rather lonely and strange on the platform at the station next day, when his tall form hove in sight. He noticed with joy the look of relief that passed over her face at sight of him.

"Your berth is all arranged, and I've got a comfy corner all to ourselves in the Pullman—that is, if you'll still accept me as a travelling companion?"

"Oh, but I am not travelling Pullman. I'm going second class!" she exclaimed in consternation. "Didn't it say so on my ticket?"

"Oh, that's all right! The second's so crowded, and I happen to know the conductor, and so he has put it right."

She looked at him doubtfully. This very unconventional method upset her sound British ideas; besides she could not allow him to pay for her ticket! He saw the struggle in her thoughtful face.

"You need have no scruples," he said. "We are somewhat matter-of-fact people. I should have asked your permission, I know, but—it didn't cost a cent."

He smiled reassuringly, and prayed inwardly to be forgiven!

"In that case I shall be much more comfortable, of course," she said, in relieved tones.

He stooped down and lifted the white-coated Cherub up into the car.

"Are you coming wif us?" the child lisped, patting his face approvingly.

Ralph nodded.

"I'm taking care of Mover, and you can take care of me," the baby said, contentedly.

The nearer the train approached Winnipeg the man felt a growing sense of coming loneliness, as he gradually realized that this gentle beautiful woman

and her baby had taken a definite place in his existence.

"You will let me call and see you?" he asked, his telltale face bent down over the boy, half asleep in his mother's arms.

"Indeed, you have been so good to us both, I hope you will come. I don't know how long I may be in Winnipeg. I want to get pupils for music and painting. Do you think that would be difficult? I have had good training, and my husband was an artist."

He pitied her inexperience, her artless ignorance of the great problems she was preparing to face alone, in this city of human struggles. He dare not raise false hopes.

"Well, I fear at present art has not reached a very high notch here, and no doubt you could open our eyes a bit, but"—he played about his firm, clear chin with nervous fingers, truth struggling with his dearest wishes—"but I'm half afraid pupils may be rather scarce at first. There are lots of music teachers, pretty good ones, too." He made another dubious pause. "Say, the best thing would be for you to exhibit some of your work. Have you pictures with you?"

"A few, but I am afraid I cannot hire a room to exhibit them, it would be so expensive."

"Oh, we'll get one of the stores to put them in a window. That's easy."

"I must find rooms in the meantime, and get my cards printed."

"And 'ads' in the papers. Don't forget advertising is the main thing here."

"I suppose so." She could not repress a little shiver over the thought of publicity.

He had already given her names of likely apartments, and she had promised to let him know when she was settled, but he was vaguely uneasy when he saw her in one of the cheaper hotels.

He wished his father had been there to meet him. He would have liked to introduce him to the young widow. As he was whirled off in a taxicab to his comfortable home in Portage Avenue, he indulged in a blissful day dream, where a pair of blue eyes played a considerable part.

For a couple of days Ralph was so busy he could only phone up to the hotel, but on the third evening he called, to be met by the news that Mrs. Norton had left that afternoon. There was a message, if Mr. Carew called, she was to be found in a new apartment block, and the address was scribbled on one of her cards. He went at once to the address given. There was no lift, and as he climbed the stairs to the top floor he was contrasting the place with his own home.

"Poor girl," he thought, "how will she drag that heavy boy up and down here?"

He found her unpacking her precious pictures, white and tired, while a man from Eaton's was putting down a cheap carpet. Ralph sized up the situation at once.

"You've had no supper yet, and I'm starving. As the Cherub is asleep I'll run down and get something sent up."

He did not wait for her permission, but tramped off down the three long flights of stairs.

"If only she cared the least bit about me, I'd tell her how I feel to-night," he groaned, "but she doesn't. She is so absorbed in her baby, and art—and, maybe, her memories—it would be madness to speak yet. But oh! It is hateful to see her living in this way!"

After supper, when the carpet man had gone, the little sitting room began to look more cosy. The girl's clever fingers had a wonderful way of giving a homelike touch to things, and placing her possessions in the best positions. Ralph watched her with admiration.

There was a clever portrait of the Cherub, hung in a conspicuous place, and two or three other pictures, painted by Mrs. Norton's late husband. A few dainty water colors of her own, a piece of old tapestry, some china, and good books added individuality to the room.

"I've hired a piano, which will come to-morrow, and bought an easel, so when my first pupil comes I am ready to begin," she said, looking round wistfully.

"And I have found a store quite willing to exhibit your paintings, and also know a newspaper man who'll give you a good write-up in the local papers. Can you have your sketches ready by noon to-morrow?"

They chatted over her work till Ralph rose to go.

"You are very, very good to me," she said simply as he took her hand.

"I wish you'd let me be," he said, unexpectedly. Then his courage failed him, and he could not trust himself to say more.

A few days later she met him with his father. The old man was unmistakably proud of his son, and it was good to see the look of affection pass between them.

"At home he'd be just middle class," the girl reflected, then, ashamed of her snobbishness, "but a gentleman by nature."

After three weeks advertising, only two pupils were forthcoming, and Sylvia Norton's spirits were sinking. Winnipeg repelled her. The rush, the hard noises, the strangeness of the people's ways and their abruptness of manner, jarred her artistic senses—and the dollar-making life confronting her made her despair of reaching their sympathies. As was to be expected, at first, she could not see below the surface. The wet days, especially, made her homesick, and it was only her little son who kept her from despair. Though she had only taken two rooms the rent was quite high, and her expenses seemed enormous.

"At this rate I'll be a pauper in six months' time," she confided to Ralph Carew, who tried to cheer her.

"I hope you'll be—" he began, flushing to the roots of his dark hair. Again the big man became a coward before this frail, almost helpless woman.

The next morning Sylvia gave a startled exclamation as she took up the morning paper. Ralph's father was dead! He had died at his club, suddenly, of heart disease. Her own worries were forgotten in the sympathy felt for her friend. She sat down at once and wrote him a brief, but sympathetic note. It

was three days before she heard from him. Then he wrote a few hasty lines saying he had been called to Vancouver, where his only sister lived, as she was quite prostrated by the news of her father's death. He hoped to be back in two weeks' time, and meanwhile would she write and tell him how she was getting along?

Two weeks lengthened into a month, and no sight of Ralph's tall figure. Mrs. Norton's pupils still continued to number only two, and her little savings diminished. She decided she must try some other means of supporting herself and the boy. The poor baby, whose little life hitherto had been spent in a comfortable English nursery, with a nurse to care for him, was feeling the crampedness of two rooms, and his face was losing its chubbiness. That was the finishing touch to her worries.

"We'll go away from this horrid town, darling!" she cried, snatching him up in her arms. "We'll try again, won't we? I will do anything,—any kind of work,—but my little Cherub shall not suffer."

Two days later she and the Cherub vanished.

It was June. The long cold winter was over at last and once more the brown earth was visible, and green leaves adorned the trees.

Ralph Carew stood at the window of his den, looking out into the garden, where a gardener was at work on the lawn. He was depressed and lonely. Not only did he still miss his kind, genial old father, but he had never recovered from the shock of losing trace of the woman he loved. He had searched high and low for her. Sylvia Norton and her little son had disappeared. He would not believe her heartless. But why had she never written? Why had she not let him know where she had gone? Surely she was not blind? She must have known that he cared.

A rap at the door roused him. His housekeeper entered with a letter in her hand.

"We were spring-cleaning in the dining room, Mr. Ralph, and found this letter fallen down behind the sideboard. It must have been put on the top, and dropped down some way. It looks as if it had been there for some time."

Ralph took it, and his face paled. "I guess the sideboard's not been moved since last fall," the woman added. He broke the seal.

"This was dated the 26th of October, and—" but he said no more, the letter told its own pathetic story.

"My dear Mr. Carew," Sylvia Norton wrote, "I had hoped you would be back before I left Winnipeg, but I promised to let you know my plans. I find I cannot afford to remain here, and it seems pupils are not forthcoming, at any rate for some time. I have seen many advertisements for lady housekeepers, in the country, and I believe it will be healthier life for my boy, though perhaps not so pleasant for myself. I enclose the address. It is a farmhouse only twenty miles out. You have been so good to us and I shall never forget your kindness."

Very sincerely yours,
Sylvia Norton.

"Over seven months ago," he groaned, "what will she think?" With impetuous haste he ordered his car, and motored away into the country that same afternoon. He could not picture his dainty, refined little lady a housekeeper on a farm! He knew too well all that it would imply.

As he reached the farmhouse a burly man appeared.

"Is Mrs. Norton living here?" Ralph asked, briskly.

"Do you mean that there English-woman, an' her kid, what came last fall?" "I mean an English lady, called Norton, and her little boy," Ralph answered, with growing impatience.

"Oh! well she ain't here. She only stayed a week or two. She was too fine for us, I can tell you,—and no use neither!"

"Where did she go?"

"Search me? I drove her to the depot, along with all the truck she brought, and that's all I know, or anyone else either. Them sort of ladies is best back in their own country, where they ain't afraid of soilin' their pretty hands."



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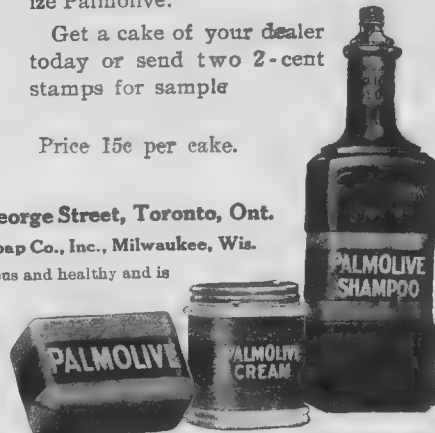
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FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of Tea and Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit, and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and there didn't seem to be an organ in his body that was not affected."

Tea is just as harmful because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee, and after some discussion he decided to give it up."

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee."

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better, until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it too."

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

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Regular Postum (must be boiled.)

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A big cup requires more, and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

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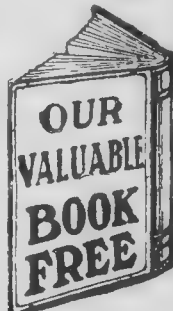
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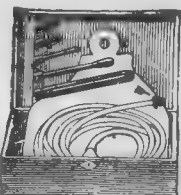
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mention The Western Home Monthly.

With a grit of his teeth Ralph turned his car, and drove to the nearest station. The ticket agent remembered the pretty widow perfectly.

"She booked for Saskatoon. She seemed sort of lonesome and nervous, and I was real sorry for her. She was too soft for the rough work they expected her to do at that farm."

"Yes, indeed," Ralph agreed. "Was there no address, beyond Saskatoon?"

"Nope." Ralph sadly motored back, the sunshine gone from his summer day. He determined to find her, somehow. Next day he took a ticket to Saskatoon. His busy brain planned out a course of action as he journeyed northwards. By the time he arrived his plan of campaign almost equalled that of a Sherlock Holmes.

He went first to the Y.W.C.A. As he expected, she stayed there, so his first trial was successful.

The Matron well remembered the English lady and her pretty boy.

"They were here for two weeks," she said consulting her books. "We were all in love with her beautiful baby, and she was a very nice person. I'm afraid she is utterly unfitted to fight her own way in this western country."

"I think so too," Ralph agreed.

The Matron smiled. "She procured a position as housekeeper to a clergyman, a widower, with one little girl, but I have not her address. Possibly if you enquire at the Anglican Church Rectory, you may find out."

Ralph's heart was sinking. Already he felt horribly jealous of the parson.

The Rector was away and would not be back for two or three days, and his wife, though she remembered Mrs. Norton, could not tell him where she was. The days that followed were the longest in Ralph's life, but at last the news he longed for was procured. The clergyman's name was Benson, and he lived in a little town west of Saskatoon. The Rector believed Mrs. Norton was still there.

There was no train till the next day, and then there was a six miles' drive. It was about four o'clock when Ralph drove up to the house. The small frame vicarage stood back a little from the road, and in front was a patch of shabby, badly kept grass, and dusty

shrubs. A child's wooden horse lay in the path, and as Ralph opened the gate the Cherub himself, in a somewhat dirty pinafore, but more beautiful than ever, appeared at the door.

Ralph waved his hand, forgetting that so young a child would not be likely to remember him. But the Cherub was not shy. He trotted down to the gate.

"Are you my new daddy?" he asked. Ralph's smile faded, and his heart sank.

"Are you getting a new daddy, little one?" he asked.

"I don't know, but Tommy Brooks has got one, and Mable, she lives here," pointing to the house, "says perhaps I could get a new daddy too, some day."

Ralph's sprits rose. "Do you think I'd do?" he asked, gravely.

The child looked at him with his large, trustful eyes, and suddenly his baby face beamed.

"Yes" he said.

The sound of voices reached Sylvia Norton as she sat sewing in the little room the Vicar called his study. The months had not dealt kindly with her. She had grown thin and pale, and there were large circles round her eyes. She liked her employer and his little girl, but she was smothering the artistic call of her existence, which was life itself to her, for her child's sake—sacrificing herself for the Cherub.

She rose wearily and came to the door. Visitors were always made welcome, but she thought, with a little sigh, of the extra work. Then her face, like the baby's, lit up with a great joy. "Muver, it's my new Daddy," the Cherub shouted.

She gave one startled, embarrassed look into Ralph's radiant face. He did not trust himself to speak, he just held out his arms, and she went straight into them.

And then, explanations, regrets, the long waiting—everything was forgotten, and the loneliness of two lives vanished in the kiss which bound them together for all time.

He set his son to digging bait,
And that's the way he got
The postholes quickly dug around
A forty-acre lot.

How He Managed It

They were entertaining the minister at dinner, and after the dessert had been eaten little Johnny said: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Hobbs?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny," he said, "since you are so polite I believe I will have another slice."

"Good!" said Johnny. "Now, Ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece."

Just Awful

"I hear old Bill has been working all this week."

"Yes; ain't it terrible what some people will do for money!"

Didn't Speak the Language

Mrs. Mills was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her, and in a quiet way Mrs. Mills said: "Mikado' libretto."

"What's that, ma'am?"

"Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speakee Italiano," he replied, shaking his head.—Harper's Magazine.

Our readers must have seen from time to time advertisements of the English clothing house of Catesby Limited.

These people offer to send 72 sample pieces of their suitings to any reader who writes and mentions the name of this paper, and from the records we have seen of the excellent values offered, we think that every reader about to purchase a suit should certainly send for a set of these samples, and see how well it is possible to be served by buying clothes direct from the good English Mail Order Tailors.

These 72 fine patterns will be sent absolutely free of cost to any reader who writes to their Toronto office: Messrs. Catesby Limited, 119 West Wellington St., Toronto, mentioning the name of this paper; and we recommend our readers to write for them, as they are well worth getting.

Swan Lake Home Economics

The June meeting of the Swan Lake Home Economics was held on Saturday, 28th ult., with a fairly good attendance.

The June programme was in the hands of Mesdames Gordon, (President) T. Cook, T. Hedley and W. A. McPherson. After the usual business, the President spoke of the Cor. Secretary's illness and a vote of condolence was passed and sent to Mrs. Langridge with a hope for her speedy recovery. The programme was opened by Miss Cassie McPherson, who substituted for Mrs. W. A. McPherson and who gave much pleasure by a recitation entitled, "Life's Lesson."

Miss V. L. Gordon substituted for Mrs. Cook and read a paper on "Work and Worry," which was very interesting

and should prove of great benefit to all who heard it, as it emphasized the fact that worry was worse than work. It also explained the uselessness of worrying over what was past and therefore inevitable, and it also pointed out that worry might be turned to advantage if it made one get busy and try to remove the cause of the worry.

Miss Beech, who substituted for Mrs. Hedley, gave a splendid demonstration in making a Baldwins Turkey wool rug. Everyone was much interested as the rug was a beautiful specimen and very well made. Miss Beech also demonstrated stencilling in the ordinary way as well as the Mexican stencilling, and earned the gratitude and appreciation of all the members by the clearness of her explanation and the care and

thoroughness with which she had prepared her subject.

Mrs. Gordon read a paper entitled "Before Six," which was not as one might imagine, a plea for early rising, but for the early and systematic training of children. It is a well known fact that a child is susceptible to influence at a very early age, and it is impossible to start the inculcation of good habits too soon. A child of only 3 months old can understand the difference between a frown and a smile. A child's mind is absolutely virgin soil in which all impressions whether for good or evil must be implanted; unselfishness, obedience, discipline and self-control are easily learned, but it is also, unhappily, equally easy to become disobedient, bad tempered and selfish.

Mrs. W. E. Gardner again kindly acted as Corresponding Secretary. The serving of a dainty tea brought a very interesting meeting to a close.

A Matter of Spelling

An old colored woman entered a drug-store one morning and carefully looked over the case containing the fancy soaps.

"I'll take one cake o' soap jes' like dat," she said, at length, as she pointed out a particular kind.

"Will you have it scented or unscented?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I'll jes' take it right 'long with me," said the woman.

Williams' Talc Powder

is a summer necessity for the woman who cares for her comfort and appearance. After the scorching heat of the sun, after the trying effect of salt spray and wind-blown sand particles, there is nothing quite so soothing and refreshing as frequent application of Williams' exquisitely soft and delicate talc powder.

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The Little Lady of the Sea

By H. Bedford-Jones.

JAPAN is above all else the Land of the Past. There you may see weapons forged a thousand years ago, buildings erected before Charlemagne was crowned, pictures painted when Spain was a great Moslem power. Should you ever visit Nikko, you may see there in the gloomy old temple a picture, painted hundreds of years since, of a beautiful girl, sitting on the shore of the sea; and this is the tale of "The Little Lady of the Sea."

Long ago there was a very famous artist named Tajima Shume, who dwelt by the sea. Here he had school in his old age, and as his pictures were the most famous in all Dai Nippon, thither came the richest and most talented young painters to study under him. With him lived his little granddaughter, O Kiku, of the Chrysanthemum—pink as a spray of the plum-tree, brighter than the moon.

Older and older grew the famous painter, and the little girl grew to womanhood, passing her life beside the sea, dreaming of the wonderful Peacock Islands that lay gleaming out across the bay and she became as slim and as beautiful as the old silver willows that clustered in the garden behind the school. Many were her suitors, but she cared naught for them; foremost of them all was Tokubei, the rich young merchant of the town on the hillside.

Then one morning came a young painter to learn the wisdom of the master. Young and poor he was, but slender as a cherry spray, beautiful as the dawn, and swiftest to learn of all the old man's pupils. For a year he remained in the school, painting, painting every day; most of all he loved to paint young O Kiku sitting on the seashore, and his paintings roused even his old master to envy.

At the end of a year Tajima Shume called to him the young artist, whose name was Sanza, and said:

"My son, I can teach you nothing more. You have advanced far beyond my art; go forth. The world is at your command; go to the court of Shogun, and soon you will become the first artist in the land."

Sanza bowed and left the master. He gathered up his brushes and his paints; and then he went down to the sea, and there beneath the silvery willows he found O Kiku waiting. Sadly he told her of Tajima Shume's behest.

O Kiku lifted her face, pale as driven snow, to his, and smiled—such a sad little smile, such a brave little smile!

"You are my king," she said, "and here will I wait for you, Sanza, my beloved!"

"Oh, moonlit blossom, I will return!" cried the youth. "Here beside the sea will I return, rich and great, and I will paint your face for ever!"

So Sanza departed, on his milk-white mule, riding along the Tokaido, the Road of the Eastern Sea, to Kioto; but O Kiku remained in the school of Tajima Shume beneath the silvery willows. She dreamed of the day when he would return, laden with wealth and honor, to claim his bride; and often she went to the little temple that crowned the hill, and there she burned incense-sticks, praying that the gods would help him and bless him, and bring him back to her in their wisdom.

Thus passed two years—two slow, weary years. Ever the rich young merchant became more importunate, and ever O Kiku refused him. At last Tajima Shume called his granddaughter to him one day.

"O Kiku," he said, blinking as he sipped his tea, "I am growing very old, and soon I shall lie upon the hillside, beneath the willows. Tokubei is an honorable young man, and wealthy; I would have you consider him, my daughter, for I would not leave you alone in the world when I am departed."

O Kiku blushed with shame, as she replied softly, "Honored ancestor, your command is my will!" Yet is it al-

lowed me to inquire of the young painter Sanza, he whom you sent forth two years ago?"

The old man blinked over his tea, but O Kiku, her eyes properly downcast, did not notice. "Sanza is a great artist, O Kiku; his fame lights the clouds and rests upon the waters. He lives at the court, he is famous, more famous than I." Here the old artist hesitated an instant before continuing. "Let him not make a mock of you, my child; he has long been married to a noble lady of Kioto." But the old man lied.

Now indeed all the beautiful world turned grey and dull for O Kiku, for she believed her grandfather. Dumbly, and with heart far away, she assented to the marriage; she knew nothing of what was going on, she cared nothing. Only, in the evenings she would go down to the silvery willows beside the shore; where she had so often watched the beautiful young artist, with his wondrous brush, outline the most delicate of kakemonos; here, where for her alone he had drawn the golden sands, the purple sea, the islands that gleamed rose-red in the sunset light.

Old Tajima Shume made ready for the marriage in great glee, for he thought that the great artist had long ago forgotten the young maiden in the school, and Tokubei was very wealthy. In due time the presents arrived, the silk robes, the wine and the condiments; not even the magnificent sword and sash for Tajima Shume was forgotten. Through it all O Kiku moved as in a dream, thinking only of the silvery willows by the shore.

At last came the wedding night, and, guarded by two retainers, the litter arrived for the bride. Tajima Shume sent a girl for her, then, as she delayed, others; but she did not come. O Kiku was gone. In vain did they search everywhere; at last the old gardener recalled seeing her, a little before, wander down toward the darkened shore as a broken flower drifts in the wind.

Every inch of the shore was searched; even the old man himself took down a big paper lantern and joined in the search, his heart filled with grief and reproach of himself. All they found was a tiny slipper, washed up beneath the silvery willow-boughs.

It was just a week later than Sanza came, riding along the Tokaido on his milk-white mule, trapped with silk and golden bells. Joyously he rode up to the school and dismounted; but at the sight of him his old master groaned and put his head between his hands; now indeed was he aged and broken, for the face of the young artist brought fear and shame into his mind.

"She is gone!" he muttered, not daring to tell of his lie. "O Kiku has left me, and has perished in the sea!"

Sanza turned away in silence. He wandered down to the shore, beside the silvery willows, and he built beneath them a rose-white tomb to his loved one, but ever the tomb was empty.

Because of his grief, it happened that no one dared to speak to him of O Kiku's marriage, so that he never learned of it. He lived alone near the school, and the story of his fame and wealth went abroad through the town, many pupils coming to him; but always he remained grave and sad of face.

One day, as he was walking through the town, he saw a girl who resembled O Kiku remarkably. She had the same eyes, the same face, the same hair, the same gait; her name was O Toyo, and her father was a wealthy armorer of the place.

"Perchance, if I marry her," thought the young artist, "I will forget O Kiku, and come to love O Toyo with the same love!"

So Sanza visited her father, and the more he saw of O Toyo the more she seemed to resemble O Kiku; and in the end he married her.

Now one day, soon after this, he was seized with a desire to paint the wonderful Peacock Islands, across the

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WINNIPEG

bay; there, he thought, he would create a masterpiece that would outdo even the great Hokusai himself. So he took his brushes, got into a small boat, and rowed across the bay just at dawn.

As he reached the shore and leaped out on the golden sand, it seemed that a snowflake drifted to him from the green bushes, and there before him stood O Kiku, white as a ghost in the darkness of night.

"Lo, here have I waited, my king!" she whispered, lifting her pale face up to his. "The kind waves bore me hither, and—oh, Sanza, smile at me! What is the matter? Sanza, my Sanza, why are your hands so cold, your lips so stern?"

The young painter grasped her fiercely. "Hush!" he groaned, with agony in his heart and voice. "Hush, O Kiku, my beloved, I am married!"

For one instant the blossom of her young face lifted to his, trembling, searching his anguished eyes; then, as though smitten by the midday sun, it fell across his arm. O Kiku was dead.

All that day the artist sat by the shore of the island, gazing across the purple waters. Then, in the sunset, he seized his brush and swiftly painted O Kiku as she leaned against the prow of his boat, her almond-blossom face flung back, her unseeing eyes looking up to his. And in the dusk of the evening he returned, laying her body reverently in the rose-white tomb beneath the silvery willows; but the picture that he painted lies in the gloomy old temple at Nikko, and it is the picture of "The Little Lady of the Sea."

Sporting Trips in Canada—Grizzly and Black Bear

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

Perhaps the visiting sportsman prizes the pelt of the grizzly above all his other trophies. There was a risk of this species becoming extinct, until the British Columbia government made the pay-

ment of twenty-five dollars a preliminary towards setting out on a hunt. The best time for going after any bear is the spring, and this is especially the case as far as the grizzly is concerned. Their coats are then at the best; the bear are hungry after the long winter fast, and spend a great part of the daylight looking for food; being weak and thin they do not travel long distances, which would make their feet sore, and they spend most of their time digging for roots and insects along the slides in the mountains, while they are seen.

Possibly the best place for grizzly is the valley of the Ishut River, which runs into the Stikine near the latter's mouth. If these quarters be reached by the end of April it is merely a question of straight shooting to get all the specimens desired. The outfitting place is Wrangel, where there are several firms who will supply all the requisites for a hunt. Another centre that has the advantage of being practically new ground is Fort George. The route is from Ashcroft Station, on the C.P.R., by motor stage to Soda Creek, thence by steamer to the Fort. These steamers have only just been started and previously it was only possible to get into this district by longer and rougher travelling than the average sportsmen would care to face. It takes from one to two days to reach the best hunting grounds from the Fort, and the journey is by canoe or steam launch. An Englishman, by the name of W. H. Disbrowe, who has been in this district for several years, will, if given plenty notice, get guides and arrange for everything needed. Guides and ponies are scarce and everything is dear, and therefore \$20 per day is likely to be nearer the mark than the \$15 often mentioned. There are moose in plenty, and also caribou, mule deer, and black bear; in fact, at the moment it would be hard to name a better all-round game country which is so comparatively accessible. The Windermere country, in the Columbia valley, easily reached from Golden by steamer, is also extremely good for grizzly. A guide who can be recommended here is W. Moore, "Buffalo Bill," whose post office address is Atholmer. He is an "old timer," and what he does not know about game and its haunts is scarcely worth knowing. There are good bear grounds to the north of Notch Hill, just west of Sicamous, but it is hard to get guides, though a few days spent in the vicinity usually solves this difficulty. Several other places might be mentioned, including various inlets along the coast, but, as these are somewhat difficult of access, they will hardly appeal to the majority. Suffice it to say in this regard that an enquiry addressed to Mr. Bryan Williams, chief game guardian, Vancouver, will be answered with full details as to where to go, how to go, and whom to employ. Black bear are to be found in British Columbia in the same place as grizzly, but the man who only wants the former animal does not need to travel as far as the West Coast to attain his desire. The black bear is very plentiful in certain parts of Ontario and Quebec, but in these provinces guides are difficult to obtain, especially in the spring, when those who guide in the autumn are in the woods lumbering. For a bear hunt in the spring, therefore, I would recommend New Brunswick. In the south of the province is the little village of Bonny River, where the hotel proprietor, T. A. Sullivan, will look after visitors. He has outlying camps in good game districts, where every home comfort can be enjoyed, and if ladies are of the party no better place can be named for sport without hardship of any kind; also in the month of May—the best time of the year for bear—trout fishing can be had in several brooks and lakes. Flies and mosquitoes do not appear till June, so there are no drawbacks to a combined trout and bear outing in New Brunswick in May. No license fee is required to hunt bear in New Brunswick, but a permit must be obtained from a game guardian to carry a weapon. Upper Keswick, Plaster Rock, and the country north of Newcastle are also good bear districts. At a point just beyond the head waters of the north-west Miramichi one party saw over sixty bear in a month, and five of the animals were killed. Most of the bear hunting is done in the autumn,

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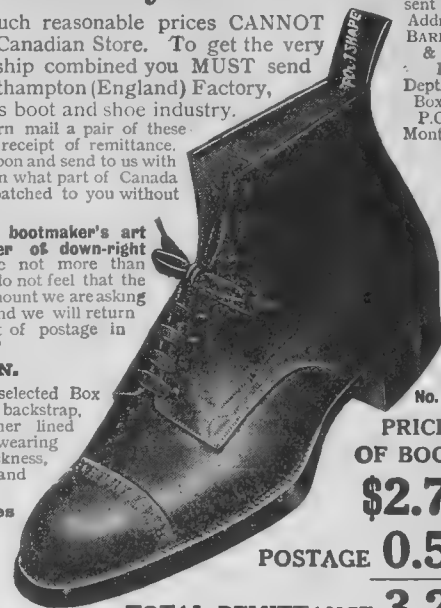
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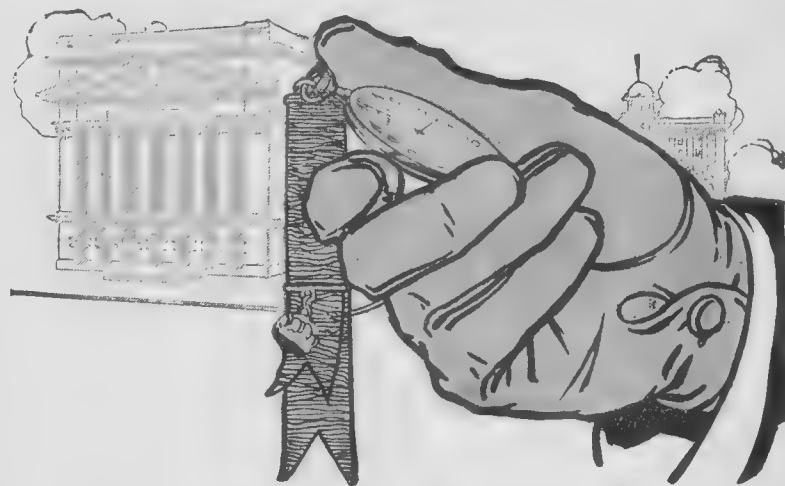
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when the shooting of other game is permitted, and at this time of the year bear are to be found in the same place as moose. Many a bear has owed his life to the fact that a sportsman refrains from taking an easy shot at Bruin for fear of frightening a moose that he believes to be near at hand. However, when the moose has been killed the pursuit of the bear fills up many an exciting day, and there is no limit to the number that may be killed. When the blueberries are plentiful there is no difficulty in choosing ground, as there are few berry patches which do not receive visits from bear. One piece of advice may be reiterated to those who contemplate a hunting trip in Canada, namely, that arrangements should be made well in advance. Guides only make their profession a side issue in most cases, and are mainly recruited from men whose living is made in the lumber camps. Thus it takes time for a letter to reach them, though there are few that will not leave the lumbering business to go on a sporting trip, for in most cases these men have taken to guiding more from a love of sport than for the money they make out of it. It is also well to make a deposit with the guide when booking dates. This ensures his being on hand when the visitor arrives. Many guides have lost some of their faith in human nature, from having made all preparations for a visitor failing to materialize, or only sending word at the last moment. In many cases a guide may have refused some other party for the same dates, and at the best he is left with several idle days on his hands.

Culture of Indian Rice

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by G. W. Bartlett, Gladstone, Man.

The Wild Rice, *Zizania Aquatica*, is distributed throughout the whole breadth of Canada, preferring sluggish but not stagnant waters, with soft muddy bottom, from one to three feet in depth. It is very abundant throughout the Laurentian region of Central Canada, wherever the waters are not too rapid. The presence of this grain attracts the wild geese and other water fowl to this region in immense flocks.

The seed is highly nutritious, and in the early days of the fur companies formed an important article of food for the voyageurs, who encouraged the Indians to gather it for the trade.

It is a tall stout grass, with a hollow stem divided into compartments by transverse walls. The large broad midrib of the leaf is slightly to one side like the shaft of a feather. During early summer the leaves float upon the water, but in July the flowering tops develop, first the pistillate, and later the staminate below. Before the pollen of the male flowers of a plant is ripened the ovaries are fertilized from other plants, a common device among grasses, to secure cross fertilization. After this, the seeds develop rapidly, and when ripe in early September they fall into the water, where they remain to germinate in the spring.

The Indian method of harvesting the rice is to shake the tops of the plants over the canoe. Proper attention to this neglected cereal would save much hardship for the Indians of raw Manitoba, as the harvesting could easily be done by the squaws and children, while the men were engaged at the fisheries.

Merely as a food grain the wild rice commands three times the price of the white rice; while grain of guaranteed germination is so rare, and the demand so heavy, that it commands its own price.

Many attempts have been made to establish this grain in the streams and ponds of various parts of the country, as cover and food for ducks and geese. Most of these attempts have been complete failures, and the Ottawa Experimental Farm officials, in response to many enquiries from correspondents, are making a careful study of the whole problem. The investigation, though far from complete, has located the chief cause of failure.

As stated above, the ripened seed in its native habitat falls into the water immediately, and is thus prevented from drying out. Dried grains are almost worthless as seed. The natural infer-

ence is that the seed should be planted at once; yet such a course would often expose the costly seed to destruction by water-fowl. In such a case it is found possible to preserve the vitality of the grain by storing during the winter in water at a temperature from 32 to 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The seed must on no account be allowed to freeze up in the storage vessels.

Given proper seed, water of right depth, and a soft muddy bottom, in which to plant the rice, it has been found by repeated experiments that wild rice is as sure a crop as our common field grains. Once a good stand of grain is secured the field will take care of itself.

In our own country there is an ever-increasing demand for the seed of this native grain, as a means of attracting the water fowl. For the same reason the English sportsmen are manifesting a keen interest in introducing it into Britain. Those who wish to engage in rice cultivation for the financial returns which it offers, need only to make a reputation for seed of good germinating power, in order to obtain an unlimited market, and fancy prices for their harvest.

A Lullaby Song

By Alice May Douglas

Let me tell you how the lambie puts her
little one to sleep,
When the shadows to the home-fold call
the downy sheep,
Baby Lambie finds sweet rest on its
mamma's wolly breast,
While the mamma says, "Baa, baa, baby
mine, how dear you are!"
Then the mamma puts her
mouth—just like this—
Down to Baby Lambie's mouth
for a kiss.

Let me tell you how the birdie puts her
little one to sleep,
When the shadows through the branches
softly, softly sleep,
Baby Birdie finds sweet rest on its
mamma's downy breast,
While the mamma sings, "Coo, coo,
here's a good-night kiss for you."
Then the mamma puts her bill—
just like this—
Down to Baby Birdie's bill for a
kiss.

Let me tell you how the south wind puts
the little flowers to sleep,
With the stars, the bright-eyed stars,
watch above to keep,
South wind each wee flower caresses,
smoothing back its silken tresses,
Giving it a good-night kiss—just like
this, and this and this.
Then each blossom drops its
head—Shr-shrrrr.
And the south wind whispers
low, "Srrr-shrrrr."

But They Drank

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men of Boston were rated as "Al." They were rich, prosperous, young, and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to find out how they were rated at the Commercial Bureau, and ascertained that these facts were recorded, and was satisfied; but at the end these words were added "But they all drink." He thought it a good joke at the time, but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity. That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their description.

You think that time can never efface the rankling bitterness of certain memories. But the day will come when oblivion will mercifully veil what now seems unendurable, leaving you the stronger and the wiser for the tribulation. We cultivate the powers of the memory; we should likewise cultivate the power to forget, and pray that constant practice may confirm in us the habit of putting out of sight and out of mind all that is hateful to remember.

Calgary Military Camp

GREAT interest is taken every year in the Calgary military camp as it is there that the finest rough-riders in the whole dominion are trained for military service. This year over 2,500 men and 1,500 horses were under canvas and every branch of the militia service was represented. This splendid



Col. Cruikshank, Commanding Camp

turnout is remarkable as a proof of the rapid settlement in the west and it is worthy of thought that so many men fully equipped and well mounted are trained annually on a camping ground which only a decade ago was considered an open range for cattle.

Hughes, Minister of Militia, accompanied by a brilliant staff of officers. Rain was threatening all morning while the troops were under review, but it kept off till a sham fight had almost been completed. Despite the trying conditions the officers and men carried out the attack in splendid style and at the conclusion of the manoeuvres General Sir Ian Hamilton addressed the officers of the various units. In a few words he complimented Colonel E. A. Cruikshank, the camp commandant, and expressed great satisfaction with all he had seen. "All ranks looked the stamp of men who would prove very valuable on active service," he said, "and while the horses are smaller than those used by Imperial yeomanry, they are active, useful and the type which would stick it through all privations during a hard campaign."

When Colonel Sam Hughes was called on for a speech he expressed great pleasure at seeing the western cavalry and other units in such splendid shape. "I am proud of the boys," he said, and personally complimented the staff officers of the camp on everything under their charge.

The camp is situated within easy distance of the City of Calgary and thousands of visitors inspected the work done every day when the weather permitted. A military camp on such a large scale provides a fund of interest to the civilian, and as the work is done under active service conditions, it proves most instructive. Huge bake ovens, where over 2,000 loaves of bread are baked daily, may be seen at one end of the camp and the Army Service corps men are always willing to allow visitors to inspect the tents where the dough is



Col. Cruikshank and officers at Church Parade

Elaborate arrangements had been made for a sham fight and attack on the city, but torrents of rain which lasted four days completely spoiled the camp and deprived officers and men of this, the most instructive and interesting manoeuvre. The rain put a dampening influence on all and during the last two days the training grounds were converted into veritable quagmires. On Wednesday, June 25th, the men were inspected and reviewed by General Sir Ian Hamilton and Colonel the Hon. Sam

worked. This feature proved a great attraction to the fair sex. No less than thirteen barrels of flour were converted into bread every day and the food consumed in camp every day weighed the remarkable total of six tons, while the horses accounted for 28,500 pounds of hay and 412 bushels of oats every day.

The most interesting unit probably was the 25th battery of Field Artillery from Lethbridge, with its four rapid-firing guns, 100 officers and men and 102 horses. This battery is in splendid



Church Parade at Calgary Military Camp. Rev C. Carrauthers preaching

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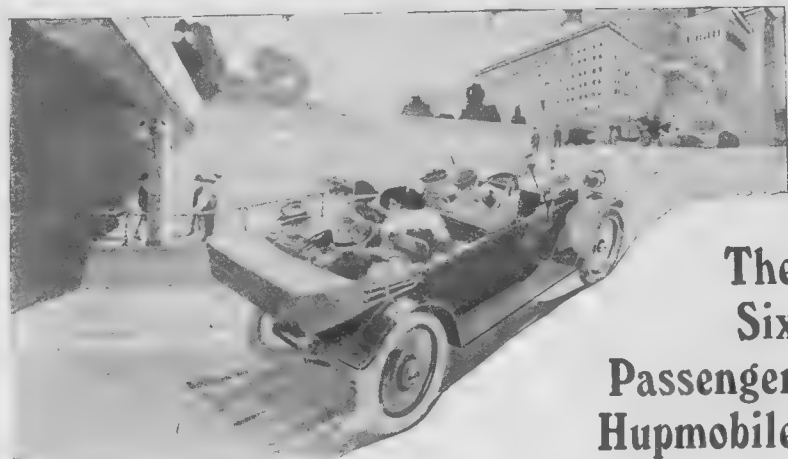
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One of the Outlaws at the Calgary Camp

training and practiced with live shells on a big gun range about three miles from camp. The general health was splendid, thanks to an elaborate system of sanitary arrangements. Those men who were injured were treated in a fully up-to-date field hospital and Cavalry Field Ambulance men of the 15th company acted as nurses, besides doing the various duties which would be necessary on active service.

The cavalry regiments are mostly drawn from ranching districts and, as could be expected, there is a healthy rivalry between the men of each squadron as to their riding abilities. To provide sport, a number of bucking horses

between themselves and our illustration shows the kind of animals which the troopers of the west like to show their riding ability on.

The soldiers' mails were delivered and lifted twice per day and handled by a staff of local men on the Canadian Militia Postal Service. They transacted all the business handled at a general post office and sold postal and money orders, besides the usual stamp and post card business. The letters and mail later were conveyed from and to the city by the Army Service Corps and a regular postal carrier service was in operation all the time the soldiers were under canvas.



Signallers' Military Camp. Instructor Massey in Charge

were brought to camp privately by some of the troopers and every day bucking contests were carried out. These contests were conducted on the cleanest lines and no man was allowed to mount with his spurs on. As soon as one horse had been ridden out or had got rid of his rider another was produced and in the end three animals were kept over as the worst outlaws procurable and they were to provide the tests at the camp sports. Great regret was felt later when it became known that the camp sports had been cancelled owing to the sodden nature of the ground. As it was, the roughriders decided to finish the contest

Despite their trying experience through continual rain, making nearly everything damp, the men preserved the best of spirits till camp broke up and it was with cheery wishes for better weather next year that the troopers rode out of the largest military camp every held in Alberta. As a result of the downpour the cadets' camp, which was scheduled to commence as soon as the militia vacated the tents, had to be cancelled and while the boys learned the news with regret, it was the unanimous opinion that the camp commandant acted wisely and in the interests of the movement.



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While president of the Lake Shore Railroad the late John Newell was so opposed to granting passes that he frequently refused to issue them to railroad officials, and when he did he limited such transportation to certain trains. On one occasion he prepared a parcel of exchange passes and sent them out as usual. Across the end of the one he forwarded to President Caldwell was printed in red ink the words "Not good on limited or fast trains." Without exasperating delay President Caldwell's annual pass for the Nickel Plate to President Newell arrived. Across the face, in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell, were the words, in red ink, "Not good on passenger trains." —Argonaut.

"I know that, mother," answered Ned; "you take Grace's."

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General View of Calgary Military Camp

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TORONTO

MONTREAL

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

If the critics could but touch "the life of the girls" whom they blame for questionable conduct they might create a reform that would revolutionize humanity. I have yet to know a girl who has not something lovable and beautiful about her. Indeed, some of the most unfortunate possess the deepest wells of love and tenderness. Jane Addams says: "In the unnecessary ebb and flow of justice and oppression we must all dig channels through which the moral life of our men and women may flow." We speak of the great resources of Canada, but let us not forget that the greatest resource of our country is our womanhood. I say womanhood because I think the strength and power of our manhood is determined by our womanhood. In the atmosphere of social confusion and the mad race for wealth we tread on the soul of womanhood and crush the sweet rose of purity. I believe that Canada is the haven of opportunity, but the conscience of Canada must be stirred to protect her womanhood if our country would develop into the world's greatest garden of life. Do not criticize; draw

In speaking of her work, she says that conduct and not culture is three-fourths of human life; that the things which make people alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart. There must be the overmastering belief that all that is noblest in life is common to men as men in order to accentuate the likenesses and ignore the differences which are found among the people whom the Settlement helps. In a thousand voices singing the Hallelujah Chorus in Handel's "Messiah" it is possible to distinguish the leading voices, but the differences of training and cultivation between them and the voices of the chorus are lost in the unity of purpose and in the fact that they are all human voices lifted by a high motive. This is an illustration of what a Settlement attempts to do. This ambition is what led Jane Addams to give up leisure, travel and study abroad for a life of hard work and difficulty among the poor of Chicago that she might bless humanity. Thus has the work of one woman inspired and encouraged many thousands of men, women and children who are victims of human greed. It is



PARADE AT ATHABASCA, ALTA.

The Winnipeg business men arrived at Athabasca on Empire Day, and the "schoolmarm" of the place arranged a parade of children. The procession, in which the visitors joined, was headed by a mounted policeman, then came the well-drilled boy scouts of the town.

a picture beautiful. Will a student in art become an artist by imperfect models? No; he studies the finished picture of a great artist and copies it.

Girls cringe so pitifully under the fear of criticism. It is cruel to ask a girl about her affairs—has she erred? Nine times out of ten she is sorry; do not torture her mind with the "how." She is sorry—that is enough.

JANE ADDAMS

This month I have been reading the life of one of the greatest women on the American Continent, if not in the world Jane Addams. It is an inspiration to study the lives of people who are worth while. I believe there is not a woman living who has touched so many lives in a helpful way as Jane Addams. When she began her work she was in poor health and did not record much of her earlier work as she states she was "blurred with fatigue." Enough property was left her to give her a life of leisure, but she longed to be useful—to change her life of leisure and personal pursuit to definite attainment. After completing a college course and traveling in Europe, during which time she studied settlement work, she rented a house between a saloon and an undertaking establishment in the poorest part of Chicago. Here flocked the unfortunate and poor of Chicago's oppressed laborers to meet for social life and serious study until the institution has grown to occupy thirteen buildings and Jane Addams is called to all parts of the world to explain her work. This is the success of one woman who loved humanity more than herself.

a splendid deed to give money to help others; but it is a Divine act to give one's self as does Jane Addams. Christ touched poverty and clothed it with power.

* * * * *

PICTURES

Anything beautiful has a refining influence. Then look well to the pictures in your room. I could not enjoy my room were it not for the pictures in it—but they are not Gibson posters or any other faces that delineate the weaker side of woman's character.

In the assembly room of a well-known college where two hundred girls meet every day, the room is decorated with reproductions of six Greek goddesses. First, there is the Roman Diana, who represents the era of free girlhood; next, Pallas Athene, who represents strength and loveliness. Her purity is the height of her power. Then next is Aphrodite. She is the goddess of love, which Plato describes as "the basis of purity: our best pilot, supporter and saviour; the parent of grace, of gentleness, of delicacy, a cherisher of all that is good." The fourth is Hera, the type and protector of marriage; then the maternal deity of Greece—Demeter. The last of this group is Vesta, who represents woman as queen of home. The Wellspring says of this goddess that "the hearth is her altar, and as the city itself is but an extended family, so the city itself is its extended hearth. So incarnated in the vital virgins is the power of the hearth that they bear it with them, and if they meet a criminal he must be set free—wonderful symbol of the power of a

divine womanhood is this—the assumption that vice cannot live in its presence, but is transformed to virtue.”

In our homes which is stronger—vice or virtue? In my life which is stronger vice or virtue? What a helpful influence these reproductions must be in the molding of girlhood character. Yet the Wellspring mentions other pictures of ideals of womanhood that are better—such as the Madonnas and the saints. The writer of the article makes special mention of Saint Barbara as being one of the most beautiful faces of womanhood in art. She is the patron saint of Christian learning. She is dressed modestly and seems to be about to step into a life of freedom. It is a noble representation of the ideal woman.

I sometimes think that girls are not careful enough in the selection of pictures for their rooms. Pictures inspire or poison the mind according to their subject. At any rate, take down the Gibson type and put in its place a study that inspires and strengthens character.

SUMMER READING

For months I have looked forward to my summer reading when I might enjoy the luxury of leisure. Piled high on my table were magazines of many descriptions and a few light stories. I sat down one afternoon last week for the treat. After reading an hour or two I glanced over towards my library where Ruskin in fourteen clean volumes lured me most invitingly—and I responded. Why should one not have as wholesome literary food in summer as in winter? My “summer reading” has been carefully packed away in the basement and Ruskin has taken its place. I find that my club of girls enjoy the lessons from great writers more than any other studies, and this is a most encouraging feature of the work with



Cree Children at School, Fort a la Corne, Sask.

busy wage-earning girls. They want good food for the mind and soul. This summer we have had a course of lectures by women, each one of whom is at the head of her special line of work, and every speaker has expressed her surprise at the intense interest the girls show. They ask me if the girls care for deep thoughts, and I always answer: “Give them the best you have.” One speaker’s subject was “Lessons from Tolstoi;” another, “Thoughts are Things;” another, “The Lady and the Law;” and another on “Lessons from Canadian Women.” The girls were deeply interested in every subject. Since we have studied in our club for the past six years—Shakespeare, spending three months on each play—the girls crave a good class of literature. Educated people often misjudge the wage-earning girl’s intellectual power, and give her light stuff when she craves genuine literary food. And so we look on great books and splendid men and women as life teachers, meanwhile recognizing the Bible as the greatest Book and Christ as the greatest Teacher. While on this subject, I want to mention a little volume by Newell-Dwight Hillis entitled “Great Books as Life Teachers.” He reviews several books in this manner: John Ruskin’s “Seven Lamps of Architecture” as Interpreters of the Seven Laws of Life—a Study of the Principles of Character Building; George Eliot’s *Lilo*, in “*Romola*”—a Study of the Peril of Tampering with Conscience and the Gradual Deterioration of Character; Hawthorne’s “*Scarlet Letter*”—the Retributive Workings of Conscience; Victor Hugo’s “*Les Misérables*”—How Jean Valjean was Recovered from Passion and Sin to Christian Service and Self-Sacrifice; Tennyson’s “*Idylls of the King*”—an Outlook upon the Soul’s Epochs and Teachers; a study of Browning’s “*Saul*”—the Tragedy of the Ten-Talent Men and

Their Recovery; the Life of Lord Shaftesbury—the Opportunities of Leisure and Wealth; the Biography of Frances Willard—a Study of the New Chivalry.

This I give our readers for a summer’s course in reading, assuring every girl who follows this course a training that will mean an increase in happiness, strength of character, and womanly power.

THE LUCKY GIRL

This month a girl who had done her work so thoroughly in domestic service was promised a place in an office. The head of the family had noticed her capability and offered her the promotion. Another girl exclaimed: “She is the lucky girl! I never have any luck.” The first girl made her own luck. She did her work well. I have watched both girls for nearly a year expecting to help the second girl into a position more to her liking, but she did her work so carelessly and had such regular attacks of laziness that I felt she could not do well in another position. I believe if a girl does her work well it will be recognized. It may not be the kind of work she likes, but it is often necessary to renounce the luxury of personal preference—and the successful woman is the one who has learned to do common tasks uncommonly well. The mastering of duties creates personality—and personality creates that which unsuccessful girls determine “good luck.” The girl who is determined to win will look upon every experience as an educator. She is the girl who will realize her ideals. Successful young women have the marvellous power of retaining and utilizing past experiences.

THE OLD PROBLEM

This past month I believe I have had more experiences with the domestic girl than during any previous month. It has been the first time for several years that there were more girls than positions. A few remarks for both mistress and maid might not be out of place. Few women ask to pay less than a maid is worth, but many say: “I want a capable girl; I am willing to pay the price if the girl is capable.” This is the continual demand, so I asked myself: “What does capable mean? Is it a demand that a girl cannot meet?” I learn that it is just what every girl should and can be—namely, to do the work neatly and carefully. One girl objected to wear a cap and apron, and refused to accept a good position because of this requirement. The trained nurse wears a cap and apron; the clerk wears her black costume; and I sometimes think it would be well if the office girl were required to wear a certain kind of plain dress. It certainly would do away with much extravagant dress that many girls cannot afford. And so I cannot understand why a girl in domestic service should object to uniform.

Lack of attention and carelessness are both faults that can be corrected, and these are most common. Many lose their positions for these reasons. I really believe that as soon as the average girl becomes capable the standard of domestic service will be raised. The dignity of service lies largely with the girl herself. The continual complaint from women that their girls did not do their work carefully prompted me to test some for proof, and it is an actual fact that among several girls who washed the dishes in my kitchen I found only one who left them clean and free from particles of food. Now, no one has more sympathy for the wage-earning girl than I have, but I cannot understand why so many are careless. One woman explained to me that she handled her domestic help in a business way. She helps them the first few days, showing them the way she wants her work done. Then she expects the girl to do the work as explained. If the girl fails she dismisses her. When I mentioned this some girls thought it was hard. But is this not just what is expected of the business girl and of the clerk? Why should not the same requirement be demanded of the girl in domestic service? I realize that it is not easy to work for a woman, yet girls would be given more consideration if they tried to do their work thoroughly.

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1883--Winnipeg Police Force--1913

POLICE! Police!!

Reader, when a lad, you have no doubt stood, with eyes wide open (and mouth on a move that way) looking at some tempting fruit on the stand behind the railing in one of the old Ontario show buildings. As you looked and looked, the temptation was strong to help yourself. Though there was notice, "Please do not touch," you may have reached forth, with the greatest of tenderness, and placed your finger on one of the tempting cherries. At that moment up stepped a man on the inside of the railing who, with gruff voice, said "Don't you see that notice?" There may have been a desire to get even with him for the moment and possibly there was a longing to be constable so that you could look, and perhaps handle, all the good things behind the railing. That constable, for the time being, was the embodiment of all that was of importance to you. Be that as it may, he carried but short time authority, possibly only for the afternoon and evening of the show. What is known as a Policeman carries more weight. "Police! Police!" carries more terror with it than "Mr. Constable!"

The policeman, for the term he is employed, is one who carries authority to arrest on sight. Generally he has on his person handcuffs and a baton, and sometimes fire-arms, ready at hand in case of a mix-up. He may be hard pressed, or a desperate character may endeavor to make escape; and the officer must always be perfect—if he does not do what the civilian thinks is right he is put down as no good.

The policemen of the day are generally trained to duty. If started as a "green un" the man who assumes the office is put on probation for a year, is put

through a course of drill, and made conversant with what his duties are, which includes a course in first aid street ambulance work. He should make himself fairly familiar with the laws of the land. One of the first essentials for a good policeman is to be a gentleman, and which carries with it the power of holding secrets. He should be able to control himself under the most trying circumstances. A "bobby," or "peeler," should be of even temper; if not, there is possibility of his not only getting into trouble himself, but the corporation with which he is connected. The authority vested in a policeman is considerable, but there are limits to even that, and it is essential that such should be known by the man carrying the authority.

Policemen are in a measure like soldiers. If we were all as good as our mothers desired us to be, possibly there would be no use for these officers of the law. If there was no stealing, robbing, and so on, it would not be necessary for each town and city to have a squad of stalwarts. What a saving that would be! And the poor fellows would be out of a job! If there was no war, all would be peace; if no misbehaviours, arrests would not be necessary, and consequently the stalwarts would be obliged to find some other employment.

On this page we give cut of the present Winnipeg Police Force, and also one of the Force in 1883. Those of today are a fine body of men; in fact have always been so. This you would know was the case if you saw them on parade, with Chief MacPherson and Deputy Newton, guiding. Many of them are six feet and step like men of determination. A pretty sight it is to see them march along the street. With steady step and

heads erect they present an imposing appearance. What a braw fine crowd the majority of them would be, with MacPherson and "Mac" Newton as drum majors, dressed as kilties, and on the march!

In connection with the Winnipeg Police Force it is worthy of note that there have been few changes in the office of Chief, and possibly this has considerably to do with the efficiency of the Force. The writer remembers but three Chiefs—there may have been four, but, if so, the first of the four was in the way back. Chief Murray was followed by Chief McRae, who held the position with credit for many years, and now Chief MacPherson has a firm command.

In 1883 there were in all 48 men in connection with the Winnipeg Police Force. D. B. Murray was Chief, J. C. McRae, afterwards Chief and who recently retired with the best of records, was one of the sergeants, of whom there were four. There was one detective and forty-one constables. This was the staff in July; a few months later the Force was reduced to about half. This reduction was largely owing to the bursting of the land boom. In 1881-2 the boom was in full swing, but with the summer of 1882 a lull set in and with the opening of 1883 retrenchment was the order. Mr. A. A. Aird was then Clerk of the Court and he still holds the position. One of the constables was W. J. Leach, and he is now on the Force, being the only remaining officer in active service.

The Force of 48 in 1883 had been reduced from time to time until there were only 16 in July, 1893. J. C. McRae was Chief and Mr. Aird, Clerk. There was on the Force, the two Munros, who continued until the grim reaper called

them. A. McCharles (retired), W. J. Leach, W. Blair and B. Stewart, the three latter still doing duty.

July, 1903, found the Force with 37; the general officers being much the same as ten years previous. Of the constables the following are still doing duty: C. H. Newton, P. Stark, W. Blair, C. Knox, J. J. Samson, and B. Stewart. MacPherson, the present Chief, began service in that year.

1913 finds 240 in connection with the Police Department of Winnipeg. The Chief is D. MacPherson and C. H. Newton is Deputy Chief Constable. There are four inspectors—P. Stark and W. Blair at the Central Police Station, Rupert Street; H. Green at the Fort Rouge Station, Jessie and Nassau Street; M. Bruton at North End Station, Magnus and Charles Street; J. McDowell, J. Street, and H. McLachlan are Sergeants at Central Station; J. Wilson and J. Rice at North End, and C. H. Knox at Fort Rouge. In addition to these six Sergeants there are eight patrol sergeants. Sixteen detectives are on the Force, and Eli Stodgell, who was one of three detectives employed in 1903, holds the position of Chief of the Detectives. There are 192 constables—120 at Central Station, 50 at North End and 22 at Fort Rouge. Mr. Aird is still Clerk of the Court, and his assistant is G. F. Richards. In the Clerk of the Court's office there are two clerks and a stenographer. Then, the Chief Constable has a secretary and two stenographers. There are two elevator men, and one caretaker, and a matron. The garage staff is composed of one motor inspector, four chauffeurs and two floormen.

A man joining the Force now has to undergo a rigid medical examination and produce the best of evidence that he is what is termed a square-toed and not afraid of work. Once a man joins the Force his time is pretty much all at the disposal of the community. He cannot



Winnipeg Police Force—1883



come and go as the ordinary work-a-day man does. At present there are no Sundays for him, as the regular run of workmen enjoy, but it is noted with pleasure that effort is being made to secure one day's rest in seven, though it may not be the Sabbath. Upon putting in a year's time the policeman is entitled to ten days' leave during the year; detectives and sergeants are given two weeks, and inspectors three weeks. The hours of work are eight per day. In summer it is four hours duty twice a day; in winter two hours duty and two

plaint is made to headquarters and he is reported as no good. Then he must direct all and sundry the best way to reach the point they are after; if he does not, he is likely treated to a tirade of abuse that would make a monkey's whiskers turn white. In a mix-up he has to have eyes on all four sides, for should the offender make good his escape during the free-for-all the policeman is generally condemned as useless and very often has to toe the scratch for incompetency. As depicting

eighty-five, the third ninety-five dollars, and the fourth one hundred.

Morality Officer Eddie has especial care of the homes. To aid him there are two of the regular staff and a number of privates.

The central station has a motor patrol wagon and ambulance, while each sub-station has a horse patrol wagon.

There is now a motor cycle squad in connection with the Winnipeg Police

Force. They act as a sort of mounted police force for street or outside service, and look after scorchers or joy-riders in autos.

In a month or so there will be a police telegram and squad system in the city. Boxes, or signal stations, are being placed about twenty feet from the corners of the principal thoroughfares. Of these there will be about 170 at the commencement.



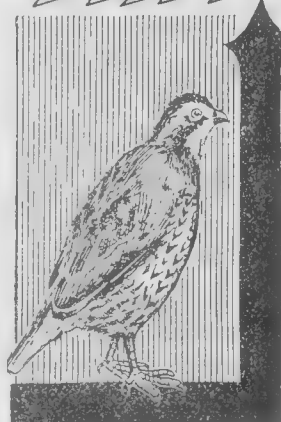
hours off until six hours' street duty are completed.

It looks to be a "soft job" to be a policeman, as the fellow walks to and fro on his beat, but it must be remembered that he keeps this up rain or shine, early and late. Not only that, he has the care of nearly everyone on the street on his hands for the time. If a pencil is dropped, or handkerchief with a hole is lost, the policeman is appealed to, and if he does not get a "move on" and find the article in double quick time, com-

efficiency, take the men who are placed at the junction points on Winnipeg streets, who are termed the Traffic Duty Squad. Even tempered, ready of eye, ear and hand, they are proving to be a staff of officers that all are proud of. Let there be a mix-up of any kind at any one of these points and how quickly all is put to rights.

The salaries were but fifty dollars a month for some time. Now they are more, and more on a sliding scale; the first year seventy-five dollars, the second

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Sensitiveness in Children

By Laura Tallmadge

IT IS difficult to give an adequate definition of sensitiveness in the abstract, because it is a relative term, variously construed. It may be either a normal or abnormal condition of human nature, at any age. It is something which may be eradicated, like a disease, or it may be developed into a worthy element of character.

That child who was lacking in sensitiveness would be as a peach without bloom; and as that exquisite feature of the fruit disappears with handling, so must it be with the child in its contact with life and the world. In some cases, where there is a tendency towards morbidness, it would be a misfortune to have it otherwise. It is with the child often as with the flower—the delicate petals fall away, as the seed-capsule ripens.

In one sense, sensitiveness is a vital quality or principle of the soul, which may be compared to the grain or fiber of the wood—coarser or finer, as the case may be.

A reprimand which causes one child to hide away somewhere and cry, rolls off "like water on a duck's back," in dealing with another. The one suffers; the other dances away with a laugh or a whistle, and does not think of the chiding five minutes afterwards. Having seen these opposite effects, we think, perhaps, we have one key, at least, to the character of children in general. We sometimes find ourselves mistaken. The key does not turn in the lock.

For instance: A little niece of the writer's, who was as frail as a wind flower, and keenly sensitive to every look and word, would go downstairs alone in the night, after a drink of water, making her way through the dark and silent rooms with perfect fearlessness. Few children of much stronger temperament than her own, could have borne such a test.

It is a well-known fact that the imagination of children in general, is a sensitive plate to all impressions from the outer world. Everything connected with either play or work appeals to it. Imagination and instinct seem to dominate all the other faculties, during the initial period of life. The reasoning powers await a gradual development. I think we may believe that this accounts for that natural craving for stories, told or read. Especially may this explain the fascination of fairy tales for the little folks. "Tell me a story," or "read me one," is as much a demand of the child as "I want something to eat."

The relation between the imagination and sensitiveness of many children is very close. As a result, there may be certain manifestations of pleasure or suffering, hard for older people to understand. We sometimes laugh, or scold, when tears of sympathy would be more in order. What is so intensely real to the mind of the child, only serves to mystify or amuse his elders, to whom it seems but a flitting shadow or a puff of vapor. Fear of the dark, as holding all manner of terrors; fear of storms, and many other things, may be traced to the sensitive imagination. Kind, patient, wise treatment will go very far towards lessening this fear, if it cannot be entirely overcome. A healthful state of the imagination is the vital atmosphere in which the soul of the child expands.

On the basis of that truth that some mysterious and subtle kinship exists between the physical and mental organization, we may believe that the nerves of the child respond blindly and instinctively to sight and sound. The corresponding mental capacities await development. As an instance of this fact, I have in mind the case of a two-year-old boy, who possessed such a sensitiveness to musical sounds that he invariably cried at hearing singing, or playing upon an instrument. His father was compelled, on occasions, to carry him out of church in his arms, because of the effect of the organ music. He became what is termed "a natural musician," without technical knowledge. He did not develop any special sensitiveness of temperament, but was practical, busi-

ness-like and in full sympathy with the material things of life.

I remember another instance of a little fellow who would start for the house, crying, the moment he heard a band play. Unlike the other boy, he never showed any talent for music; but he was fine-grained in temperament, spiritual and intellectual in character. In both children, there was a peculiar sensitiveness of nerves in the same direction. As their mental faculties matured, there appeared a corresponding sensitiveness, but with a diversity of gifts.

A mother had been reading Bible stories to her little daughter, and happened to show her a small picture on a page of the book, which represented Absalom hanging by his hair from the tree. That evening the child's sobbing called the mother to her crib, to know what was the matter. Little Lizzie could only say between her sobs, "I can't bear to think of a man hanging up by his hair!"

It afforded an instance of unusual emotional sensitiveness, which, if not wisely controlled, bid fair to cause the child a great deal of suffering in after years.

A dear little boy was much entertained by the gambols of a live mouse in a trap which had a revolving wheel. After awhile his face grew sober and sad, and he buried his head in the cushioned seat of the rocking-chair, and wept softly to himself. After being taken out of the room by his mother, he confessed.

"I feel so sorry for that little mouse!"

The thought of its impending fate so wrought upon his sensitive nature that it swallowed up all sense of fun for him. The same little boy would be subject to violent fits of crying, whenever visitors, who had in any degree won his heart, took their departure from the home. For a time he was utterly inconsolable. He grew up into a healthy, happy, rollicking boy, and seemed to outgrow all his sensitiveness.

These cases which I have cited, are from my personal knowledge and observation. There is nothing out of the ordinary about them. They may be found in almost any mother's flock. The most that parents and teachers can do is to give up trying to form theories, or draw conclusions, from such types of sensitiveness as are manifested. We can only accept facts, without understanding them. One need not study botany in order to enjoy flowers. There is a human garden of child-nature all about us; and no phase of the tender plants and flowers that grow therein is more interesting than their individual sensitiveness. The psychology of kindergarten training may go a little way in the line of analysis, but the true appeal is to our intuitive powers of understanding and sympathy.

Too soon, alas, the child will learn to wear the mask of conventionality and self-restraint, and the unconscious manifestation of nature will be ended.

Mother sends Johnny on an errand to the store; but there is some mistake, and he is told that he must go back and face "the man," to have it made right. To this Johnny objects stoutly, and mother gets quite out of patience with his "obstinacy." Probably he goes to the dreaded ordeal with tears, and is told that he is a "little goose." Thoughtless mother! It was not obstinacy, but a sensitiveness that needed your kind, patient sympathy.

Another mistake is to force a sensitive child to enter a room full of strangers. I merely touch upon a few of the common experiences to which parents and children are subjected.

Happy the little one whose individuality is understood by parent and teacher, and who receives a wise and tender handling. Sensitive need never become a fault or misfortune of the possessor, but should be so trained as to contribute to the attainment of a strong and beautiful character.

In memory of my own sensitive childhood, I plead for only one method, first, last and always—a wise, loving patience.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The man who is afraid a desire for the vote will kill the home-making instinct in women, should make a round of the women's section of our fairs. The beautiful hand-embroidered house linen and the exquisitely dainty frocks for babies, the Feminine would re-assure his affrighted soul. Many of the prize-winners are women who hold advanced views on the suffrage question, the right of dower, the right of women to homestead and kindred questions of the day.

If I had needed convincing that a dower law was necessary to protect the women of Canada, an incident which came to my notice the other day would have been sufficient. One day in 1911 when driving through

Wanted an Adequate Dower Law Central Saskatchewan I was taken by a friend, who is an enthusiast in mixed farming, to see a farm of 160 acres which was being developed by an Icelandic family, father, mother, son, and daughter, all working together. It was such a real farm, such a genuine home, with its interdependence, its community of interests that a score of times since that visit it has served me as a model of the profit of small areas well tilled and everything required for the house, bare groceries excepted, produced on the farm. The other day the friend who had taken me to see the farm turned up, and in the course of our chat, I asked after the welfare of my model farm. The reply was: "Oh, the foolish fellow is subdividing it into small plots for market gardens. It is such a pity for the bulk of the profit of the sales will go into the pockets of the agent who has persuaded him to do this, and the beautiful home will be broken up, but he is determined." "Does his wife approve?" I asked. "No, she does not," was the emphatic reply. There you have the argument for a dowry law. These people have worked together to build up a home and have succeeded. It is near a good sized town, which furnished an excellent and growing market for all they could produce. Every year made it more beautiful and more valuable. The small fruit trees and bushes, which the woman herself had planted, were in full bearing. The homesteaders shack has been replaced by a comfortable house with many modern conveniences. Suddenly the husband is bitten with the bug of desire to sell and get more land in a newer district and the wife is powerless to prevent him, and she must do the pioneer act all over again. Any law which thus permits a woman's home to be sold over her head, is iniquitous and cannot be altered too soon. If a woman cannot prevent a man from selling the home she should at least be entitled to half the proceeds for which it is sold. Instead of, as at the present time, not having a claim on one penny of it.

How many of my readers are planning to attend the Woman's Congress in connection with the Dry Farming Congress at Tulsa, Oklahoma Territory, this fall. The programme should be a very interesting one, and with the

Woman's experience gathered last Congress year should be much more effective in the proper apportioning of time to the more important topics. Money is tight and likely to remain so, but careful planning will enable quite a number of women to make this their annual outing and the opportunity of meeting women from so many parts of Canada and the United States, as well as from other countries, is of more value even than the papers, addresses and demonstrations which will be given. I will endeavor to keep the page posted as to actual dates and contents of programme and probably the approximate cost of attending. From long and painful counting of the dollars which can be appropriated to a holiday I know just how necessary it is for a woman to know well ahead as nearly as

possible what such a journey will cost. Let me say right here that if it be at all possible, every woman should have with her a little emergency fund, over and above what she expects to spend. She does not need to spend it because she has it with her, but it will give her a sense of security and wellbeing, out of all proportion to the effort made to obtain it. Another suggestion I would like to make, is that if you have to get new dresses for a trip of this kind, it is well to only get what you need to travel in before you start. There are always social functions in connection with these congresses, but actual evening dress was not required at Lethbridge, and is still less likely to be required at Tulsa. The little silk frocks for afternoon affairs and informal evening functions can be bought much more cheaply on the American side than here, and you have no bother of packing such a gown for a long journey. Does this sound disloyal to home shops? I think not. The woman who has bought all her frocks in her home town for 10 or 20 years, is entitled to a change, and the change will serve to stimulate the ambition of her home merchant to do as well for her the next time she wants a gown.

A few weeks ago, when I noted the promotion of Mr. Angus McKay, who for so many years was Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental farm at Indian Head, it came to me with a rush, how high a standard

A Real Home of home life and influence his successor would have to live up to. I had met Mr. McKay at farmers and breeders meetings for a number of years before an opportunity offered to visit the farm. Then one day, after a week of very indifferent country hotels, Indian Head was reached, and on telephoning the farm to ascertain if Mr. McKay was home. I was told a buggy would be sent for me immediately and on no account to take a room at the hotel. The welcome I received from Mrs. McKay, who, until that moment was a complete stranger, was charming, and the three days spent on the farm is a bright spot in my memory until this day. Mr. McKay has done far more for agriculture in western Canada than western Canada will ever realize, but the gracious hospitality of Mrs. McKay, combined with the simple, refined home life, must have had a tremendous influence on the hundreds, who in the passing years came in contact with it. In a most effective manner she proved to every guest, who came under her roof, that life on the farm need lack none of the graces of life elsewhere. Not a few girls and women since then have told me that a visit even of a few hours to that home, was their first chance to realize that life on the farm need not be sordid and unlovely. That it was worth while to be neat and dainty over house work; to set a table well, to have flowers from the prairie for decoration, to observe nice table manners in the family, in fact, to live among their own family as they would wish to live in the presence of highly valued guests. Could any tribute to a woman's work in the world be higher than this?

Look up

Be like the Sun that pours its ray
To gladden and glorify the day.
Be like the Moon that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night.
Be like the Stars that sparkle on,
Although the Sun and Moon be gone.
Be like the Skies that steadfast are,
Though absent Sun and Moon and Star.
—Selected.

Drowning the Noise

"Is your daughter going to practise on the piano this afternoon?"
"Yes, I think so."
"Well, then, I'd like to borrow your lawn mower. I've got to cut the grass some time, anyway."—Judge.

FIVE ROSES COOK BOOK



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Five Roses Cook Book

Bread, Pastry, Etc.

just published is an authority that will simplify the duties of the housewife, and that no well regulated household should be without. It is a manual of good recipes, dealing with almost every article of food in which flour is used. To this most useful book 2,000 successful users of FIVE ROSES FLOUR throughout Canada have contributed, and every recipe is defined in clear and simple language that can be readily understood and easily applied.

The book itself is a model of typographical neatness, printed on superior paper, with contents arranged in a most convenient manner. The pages, of which there are 144, are brightened with a judicious assortment of illustrations from black and white sketches, and have a most complete index. The book is bound neatly and strongly, and has good lasting qualities.

All the contributions were unsolicited and constitute a remarkable tribute to the excellency and the Dominion wide popularity of FIVE ROSES FLOUR.

It is the wish of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company that as far as possible the Cook Book should find its way into every Western home. The supply, however, is necessarily limited, and it will be well to lose no time in sending in requests. In order to facilitate the distribution and to handle the correspondence promptly and efficiently the attached coupon must be properly filled out and 10 cents in silver or stamps duly enclosed for postage, and the address should be

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THE PHILOSOPHER

A PRAIRIE PATRIOT

A writer in Conservation tells of a certain teacher in Saskatchewan who planted nine hundred trees at his school last spring, in addition to maintaining an excellent school garden. Realizing the importance of tree-planting, the dwellers in the district round about were stirred to action by his example, with the result that from that one district came demands to the Indian Head nurseries for some 50,000 trees. A few years from now that district will show the advantages flowing from the act of patriotism of that school teacher—for patriotism is the right name for it, practical patriotism. It is a type of patriotism deserving of widespread emulation. Every tree planted in the West is a service done to the country.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

In the throngs of summer travellers there are many elderly people who revisit the scenes of their childhood and youth with feelings of pleasure, however mingled with sadness. They find the old home, in many cases, changed beyond recognition; and where it is not changed, they find, in any case, the changes wrought by the passage of the years upon humanity. Those whose earliest memories are of a city home are not likely to have memories comparable with the recalled delights of the hayloft and the playnooks of the garret, of the favorite haunts in trees, of the old oaken bucket, of the country school, of the swimming hole, and all the other places that live in the recollection of the man who was a country boy. Such a man, revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, will find much that is unchanged, even though the old house itself that was his home be gone. The man who was a city or town boy is not unlikely to find the landmarks so changed that the place presents nothing but a mask or a blank face to his memory. But, after all, it is not the place itself, whether unchanged or changed, that we see when we revisit the scenes of our childhood. It is the inner vision that counts for most, the light that was upon the world when we were young and our hearts sang with the joy of youth.

THE GALICIAN AND HIS LOT

The most amusing item which the Philosopher has seen in the newspapers during the past month was the account in the Edmonton papers of a false alarm in a suburb of that city the night after the escape of two convicts from the penitentiary. It was reported that one of the men had been seen hiding in the underbush on Twenty-second Street, near Alberta Avenue. Police Inspector Shute and three constables hastened to the spot in an automobile, and found a number of residents of the neighborhood awaiting them. After searching for a while in the brush, a man was found asleep, who, on being awakened, was surprised to find himself surrounded. He knew nothing about escaped convicts. He was a Galician, John Selica, who had recently come from Saskatoon. He was the owner of the lot on which he was sleeping. He had only found out its location the day before, and had walked out to have a look at it. Finding it to be so far out, he had decided to stay there for the night, and had gathered a few branches and leaves and made a bed for himself. To prove the truth of his account of himself, he showed the certificate of title to the lot and also, as related in the Edmonton Journal, "displayed a goodly-sized roll of bills." And "the officers wended their way home disappointed, but amused at the mistake"—presumably leaving the Galician to resume his interrupted slumbers as a landed proprietor. To sleep, perchance to dream, as Hamlet says; nay, not perchance, but of a certainty, we may believe, to dream of his future gains from the increased value of his lot. Many a purchaser of a lot in a distant subdivision finds cause later on to realize that he would have been wiser if he had journeyed, like the Galician, to see the lot—but before buying, not, like the Galician, after buying.

A GREAT CANADIAN

"When I decided, as a boy, to strike out from my home near Guelph, Ontario, and seek my fortune in the world, there was no Canadian Northwest to go to," said a great Canadian, addressing the convention of the bankers of the State of New York, which was held in Ottawa a couple of weeks ago. The speaker was James J. Hill, the master railroad creator of the United States, whom our neighbors of the great republic speak of as "the Empire Builder," in recognition of the work he had done for the development of the vast region of the Northwestern States, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, now spanned and girded by his railway systems. Continuing in his address to the bankers of New York assembled in the Dominion Capital, Mr. Hill said: "There was, in fact, no Canada, as the word is understood today. The provinces that existed were only just coming together in any real relation of interest and understanding, only just preparing themselves for the Confederation that was to pave the way to present strength and greatness." Years

later Mr. Hill established the first transportation service between St. Paul and Winnipeg, making use of boats upon the Red River. That was in 1870, fifteen years before the C.P.R. was built. Mr. Hill then formed the close friendship and business association with Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, which still continue. What an interesting thing it would be to hear these two men now talking over old times and comparing present developments with their expectations forty odd years ago! To quote a few more words from the speech of Mr. Hill to the New York bankers at Ottawa: "Canada is now, in regard to population, about where the United States was in 1813. In all other respects she stands about where the United States stood about sixty years ago. The apparatus for her development is substantially complete, and the process is going forward at a startling pace."

A NOTABLE CHANGE

Time was when the custom in the British navy was to mark "T" on the records after the names of the sailors who did not want their grog. This showed how comparatively few were the teetotalers then. Now the custom is to mark "G" after the names of the sailors who want their grog. Which shows that the number of teetotalers has increased remarkably. Commenting on this, the Westminster Gazette reflects: "We remember a resident in a small country market town telling that fifty years ago he always counted the number of farmers who went home sober. At present it is a case of counting those who go home drunk." Temperance is advancing the world over. There is drinking, lots of it; but it is less open, less "the custom." This shows that it is no longer respectable and commonplace, as it used to be, and that it is getting ashamed to show its face in public. Once drinking was universal, and drinking a commonplace. Macaulay quotes in his History of England the provision of the first Mutiny Act, passed in the reign of William III., laying down the procedure for court martial and requiring that no capital case could be dealt with except between the hours of eight o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon, in order to ensure, as Macaulay explains, that the officers presiding would be sober. To come down to our own times, any middle-aged person can remember an immense change. Time was, not so many decades ago, when men in important and responsible positions used to be seen drunk. Now drinking men cannot hold their positions. A great change has come about, and is still in progress, due to the gradual but sure appreciation of the mental, moral and physical harm wrought by alcohol.

THE RICH MAN AND THE CIRCUS

There was a news item in the papers the other day which told how Edward Tilden, a wealthy business man of Chicago, recalling a sad experience of his boyhood, when he was too poor to be able to get the price of admission to a circus which came to his native town, Delavan, Wisconsin, returned to that town, having hired a travelling circus for the day, and gave every child who could come to the tent a free treat. His reward was the delight, the laughter, the thankfulness of happy children. One of the memorable chapters in the homely book, "David Harum," is that in which David, remembering the dime given to him one circus day in his pinched and penniless boyhood, returned the gift a hundred thousand fold to the needy widow of his benefactor. Told in the simplest words, the incident grips the heart and brings a tear to the eye of one who feels and thinks as he reads. Such a news item as the one referred to, about the wealthy Chicago man going back to the town of his boyhood and giving the children a circus treat is the sort of thing that makes every person who reads it better. It is the sort of thing that deserves to be held as evidence that the world is not growing worse. So long as men, though their minds be crowded with business, can still remember their youth and pause from their pursuit of money to think of their own innocent years and the children of today, the earth is in no great danger of going backward.

ROSEATE FICTION AND COLD FACT

There was a reference on this page last month to an article in the illustrated English journal, "The Queen," based on a lecture delivered by Miss Binnie-Clark at the Royal Colonial Institute in London, in which she said that a woman could buy five acres of land near Victoria at \$100 an acre, by paying \$100 down, get her land prepared for crop at \$5 an acre, buy "a cow, a mother sow with eight small pigs and a number of hens" for \$125, build herself a bungalow for \$100, and make \$1,000 profit the first year. The Victoria Colonist asks Miss Binnie-Clark to state where she could get land near Victoria at \$100 an acre. In reply she informed the Victoria paper: "Land was offered me within a few miles of Victoria at \$200 an acre, and I concluded that land farther back on the Island could be purchased at

\$100 an acre." To which the Colonist makes answer: "Miss Binnie-Clark does not say when this offer was made to her and we must assume it was some time ago, for it would be absolutely impossible to buy land suitable for farming for such a price anywhere near Victoria." What was said on this page about Miss Binnie-Clark's statements was entirely merited. She explains that she has had "several years' experience in farming on the Prairies," and that while there may have been inaccuracies in her lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute, her suggestion that English women with a few hundred pounds might engage both profitably and pleasurably in farming on five-acre plots in the neighborhood of Victoria "was advanced for comment and criticism." But who in the audience that listened to Miss Binnie-Clark would be likely to be in a position to criticize a suggestion based upon such a mass of inaccuracies? And what about the women in the old land with a few hundred pounds and absolutely no knowledge whatever of the actual facts and conditions about which Miss Binnie-Clark romanced so airily and, no doubt, with the very best intentions? Such statements, widely printed in newspapers and magazines deserve to be severely characterized, all the more so when they are made in a lecture delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute and regarded, therefore, as authoritative.

MORE ABOUT THE BLOND ESKIMOS

The departure of the Stefansson expedition, headed by a Manitoban, for the Far North has awakened interest in the subject of Polar investigation. The thing that has made Stefansson famous is, of course, his discovery of a tribe of blond Eskimos on his previous visit to the Far North. It appears now that there are several earlier records by Arctic explorers of the finding of fair-skinned Eskimos. Not that this detracts from Stefansson in any way, of course; on the contrary, it furnishes corroborative evidence of what he has reported. These earlier reports are collected in a publication which has been issued by the Geographical Society. In 1829 Captain Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy, reported light-haired and fair-skinned Eskimos on the east coast of Greenland, none of whom had ever seen, or heard of, white men. To go further back, Hans Egede, who visited West Greenland in 1721 and established Christianity there has left a record in which he says that "the Eskimos have broad faces and thick lips, are flat-nosed and of a brownish complexion, though some of them are quite handsome and fair." Sir Edward Parry found blond Eskimos on Lyon Inlet in 1821, of whom he wrote: "We could scarcely believe them to be Eskimos. They had good Roman noses. Several of the children had complexions nearly as fair as Europeans." These people had never seen, or heard of, either Indians or Europeans. The mystery of the origin of these people will probably never be satisfactorily cleared up, unless the Manitoban-born explorer now on his way to investigate it and other Arctic matters succeeds in finding something which will throw light upon it. This is hardly to be regarded as likely, since Stefansson when he was among the tribe of fair-skinned Eskimos before found that there were no records of any sort among them and no traditions of any European ancestors or of any articles or objects of European origin.

A LAND OF LAW AND LAXITY

A notable article in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, under the title, "A Land of Law and Laxity," written evidently by an American, deals with the shortcomings of the administration of law in the United States. He says nothing of the higher courts. He confines himself to the doings of the lower courts, more particularly in the South and West. He finds no lack of reverence for the courts among the people; but in the newer parts of the country he finds the lower courts overcrowded with business, and justice continually defeated by technicalities. "Fluent, noisy, bulldozing lawyers overwhelm witnesses and jurors." The latitude given to lawyers in selecting jurors is cited as a fruitful cause of delay, expense, confusion of the cases before the courts and miscarriage of justice. Severe as the fault finding in the article is, it is admitted by not a few of the leading journals in the United States to be entirely just. The multiplicity of laws passed by the State Legislatures comes in for special mention. "To keep an up-to-date library of jurisprudence," says the writer, "a lawyer would need several barns." Fewer laws, and better enforcement of them is advocated. One county is mentioned, in a Southern State, in which seventy murder trials have resulted in only conviction for murder in the first degree, and in that case the convicted man was a negro. One of the Philadelphia papers says: "Our Blackwood critic has placed his finger on some of the weak spots in our legal system and its administration by the courts. The defects, like most American defects, lie in the apathy, the indifference and the temperament of the people."

The Single Tax Explained

By Joseph Fels

THE SINGLE TAX is the name given to the reform proposed by Henry George. It means abolition of all taxes on labor and its products. Under it no taxes would be levied on personal property or improvements. There would be no duties on imports, no license taxes, excise taxes, occupation taxes, or taxes on honestly earned incomes. All public revenue would be raised by a single tax on the value of land without regard to what improvements may be in or on it. The owner of a lot improved to its full capacity would be taxed no more than the owner of an absolutely vacant lot of equal value.

In behalf of this measure there are arguments based both on justice and on expediency.

The taxes on industry which single tax would abolish violate not just property rights. Whatever a man produces by his labor is his own. No individual nor any collection of individuals has any moral right to deprive him against his will of any part of it. To do that is no less a wrong when the collection of individuals happens to be the entire population of a state or nation possessing physical power to commit such an act with impunity. Yet this very thing is done every time taxes are collected on labor or its products. Various excuses are commonly urged for it, but none of them are valid. One is that the state needs revenue. So does a burglar. The answer to such a plea in either case is the same. The need of revenue does not excuse dishonest methods of getting it, especially when opportunities for getting it honestly exist. Another excuse is that all should contribute toward the support of the state in proportion to ability to pay. The injustice of that excuse is apparent on its face. No merchant would think of charging for his goods on that principle. Few would care to deal with one who did. The only just way to charge for services is in proportion to the benefits these services confer. The state performs certain services which consist mainly in protecting life and property.

If in two communities all conditions should be exactly the same except that in one government it is good whereas in the other it is poor, land values in the former would be higher than in the latter. Those owning no land consequently pay in higher rents to landlords, the full value of services rendered by the state. When they are compelled to pay taxes on personal property, improvements, occupations or other labor values, they are forced to pay a second time in taxes for what they have already paid in rent.

A tax on land values is the only tax that does not fall on labor. Land is not a labor product. The owners neither produced it nor obtained title from the producers. It is true that many have given honestly earned wealth in exchange for it, but the same may be as truly said of innocent purchasers of stolen goods, or of an ante-bellum slave owner. Land acquires value through the presence, industry and enterprise of the whole community, including non-landowners as well as landowners. Having been created by the community, land values rightfully belong to it rather than to the individuals who happen to hold legal title thereto. So to tax land values for public purposes is to take what rightfully belongs to the public, and as long as any land values remain in private hands the state has not the slightest justification for taxing anything else.

Taxes on labor are not only wrong but are unwise. They necessarily check the production of wealth and lessen opportunities for labor. We all know that a tax on dogs or saloons means fewer dogs or fewer saloons. So a tax on buildings means that fewer buildings will be erected, less capital will be invested in them and less labor will be employed. Other taxes on industry have a similar effect. But this does not apply to taxes on land values. The amount

of land is fixed. Taxing land values only makes it harder to hold valuable land out of use.

Under existing conditions taxation is usually a fine on industry. The more a landowner allows his land to be improved, the more he will be taxed. This naturally induces many to hold land in an unused or partially used condition in the hope, often realized, that the growth of the community will bring them unearned wealth. That is why in all cities there is much vacant or partially used land. Men who might be employed in improving this land walk the streets looking in vain for work, business men find trade dull, and high rents together with low wages force a large part of the population to live in crowded unsanitary tenements.

Outside of the cities there are similar results. Land speculation in the farming regions is inflating values, making purchase of farms difficult, and is forcing population from the rural districts into the cities or to the cheap lands of Canada. In the mining regions large tracts of ore land and coal lands are being withheld from use in order to restrict production and boost prices. Land monopoly of this kind enables concerns like the Steel Trust to keep competitors from getting raw material.

By placing all taxes on land values it would be more unprofitable to hold valuable land out of use. The owners would find it to their interest to either use it or let some one else do so. In either case there would be increased demand for labor and capital. That would mean higher wages and better business. Besides that the untaxing of labor and increase in production must cause cheapening of commodities so that higher wages and reduced cost of living would come together. That means general prosperity.

Tommy

"Tommy, are you tired?"

"Yes," said Tommy crossly, "I'm tired and Father's working in the fields, and I have to take him his dinner before I go to the fair."

"Why don't the servants take it?"

"Servants!" said Tommy scornfully; "we've got no servants. We are not rich people!"

"Wouldn't you like to be rich?" the eldest sister asked, while the two little ones walked slowly around Tommy, looking at the feather in his hat and the knife and fork in his hand.

"No, it's too expensive," said Tommy, shaking his head; "rich people have to buy such a lot of things, and to wear fine clothes, and they can't have dinner in the fields."

"My father has his dinner in a room," said the girl.

"That's because he's rich," answered Tommy, "and people would talk if he didn't; rich people can't do as they like, as poor can."

"And my father lives in a big house," the girl went on, for she was vulgar and liked to boast.

"And it takes up a lot of room. My father's got the whole world to live in, if he likes, and that's better than a house."

"But my father doesn't work," said the girl scornfully.

"Mine does," said Tommy proudly.

"Rich people can't work," he went on, "so they are obliged to get the poor folk to do it. Why, we have made everything in the world. Oh! it's a fine thing to be poor."

"But suppose all the rich folk died?"

"But suppose all the poor folk died," cried Tommy. "What would the rich folk do? They can sit in carriages but can't build them, and eat dinners, but can't cook them." And he got up and went his way. "Poor folk ought to be very kind to rich folk, for it's hard to be the like of them," he said to himself as he went along.

Dick's Family

Now this is true, for we saw it with our eyes. Dick was a bachelor, or so we had always supposed: a large black bachelor, with bright green eyes, and a very fine tail. He lived in the kitchen, and managed things pretty much as he pleased. When Peter, the new puppy, came he thought it would be fun to tease Dick. Dick thought it would be fun to be teased, and when he had sent Peter yelping and ki-yi-ing out into the shed, he sat and purred and blinked his green eyes, and thought the world a pleasant place.

Now one day we looked out of the south parlor window, and what do you think we saw? Dick was coming across the lawn looking very proud and very happy. Every now and then he stopped and looked over his shoulder and mewed as if he were calling some one to follow him. And some one was following him! Across the lawn after him came:

One very thin and wretched-looking tortoise-shell cat.

One Maltese kitten.

One yellow kitten.

All three looked half-starved, and all three were scared out of their wits!

"Come on!" said Dick, as plain as mew could speak. "They won't hurt you; those are my people; they belong to me. Come on, I tell you!"

They came on, though still very timidly, till they reached the barn. Then Dick took them under the barn and there he made them comfortable. We do not know just how, because we cannot get under the barn, and there they stayed. And when Dick came for his supper he said to Maggie as plain as mew could speak, "Please feed my family, too!" and Maggie did.

That was a year ago. Now the tortoise-shell cat is dead, but the Maltese kitten and the yellow kitten are large and handsome cats, and Dick still sits by the fire and purrs, and blinks his large green eyes.

—L. E. R.

Doubtful Consolation

"Mary," complained the husband, "why do you suppose it is that people all say I have such a large head?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, John," said his wife consolingly; "but never mind, there's nothing in it."

He was Ready to Shift

"I am surprised," said the parson to a youngster indulging in Sunday-morning fishing, "to find you fishing here, my boy."

"Why?" asked the boy. "D'ye know any place where they bite better, Mister?"



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And there are many other reasons we have not room for here why I H C wagons are the best to buy. A visit and a talk at the I H C local agent's, where the wagons may be seen and studied, will soon convince you as to the wagon you want. Get catalogues from the agent, or, write the nearest branch house.

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The Proof of the Pudding

By William Freeman

MISS Penelope Graham had suddenly determined to lead a worthier life. The conversion was made manifest at the breakfast-table one sunny morning in August.

"Rosalind," she said abruptly, "we're a pair of worthless drones!"

"I'm not!" said her younger sister indignantly, pausing with the marmalade-spoon in her hand.

"What could you do to support yourself if we hadn't a private income?" demanded Penelope.

Rosalind—smaller in stature and meeker in spirit—recognized the tone.

"Oh, sewing, or governessing, or typing, I suppose!"

"The dear German Emperor insists upon every member of his family learning a trade," said Miss Penelope, after a withering pause. "And there is no reason why, old as we are, we—"

"I'm only twenty, and you're not thirty-four till September!" protested Rosalind.

"Should not qualify for more serious work. We shall probably be going to Ditton for a holiday in six weeks or so. Between now and then I intend to study, to cease the senseless frivolous life we have been leading, and to broaden my outlook by taking up a course of—er—hygiene and physical culture!"

Miss Rosalind was indiscreet enough to indulge in a faint giggle.

"It will broaden your figure, too!" she said.

"You"—Rosalind's smile faded—"will also do well to select a profession."

"But—but I don't think I want to."

"You must!" said Miss Penelope, and her sister, as usual, abandoned her defences almost immediately.

"Very well, Pen. I'll take a course of First Aid lessons—there is a series beginning at the Town Hall in a day or two."

So did the will of the elder Miss Graham prevail. And when, some weeks later they left Langham Place for a month by the sea a great and wonderful change had taken place in the lives of the two ladies.

Physically there was a greater difference in Miss Penelope than in Miss Rosalind. Miss Penelope was naturally a big woman, and when large muscles are built up upon a large frame the result is inclined to be striking. Miss Rosalind was smaller and slimmer and much prettier—in fact, the curve of her lips and an elusive dimple that had a habit of appearing with distracting unexpectedness in her cheek had been the undoing of more than one young man, until Miss Penelope, after a brief interview and an examination of his abilities and prospects, had sent him, completely disillusioned so far as his hopes were concerned, about his business.

Miss Penelope had stated that she felt a better and worthier woman, Miss Rosalind—more shame to her—had yawned, and wondered whether by any chance Fate would make any demands upon their newly-acquired proficiency at Ditton-on-Sea.

The little house they had taken stood almost on the verge of a low and crumbling cliff. Years ago, before the sea had undermined it, there had been a pretty garden in front; but now there was nothing more than a gravel path, with white railings at the edge to prevent unwary visitors from falling some five or six feet down on to the sands below.

Miss Penelope gloried in the proximity of the ocean, and the Professor who owned the house was grateful for the opportunity which her eagerness to take it gave him of pottering about in search of rusty antiques among the smaller towns of Belgium.

So both parties were satisfied, until the coming of an enterprising burglar to Ditton, and the subsequent discovery that Colonel Hooper's silver cups, the Vicar's presentation bicycle, and old Lady Gunthorpe's Georgian candelabra had all been transferred to other hands in the course of a single night. Thenceforward Miss Rosalind had to suppress

an inclination to shudder when she went upstairs in the dark, and Miss Penelope waxed triumphant.

"My dear, I cannot be too thankful for having taken those physical exercises! From being a weak and timorous woman"—Miss Penelope was doing herself a grievous injustice, but Rosalind dared not say so—"I feel myself capable of facing and overcoming any person who might be foolish and wicked enough to attempt to enter the house without our permission."

"All the same, I can't help wishing that we'd taken rooms at the Sea View Hotel, as we first thought of doing," said Miss Rosalind ungratefully.

"Stuff and nonsense, child!" sniffed Miss Penelope.

Stuff and nonsense it might have been, and arrant cowardice and foolishness on the part of the younger Miss Graham; but a few days later, at the witching hour of three in the morning, the two women distinctly heard footsteps advance up the gravel path, a hand wrestle—very gingerly—with the fastening of the French windows of the dining-room, and finally the fall of a chair as the visitor stumbled towards the door in the darkness. The sound was followed by a faint but quite audible expletive.

Miss Rosalind promptly hid her face under the bedclothes. Miss Penelope, glancing at her with contemptuous pity, slipped on her dressing-gown and slippers, and equipped with excellent muscles, a righteous cause, and the poker from the fire-place, went down to meet the foe with unflinching step.

He was standing in the middle of the room, rubbing one leg tenderly and still muttering under his breath, when Miss Penelope, in all her majesty, burst upon him. And evidently he was a hardened burglar, for he did not take to precipitate flight at the vision. Instead he stared speechless.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Miss Penelope—not because she had the slightest doubt as to his intentions, but because the conversation seemed to require a formal opening.

"I—c-c-came t-t-to—"

"Answer me, sir—and immediately."

The young man's lips moved, but he wrestled in silence.

"I thought the Professor—was at home!" he said at last in two gulps.

"You erred!" From her cringing adversary Miss Penelope's glance wandered to a black receptacle which lay at his feet. "Open that bag immediately, sir!"

He made an inarticulate protest, but the spell of her eye, backed up by the poker, overcame it. He bent over the bag, the clasp clicked, and there, before Miss Penelope's nose, lay a collection of pistols, daggers, and burglarious accessories that brought her blood to boiling-point.

Miss Penelope's brain worked swiftly—never more so than when she was excessively angry. From where she was standing the hall-cupboard, in which the Professor accumulated all sorts of rubbish, was visible. Miss Penelope indicated this cramped apartment with a single magnificent gesture.

"Get into that cupboard!" she commanded.

The young man with the incriminating bag stared for a moment, and then the obstinacy indicated by his square chin asserted itself.

"I—I'm d-d-dashed if I d-d-do!" he said, and bent to close the bag.

Miss Penelope reviewed the situation in a flash. She might have conveyed him thither by main force, but the journey would probably involve the destruction of half the furniture and china in the room. Weakly to let him depart without having proved that physically she was equal to greater things would be to miss the one great chance of her life. And, after all, the man had earned the worst punishment she was capable of inflicting.

So an instant later the astonished intruder found himself seized in a powerful grip that he had no time to evade and swung bodily through the open

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French windows on to the gravel path beyond. There Miss Penelope had intended to give him a final shake and let him go. But the impetus of his violent ejection carried him against a stump, which in turn pitched him forward against the white railings—at the one spot at which they happened to be weak. The posts cracked sharply and gave way. There was a struggle, a strangled cry, and immediately afterwards a horrible thud on the sands below.

Miss Penelope gazed out a moment later to find that her burglar had vanished and a jagged gap in the railings explained how.

"Serve the wretch right!" she said.

The arc of Miss Rosalind's right eyebrow appeared above the taut line of sheet when Penelope returned.

"Has he gone?" she inquired quaveringly.

"Yes," said Miss Penelope shortly.

"Where?" she asked, after a pause.

"Over the cliff," said Miss Penelope casually, as though that method of exit were the normal one.

Miss Rosalind forgot her previous tremors in a new and more deadly fear. She thrust back the bedclothes and sat up.

pocket-handkerchiefs as a more comfortable pillow, and glanced at her sister. "Didn't they teach you something at the classes beyond slopping gritty sea water over the patient, Rosalind? Pull yourself together, child!"

"I believe one or two of his ribs are broken," said Rosalind, more nervous than ever.

"Then do what is necessary and at once!"

"I—I've forgotten! I should know perfectly well what to do if you had cut his throat or given him the kind of poison that you cure by scraping plaster off the ceiling! But—"

"Then run and fetch something—it doesn't matter what—to put his body in splints!" said the exasperated Miss Penelope.

Rosalind fled wildly to the house. For several long, distracted minutes she rummaged there and then fled still more wildly back to the beach.

"I've done the best I can!" she gasped, flinging her burdens at Miss Penelope's feet.

Twenty minutes later Laurence Plawson Chessington opened his eyes. His head ached badly, and to the confused state of his brain he attributed some-

"I s-say!" he said eagerly, after a swift glance round the room. "She's not safe—really! If her keeper isn't handy some one bigger and stronger than you ought to be sent for at once!"

"Drink this," said Rosalind, evading the point, and trembling lest Penelope should hear. "You're making a mistake. My sister thought—and still thinks—that you are a burglar."

"A burglar! Why, I've only just come over from Coombe End to see my uncle, Professor Wyse, and bring him some odds and ends for his collection! I missed the last train at the junction, and, as I had to get to town on the following morning, and the night was fine, I walked. I knew my way about the house and didn't want to disturb him, so was going to finish the night on the couch."

"The Professor is abroad. And you didn't explain!"

"I hadn't t-t-time. I've an impediment in my speech when I'm a bit excited—though you m-m-mightn't think it."

"But the bag was full of weapons!"

"S-s-sixteenth century!" said Mr. Chessington, with a faint smile.



Entering one of the many tunnels through the Rockies

"You'd better put on some things, too," added Penelope. "You may have an opportunity of proving the value of your ambulance course."

Rosalind, more from sheer habit than anything else, obeyed, and five minutes later the sisters went out through the dining-room windows. The elder Miss Graham carried a stable-lantern and a flask of brandy. Her costume consisted of a scarlet dressing-gown a pair of sand-shoes, and a dilapidated garden hat trimmed with magnolia ribbon. Her sister carried the bathroom sponge, a pair of nail-scissors, and two clean handkerchiefs—the collection had been gathered haphazard.

They scrambled down on to the beach by an adjacent slope—none too soon, it seemed, for the tide was coming in rapidly. There, limp and damp, and looking extremely ghastly in the half darkness of the morning, lay the burglar.

"He's only stunned or shamming!" said Miss Penelope, affecting more confidence than she felt, as she bent over him.

"His head's on a stone," Penelope added. "That may have made him unconscious." She placed one of the

thing of the vision he beheld. Two women were gazing down at him—one large and muscular, whose features seemed dimly familiar; the other slight and, in spite of pallor and dishevelled hair, extraordinarily pretty. The costumes of both struck him as unusual, and the pretty girl was holding a sponge from which water dripped copiously. His body felt rigid and half paralysed, and he looked down at it with dull curiosity.

"How the dickens——" began Mr. Chessington slowly.

"He's better," said Miss Rosalind. "Oh, thank Heaven!"

"I remember that—something — hit me," continued the patient dreamily, "and that—I went—slap through the railings."

Miss Penelope's voice interrupted him. "We will carry him into the house before we fetch the police," she said sharply.

"Th-th-anks!" said Mr. Chessington, and closed his eyes again.

He opened them for the second time on a blanket-protected couch in the drawing-room. Miss Rosalind was alone with him, her sister having gone to brew a consolatory cup of tea.

Mr. Chessington, having had no ribs broken, and being practically recovered, duly made his journey to town. In the evening he returned to Ditton, and called at Cliff Cottage. Stammering less than usual, he explained that he had been contemplating a holiday, liked the air of the place, and had taken rooms at the hotel for a week at least. He was also keenly interested in photography—an interest which had increased considerably since he had noticed Miss Rosalind's camera in the hall.

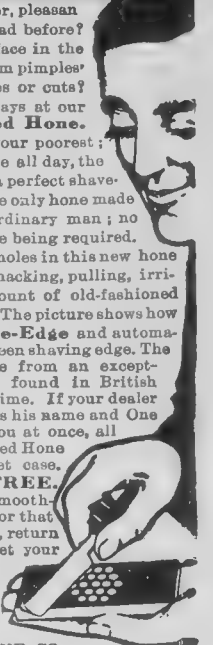
Mr. Chessington's week's holiday consisted of precisely seventeen days, at the end of which time the Grahams prepared for departure. He found that Miss Rosalind was of immense assistance in overcoming the serious impediment which had led to his previous flight through the French windows, while Miss Penelope grew to tolerate his presence.

Towards the close of the seventeenth day Mr. Chessington's impediment again became extremely apparent. He was, in fact, more incoherent than Miss Rosalind had ever known him. Finally she grasped his meaning, and, as before, came to his assistance.

Miss Rosalind said "Yes."

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

SECRET SOURCES

Successful men have their own secret sources of supply. They do not live upon the surface. They do not follow a "hand to mouth existence." They do not permit circumstances to drive them. They work according to some well defined principle. They have, in store for themselves, well ordered moments of mental recuperation. They have planned for the necessary relief stations which are the spiritual guarantees of a strong and vigorous personality. They know the power of quiet communion with the infinite. They are not forever living in the limelight. Some of us are prone to forget the secret sources of power. It was for such that St. Chrysostom gave his famous counsel: "Depart from the highways and transplant thyself into some enclosed ground, for it is hard for a tree that stands by the wayside to keep its fruit till it be ripe."

MAKE ALLOWANCES

Men differ. Children are sensitive. Women are quick to judge. Boys have a genius for inspection. Animals are cautious. Retail dealers are slow about large schemes. Boot-blacks are prone to study your feet. The hatter examines your headgear. The tailor inspects your garments. The jeweller has an eye upon your watch chain. The doctor diagnoses your complexion. The evangelist fixes his gaze on the blossom on your smelling apparatus. The "gents" furnishing goods clerk knows how much your tie cost. Every man looks at and judges the affairs of life from his own standpoint. So do not look for, or expect, that all men will agree. We remember the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, on hearing endless opposite accounts of an incident that occurred under his own windows, laughed at the idea of his writing a "History of the World."

BE A CHURCHMAN

The church has a recognized place in the community. It is just as necessary as a piece of municipal furniture as the school, college, hotel, post office, city hall, fire department or the electrical power house. You could get along a good deal better without your police force than without your preacher or priest. Every man ought to support and attend the church whether he is a member or not. Church attendance is just as necessary to a full orb'd character as exercise is indispensable to a proper circulation of the blood. Where else can we have our consciences quickened, our emotions stirred and our sacred memories revived? Dr. Bellows said: "I never knew one man or woman who steadily evaded the house of prayer and the public worship on the Lord's day, who habitually neglected it, and had a theory on which it was neglected, who did not come to grief and bring other people to grief."

VISION HOURS

Your vision hour is a strange combination of mood and circumstance. It was just when you were in the mood that the doors of the spiritual world swung back for a moment and you were granted a vision, a dream, a sight, which will remain with you until the end of your earthly pilgrimage. Treasure the memory of the hour of your vision, for it was given to you for some particular purpose. Whether you knew it or not, in that hour, God was trying to reveal to you some special thought—some inspiring ideal—some grand revelation of truth. "I shall never forget," writes Bryant's oldest friend, Richard H. Dana, "with what feeling my friend Bryant, some years ago, described to me the effect produced upon him by his meeting for the first time with Wordsworth's ballads. He said that, upon opening the book, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of Nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life. He had felt the sympathetic touch from an acceding mind, and you see how instantly his powers and affections shot over the earth and through his kind."

DON'T DESPAIR

Don't despair! When close friends prove false, when health fails, when the crop is below the average, when money is tight, when all plans fail, when the weather is playing a new game of "hide and seek," when your business companions are acting strange, when your neighbors forget all about you in the hour of special social festivities, when circumstances seem to conspire to annoy, perplex and confuse. Remember you are not the only cobblestone on the street to be struck by shinning hoof and ground by rolling wheels and swept by speeding tires—there are others. Read this from the pen of Tennyson: "Five hundred of my books are sold, according to Moxon's brother, I have made a sensation! I wish the woodworks would make a sensation! I expect they will," so wrote Tennyson to his brother-in-law

in September, 1842. The woodworks referred to an idea of wood-carving by machinery which had been conceived or adopted by Dr. Allen, a physician near Beachhill, and in which he persuaded Tennyson to invest all his capital. The bubble burst in 1844, leaving Tennyson penniless and his brothers and sisters impoverished. Hypochondria followed, and at one time his life was despaired of. "I have," he wrote, "drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they move in." To his friends he was as inaccessible as ever. "I have written two notes to Alfred," writes Fitzgerald, "to ask him just to notify his existence to me; but you know he is obstinate on that point."

SERVANTS

Do not have too many servants. The king might have better health were he not served so well. But the preacher prays for him, the priest advises with him, the statesman thinks for him, the messenger walks for him, the man of genius writes for him, the social dictator plans for him, the coachman robs him of exercise and the cook shadows him with an over-abundance for diet and digestion. He is served too well. Man, serve yourself! Drive your own carriage, plant your own trees, carry your own burdens. Have a hand in the affairs of life. When Cyrus took one of his guests around his garden, the guest admired it greatly, and said he had much pleasure in it. "Ah," said Cyrus, "but you have not so much pleasure in this garden as I have, for I have planted every tree in it myself."

THE RIGHT SIDE

Get on the right side—and stay there. For every question has a right side. And the man who is looking for the right side usually finds it. And, mark too, the man who gets into the habit of looking for and finding the right side of things turns toward it as by a divine instinct. From being right for a succession of times he becomes righteous in the very joints of his being. Not only can he find the right, easily, but the right finds him as by a law of natural selection. When a man is right, he is right for all time and when a man, dying, is in the wrong, he is in the wrong for all the future. "Literature will take care of itself," answered Mr. Pitt, when applied to for some help for Burns. "Yes," adds Mr. Southey, "it will take care of itself; and of you, too, if you do not look to it!"

THE SILVER LINING

Be true—and even the adverse circumstances must bring you aid. The man who "writes you down" in the newspaper will make friends for you. The person who slanders your character will create advocates who will stand up and fight for you. The man who seeks to injure your business relationship will bring you purchasers and customers. "All things" have a strange way of "working together" in favor of the man who is right in his motive and upright in his life. Let nothing disturb you. Keep cool. Keep even. Keep sweet. When you are disturbed hide your feelings. When you are "snubbed"—laugh and wait. Wait for God to answer: Bernard Gilpin, accused of heresy before Bishop Bonner, set out for London for trial. His favorite maxim was, "All things are for the best." Upon his journey, he broke his leg. "Is all for the best now?" said a scornful companion. "I still believe so," he replied. So it proved; for before he was able to resume his journey, Queen Mary died, and instead of going to London to be burned, he returned home in triumph.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE

Nothing will ever bring you so much of solid peace as a happy marriage. A happy marriage means a master motive for all high achievement, a secure refuge in the hour of storm, a divine partnership in all the joys, pleasures and serene satisfactions of life, a resting place amid the turmoil of life's confusion, a centre for social reconstruction and mental recapitulation—a "holy of holies" for the heart and soul. The biographer of Nathanael Hawthorne remarks: Perhaps many love letters contain sentiments as sweet to the recipient as what Hawthorne wrote Sophia in 1840, but he who "always washed his hands before reading a letter from her" could say of a truth: "I never till now had a friend who could give me repose; all have disturbed me; and whether for pleasure or pain, it was still disturbance. But peace overflows from your heart to mine." In speaking of the years of gloom spent in childhood and youth at Salem, writing from Salem to Sophia, he says: "I had walked those many years in darkness, and might so have walked through life, with only a dreamy notion that there was any light in the universe if you had not kissed my eyelids and given me to see. You have always been positively happy. Not so I; I have only not been miserable."

SIN'S SHADOW

Sin has a shadow. Sin results in a reaction. There is something which always comes back to us after we have sinned. You can express the fact in any language you see fit—but the fact is ever the same. Sin casts a shadow. Paul puts it in the following terse sentence: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The persecuting bishop who suggested to Louis XI. the torture of the iron cage and with diabolical ingenuity contrived it so that the victim could neither stand up in it nor lie down, himself was imprisoned in it and learned by painful experience what an instrument of misery he had devised. Our evil designs and intentions always come back to us.

THE WHOLE MAN

Concentration is the secret of success. Concentration means that all the strength of one personality shall converge at one point. It means that the razorlike edge shall feel the compelling power of the heavy end of the wedge. It means that the banks of the river shall be near and high. It means that three great inland seas called "lakes" shall create a Niagara River and that the narrowing river shall leap, in a moment of vast strength, into whirlpool and rapids. It means that wandering winds shall be organized into whirlwinds and whirlwinds into tornadoes and cyclones. Concentration means the application of all the strength of one personality on one vital problem.

BE KIND

Remember, all men are not as strong as you are. Some men have passions which burn fiercely. Some men have emotions as tempestuous as a rough sea. Some men have inherited appetites which are as uncertain as a March wind. Some men have less will power than a normal child of three years. Some men have been unfortunate in birth, environment, home life, education, circumstances and destiny. Never excuse yourself but toward all unfortunate ones—be kind! Julia Ward Howe once remarked: It is related of the famous Beau Brummel that a gentleman who called upon him one morning met a valet carrying away a tray of neckcloths, more or less disordered. "What are these?" asked the visitor; and the servant replied, "These are our failures." Even thus may society point to the criminals whom she dismisses from her presence. Of these men and women, whom she has failed to train in the ways of virtue and of industry, she may well say: "These are our failures."

GRATITUDE

Certain people seem to be incapable of gratitude. We have lectured, free, for organizations which never said "Thank you!" We have surrendered a handsome and convenient "lower berth" on a railroad train, which we had secured after much labor and effort, to some frail specimen of humanity, who instead of expressing her appreciation of our generosity acted as if the favor we had bestowed upon her belonged to her by an inherent right. We have turned over every stone in the pathway of human circumstance in order to help a man onward in life and then become conscious of the fact that the man imagined that we were doing it all for some material gain which might come to us. Mrs. Thomas Carlyle once said concerning her husband: "I like," she said, "to give people presents anonymously that they may guess from whom they come; once I gave him an umbrella as a birthday gift, but he is so stupid that he used it for a whole year without knowing who was the giver."

A POOR RETURN

It is a poor return for kindness when a boy who has been adopted into a wealthy and cultured home returns cruelty for kindness and acts in such a way as to pain his benefactors and bring dishonor on their good name. And yet this thing is happening again and again and the most outstanding illustration of it is to be found in the following sad paragraph: "Mr. John Morley, the author of the Life of Gladstone, and one of the most eminent statesmen commoners, in his declining years has taken on himself a heavy burden. A step-son, whom he educated and for whom he secured a partnership in a publishing house by paying a large sum, forged Mr. Morley's name to bills amounting to nearly \$100,000. He has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Mr. Morley has undertaken to make good the whole amount, using all he has saved and pledging a large annual payment for several years. To raise these payments he has accepted a membership in the House of Lords, for which he has strong repugnance, in order that he may remain a cabinet minister, the salary of that office being \$25,000."

Poultry Chat

Timely Topics for August, by H. S. Vialoux

THE hatching problem is over for another season, and the results are not particularly good, I must say. Leading poultry keepers claim only 30 per cent of the eggs set this spring have hatched, chiefly owing to weather conditions. Therefore, there is all the more need to take extra good care of the growing stock, and push them forward. Vermin is often the cause of spindling growth and lack of vitality in growing chicks; in fact, many losses come from vermin during the sweltering weeks of mid-summer.

The young chickens and poults must be kept rid of these pests—care and cleanliness, plenty of lime and a good insect powder will banish them all, of any breed.

Lice, fleas and red mites are all born of filthy surroundings in the first place, and even 40 below zero will not kill the germs. When the hot days come, they multiply faster than anything else on earth, beating the house-fly and mosquito "all hollow." Hens lose flesh, and almost stop laying when so infested; small wonder that chicks cannot stand their ravages. The old hen house must be made as clean as a whistle first and foremost, and all roosts, nests and fixtures removed, every nook and cranny made free of dirt. Make a good strong whitewash of air-slaked lime, adding

Now is the time eggs on the farm should be put by for use in winter. The first step necessary to take is to make "a pot-pie" of the old rooster.

Unless there is an expensive male bird, whose qualities bespeak him another season's work on the poultry ranch, kill off every cock at this time of year.

Then fresh infertile eggs of keeping quality will be produced. For years I used the lime-water solution, then the water glass, but now I find gathering the eggs daily putting them in a square of cheese cloth, and dipping them into boiling water for ten seconds quite the superior method of preserving for an indefinite time. Pack them away in a cool place in an egg crate, ready for use any time, and no queer taste of lime or water glass will worry the user. Breaking up the setting hens is a bother these hot days, when the broody hens seem glued to their nests, "now that their services are not longer required," but this is one phase of Biddy's cussedness. Shutting the hens in a roomy coop of wood or mesh wire out in a grass plot for three or four days, breaks them up, feeding them on wheat and water twice a day. A swinging coop of wire that can be hung up on a hook is useful also, as the air circulates through it, breaking up the fever. No doubt the egg and poultry firm which has shown the advantage of

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AT ATHABASCA, ALTA.

C. F. Roland, Winnipeg's Industrial Commissioner, on the water wagon, making his bow to the crowd. H. A. Mullins acting as grand Marshal.

some crude carbolic acid. Either put this mixture on with a large whitewash brush (using plenty of elbow grease), or, better still, a force pump arrangement, used for spraying fruit trees, which forces the limewash into every crack in the walls of the house. If there are some fixtures impossible to remove, try pouring coal oil over them, and setting it alight, watching the flame, of course, only allowing it to singe any live stock in the wood. By using this method of house cleaning on the poultry plant, I have never had any red mites on the place at all, and few lice. Coal oil is always a handy thing to pour over the roosts frequently, and on the dropping boards. I advise a weekly visit to the poultry house with the coal oil can, and air-slaked lime should be freely used on the floors, and around the premises in summer.

That powerful disinfectant Vica is a wonder in killing vermin of any kind. It is sure death to bed bugs and fleas, etc. 'Tis put up by the Parkin Chemical Co., Winnipeg, and a good spray goes out with each gallon of oil. The hens can be easily sprayed when on the roost.

A good insect powder which I find invaluable is simply made from plaster of paris, mixed in one quart of gasoline, in which some crude carbolic acid has been stirred. Form a stiff paste, and when evaporated you have a pinkish powder at little cost and great strength, excellent for dusting on chicks and turks. When head lice are present the chicks should have their heads rubbed with pure lard, as well as a dusting. The lice fasten themselves on to little chickens' heads, and soon suck their vitality, causing death.

raising poultry at the Winnipeg fair this season has given many an object lesson to farmers and their wives. I wonder when Manitoba can arrange to have egg circles. Alberta made a start along this line recently. Undoubtedly when Farmer John can be quite certain of marketing his new-laid eggs at a good price all the year around, he will get busy in chicken raising.

Properly managed, egg circles will bring about this ideal condition of things for the producer, and the consumer can then rely upon new-laid eggs for his breakfast when he pays the price.

Again, I see complaints of the marketing of dirty eggs in Winnipeg in June. Egg circles will do away with this shiftless method of marketing eggs.

How farmers can indulge in this practice I cannot understand, but it goes on year after year.

Feed up the six to eight week old turkeys this month. They will be "shooting the red," which is a critical time with them. Curds of milk, or beef scrap, a good mash of shorts, ground oats and bran should be added to their ration of grain; give the mash early in the day, and whole wheat at night. They will eat plenty of green stuff in the day time, as they forage splendidly, and need plenty of ground to roam over.

Two Irishmen were among a class that was being drilled in marching tactics. One was new at the business, and, turning to his companion, asked him the meaning of the command "Halt!"

"Why," said Mike, "when he says 'Halt' you bring the foot that's on the ground to the side of the foot that's in the air and remain motionless."

The Spiffed Overcoat

A Story in Ready-Made-Clothing, by Wilbur D. Nesbit

DON'T you want the spiff on that sale, Number Eighty-six?"

Miss Renlow, the bookkeeper, was a brunette, very calm and very dignified—but she had a very pleasant smile when she chose to smile. And it was her pleasure so to do when she asked this of Thomas Ogden, who had signified the first hour of his experience as a retail clothing salesman by selling the first suit he laid his hands on to the first customer that fell to his lot.

"I don't know," Ogden replied, trying hard to look as if he understood what "spiff" meant, and wondering if it were trimming or some sort of a pocket flap. I don't know. I forgot to ask the customer."

Then Miss Renlow's smile grew into a laugh. When she laughed you could see that it was real sunshine in her eyes, and that the roses flashed in and out of her cheeks in a distracting way. It is pleasant to amuse such women.

"You didn't ask the customer?" she bubbled. "Well, I should hope not.

Look here, Mr. Eighty-six, you had better ask some of the men in the store about spiff. I the meantime, I'll fix your sales check for you. Look."

She took a pencil and below the entry on the check she drew a triangle.

"Now, when you get your pay this week, if that customer doesn't return the suit and get his money, you'll get half a dollar beside your salary."

Ogden leaned over and looked at the triangle, then looked at her stupidly.

"Half a dollar extra, you mean?"

"Certainly."

"I wish you would make those geometrical designs on all sales checks I fill out."

"But I can't. It's your place to do that—when you deserve it. That's spiff. It's just like the other men not to have told you."

Ogden had had beginner's luck. Manager Ferguson had employed him solely on the strength of his good appearance. When he reported for duty at the store he had been registered by the timekeeper, who told him his

number would be Eighty-six, and that he would be expected to register his goings and coming by means of a key which printed his number and the hour and minute on a strip of paper in the time clock. From the timekeeper he had been conducted to the bookkeeper's desk to get his book of sales slips, and he had lingered a moment to chat with Miss Renlow. To her he had once expressed a polite surprise that she could take care of the books for such a large store.

"Goodness!" she had replied. "I don't. I simply keep the books for the employees—salaries, sales and records like that. There are five other girls who keep the stock and account books."

Ogden had been about to say something else, when a penetrating call of "Eighty-six!" came to them. He framed a word or two, but the girl interrupted him with:

"Isn't that your number—Eighty-six?"

"Why, yes."

"Eighty-six!" once more floated to them.

"Well," the girl explained, "that means that the floor has a customer for you."

Ogden surprised her by excusing himself before going toward the front. And she watched him as he approached the customer, wondering within herself at his coolness. Ogden walked up to his man, trying to approach him as suavely and confidently as clerks had always greeted him. The customer nodded and said:

"I want a good double-breasted suit for office wear. Something I can put on every day and look good in. A twenty-dollar suit."

Ogden slipped his new tape measure about the man's chest and got his coat size. The customer laid his hand on a pile of clothing on the table beside them.

"This is the kind of a pattern I want," he said.

Ogden took the top coat from the stack. It was the size wanted. The vest and trousers were within reach. Within ten minutes the man handed over the twenty dollars and ordered the suit sent to his home. Then Ogden had returned to the bookkeeper's desk to be asked if he wanted the spiff. Evidently this was something worth looking up. He would seek information. As he turned to go down the aisle, Mr. Ferguson, the manager, came along.

"Well," Ferguson asked, "how are things coming?"

"Very well. Just sold my first suit."

"And it was spiffed, too, Mr. Ferguson," added Miss Renlow.

"Good for you, Mr. Ogden. That's a first rate start. Just bear in mind that we're here to sell goods and that the folks who come in have got to do the buying. That's the main point. By the way, I told Sanders to show you about taking care of your stock."

Sanders was the oldest salesman in the store. And furthermore he was the best salesman in the city. For that reason he never had been given the position of manager. Some men are so good at their work that it does not pay their employers to advance them. Sanders explained to Ogden how the salesmen were numbered, and how each man got a customer in turn. Then he led the way between the tables to the very rear of the store and pointed out two long tables covered with neat piles of coats, vests and trousers.

"This all seems to be odd stuff," Ogden observed, idly lifting one or two coat collars.

"Don't worry. Nearly all of it is spiffed."

"Spiffed?" Ogden asked, innocently.

"Sure. Got p.m.'s on 'em."

"P.m.'s?"

"Yes. Don't you understand what a spiff is?"

"I've heard of it—but what is it, Mr. Sanders?"

"Well, when we've carried goods over one season—this stuff has stayed with us, some of it, for five or six years—we spiff it so that the men will push it out. It's like this." Sanders showed Ogden the price mark sewed in the neck of the coat. Below the cost mark and selling price were drawn certain odd hieroglyphics in red ink.

"You see," he said, "this suit is marked ten dollars. Here's a triangle in red ink on the label. That means if you sell the suit to your customer the bookkeeper will credit you with fifty cents. Here is a square in red ink on this one. This suit is twelve dollars. It isn't quite as old as the other—only two seasons behind the styles. If you sell it your p.m. is a quarter."

"But I should think the customer would know at once that it was not the fashion."

"You're supposed to be able to know whether your customer knows that or not. Anyway, the suit's been marked down from eighteen dollars, and that's an argument. Now that little stack of coats at the end of the table—only about six altogether—is ringed. There's a red ink ring on each price mark. There's a daddy dollar in the till waiting for you if you push one of them out."

"Why, if a man sells four or five suits a day, and all of them 'spiffed' as you express it, he'll make a snug little sum."

"Yes—If he sells 'em."

With which enigmatic reply Sanders proceeded to illustrate how collars must be turned up when the coats were put in the stack, and that the piles must be neatly made.

"Number Twelve!" interrupted them.

"That's my call," Sanders said, hurriedly starting toward the front of the store, where he met a couple, a man and his wife from the outlying districts.

"Something in a suit?" Sanders asked suavely.

"Well, I dunno," the man replied.

"We just want to look around," the woman volunteered.

"Certainly. You want sort of an everyday suit, or something more for Sunday wear?"

"Something he can wear to church or for dress up," the woman said.

The man nodded agreement. Sanders turned to lead them toward his stock bestowing a wink upon Ogden as he passed. Ogden stood watching Sanders take them quickly and quietly into the midst of the clothing tables. He wondered at the ease and sureness with which it was done, in spite of the woman's continuous declaration that they really were not going to buy, that all they wanted was to look about.

"Charley's got a schnuckle," murmured a voice in his ear. Turning he saw another salesman.

"A schnuckle?" Ogden asked.

"Yes. He'll spiff that fellow, sure as guns. Charley has more luck than anybody else. I've had four customers today—sold one. The other three were 'just looking.' I turned them over, but they went out without buying."

Ogden went back to the bookkeeper again. He had decided that she was to be his guide, philosopher and friend. From her he learned that "turning over" a customer meant, in the slang of the store, to pass him along to another salesman when he proved to be too difficult to please. Miss Renlow told him he was very lucky not to have turned over his first customer, and that he should be proud, for many a salesman "fell down" on his first attempt, and gave up in despair. "Wait until you get a man who brings his v along," she cautioned. "I've been around a clothing store long enough to resolve that if I ever get married I'll rot go with my husband to buy his clothes. If women knew what the salesmen think of them they'd make their husband's clothing themselves."

"Maybe the men—"

"Thirty-five is signalling to you," the girl told him.

Ogden turned and saw Salesman Thirty-five tugging at some coats on a table, and looking eagerly in his direction. Back of Thirty-five stood a man with undecided eyes, and in the aisle was a woman who gripped an umbrella and some bundles as though she were about to run for a train. Ogden went toward them. Thirty-five looked up with relief.

"Oh, Mr. Ogden," he said, "I wish you would see if you can't find something that will suit this gentleman. This is Mr. Ogden's own stock here,

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he said in an explanatory way to the customer. "He can tell you what's what about it better than I can."

It was on Ogden's tongue to say that his stock was at the end of the room, but a knowing glint in Thirty-five's eye warned him in time. Thirty-five walked away, and the problem was on his hands.

"You want something for Sunday wear?" he asked the customer, trying to remember how Sanders had ingratiated himself with that other couple.

"Well—something for—kind of a dress up—"

"Something for a good suit," said the woman coming nearer, "but it don't look like we can find what we want. That other man has pulled and hauled about everything in the store out for us to see, and the man that waited on us when we first come in has done the same."

If Ogden had been an old salesman and had known that he was being given a "second turn over," he would have given up all hope at that moment. He went to a pile of coats at the end of the table, to be confronted by Thirty-five, who pretended to be looking for a vest, but whispered:

"He likes those fourteen dollar suits in Twenty-two's stock. She likes the twelve dollar and a half ones in Eighteen's stuff. I've showed 'em everything on the middle tables. You might sell him if you could keep her away long enough for him to get his money out."

With this information Ogden was better posted, but his unfamiliarity with the stock handicapped him. Nevertheless he went bravely at his task, showing checks and plaids and stripes and diagonals, to a running fire of remarks from the woman, who bit threads to see if they were wool, and who had the largest assortment of unbelief and doubt that Ogden ever had dreamed of. Diplomatically he lured the two back to the fourteen dollar suits, and the man's tired eyes brightened. But the woman found an objection to every argument made by Ogden, and when in despair he tried the twelve dollar and a half suits, and wrestling a sack coat from its pile, he heard some one mutter:

"Turn 'em over Turn 'em over."

He saw Ferguson leaning against a heap of trousers across the table and realized that the words were from him. Desperately he turned to his customers and said:

"Here's Mr. Ferguson, the manager of the store. He knows every thread in every suit. He'll be able to fit you out in just what you want."

The look that Ferguson gave him boded ill, but Ogden did not know it. Ferguson put on his most winning smile when he greeted the customers. For a few minutes he did not talk clothing. He got a chair for the woman. He professed to recognize in them old customers of the house, and had a clear recollection after the woman mentioned the circumstance, of having seen them in the store the previous spring. Then he inquired with much interest of the crops and the weather in their neighborhood, and before they knew it, almost, he was draping over his arm the fourteen dollar suit that Ogden had failed to interest them in. But Ogden was not there to see. He did not realize the enormity of his offence. He walked over to Miss Renlow's desk. He noticed her startled expression.

"Why, what's wrong about that?" he whispered to Miss Renlow.

She only stared at him pityingly. "Ferguson's manager, not a salesman," she said, and gestured silently toward the front of the store. Ogden looked and saw that all the unoccupied salesmen were ensconced in positions from which they might observe Ferguson without being seen by him. Ferguson knew precisely what was going on, and was going to sell that suit if he had to send out for lunch for the couple. To every word from the woman he replied with a smile and an argument. At first she replied readily enough, but soon, as Sanders confided to Thirty-five, "the old man had them going." The coat was on the man. Ferguson was jerking the collar into spick and span shape, and smoothing the back of the garment. Another moment and he had the

vest and trousers over his arm and was leading the man to a dressing-room, whence the man soon emerged, with the full suit upon him. The wife nodded approval.

"Why not wear it right out with you?" Ferguson asked. "It doesn't need pressing. I'll have the old suit wrapped up and sent to your station, where you may get it when you take the train home."

From the pocket of his "other" trousers the man extracted a wallet, drew forth the fourteen dollars—and the sale was made. Ferguson bade his customers good-bye.

"Here's where you catch it," whispered Miss Renlow to Ogden.

"Mr. Ogden," Ferguson said, you did just right. Of course, you might have turned the customers over to another of the salesmen, but under the circumstances, you being the third salesman to have them, it was proper for you to turn them over to me. As you have seen, all they needed was a tactful bit of work."

He went on to his private office, manifestly swelling with pride over the way he had demonstrated his excellence.

"Well," Miss Renlow gasped, "that beats me! But it's lucky for you he sold them."

Within two weeks Ogden had grown acquainted with the store and its ways. He picked up the slang of the shop—learned that a "schnuckle" was a customer who was "easy" and might be "spiffed," that a "shocar" was a person of color, that a "motzer" was the boss; that when a salesman turned over a customer and suggested to the other salesman that he might show a few of "those special goods from Spiff Brothers," it was a hint to show goods with red ink on the labels—and he learned, also, to chat affably with Miss Renlow. To her he always went with his troubles.

It was one night when the force came back to the store to attach new price marks to the stock in the overcoat and heavy suit department that Ogden met the Spiffed Overcoat. The purpose of putting the new price tags on was to enable the store to advertise a gigantic mark-down sale. Of course, there could be no gigantic mark-down unless the prices were really gigantic, so first the figure on each suit and overcoat was put up a few dollars. Ogden, with a handful of tags, was arranging a stack of overcoats on a table from which he had never sold anything, when he came across a fine broadcloth ulster lined throughout with fur. With his acquired second nature he glanced at the price mark to see if there was any "spiff" on it. He almost exclaimed aloud in his amazement. There was not only one "ring." There were ten of them! The garment was priced at one hundred and fifty-five dollars, and whoever sold it should have a bonus of ten dollars.

"Here's a mint for somebody," he said to Sanders, who was bending over some stock on the next table.

"Found that spiffed overcoat, have you?" Sanders asked, chuckling. "Well, the man that sells it ought to have fifty dollars."

"It's a handsome garment, anyhow."

"Yes, but the men who want fur-lined overcoats usually have the price to go to a custom tailor for them. That coat has been in the house for ten years. I think there was a mistake made in putting it up—the proportions aren't correct. The first price was two hundred dollars. Lord, man, that coat has been in the window and in the basement oftener than the janitor. I show it to a customer once in a while, just for the fun of the thing. If a fellow could get hold of an actor or a gambler he might make a sale with it."

The next day Ogden mentioned the spiffed overcoat to Miss Renlow and she laughed. She laughed very often now when Ogden spoke to her.

"Even Ferguson has failed to sell that coat, twenty times over," she told him. "It's grown to be as much of a fixture here as Sanders or the showcases over in the furnishings."

"Just the same, I'm going to sell that coat."

"Do you know how you look when you say that? You look like a high

school graduate reading his essay on how to run the world."

Along toward the middle of winter his great chance came. Idling in his stock, he saw a former acquaintance come through the entrance doors. It was Jim Considine, whose profession was that of faro banking and similar financial pursuits. They had met at a political meeting; Considine had taken a fancy to Ogden, and once, when Ogden from curiosity had visited the faro rooms, it was Considine who took him to one side and suggested that he keep his money in his pockets.

"Faro is a game that requires a lifetime to beat, unless you are behind the table," Considine had said. "Even though I don't have any signs to that effect on the walls."

Ogden watched Considine while Sanders had him in tow. He saw Sanders showing one overcoat after another, with no success. Considine viewed them all with a listless expression, shaking his head from time to time. At last Sanders gave it up and signaled to Ogden.

"Mr. Ogden," he said to Considine, "will be able to show you every—"

"Why, hello, Tommy!" Considine cried. "When'd you sit in this game?"

"I've been here quite awhile," Ogden answered shaking his hand.

"Well, I guess they're going to change dealers on me. Is that it? I thought it was you when I saw you keeping cases on us a while ago."

Sanders had walked away, and Ogden asked Considine what kind of an overcoat he wanted.

"It's all in the draw, Tommy. If you've got anything good up your sleeve, even you can spring your hold-out. If I like the look of things I'll buy a stack or two. What've you got?"

"I've got the very thing you want."

Ogden headed for the spiffed overcoat, took it from its stack and threw it over the goods on the table, displaying its elaborate fur lining, then turning it back to show the broadcloth and the corded silk frogs that served in lieu of buttons.

Considine pulled off his overcoat and said:

"Slip it on me."

Ogden did so. It was too loose for Considine, but the softness and richness of the flaring collar which displayed the fur, and the majestic sweep of the front pleased Considine.

"What's the bet?" he asked.

"A hundred and fifty-five."

From the corner of his eye Ogden could see the other salesmen watching him with expectant smiles. His pride arose.

"Look here, Considine," he said. "I'll tell you the truth about this coat. It's just what it looks to be. It's worth what we ask for it. But it's been here for ten years, just because the price is higher than most folks can afford. Now, if I sell it, my record is made. It I don't, no particular harm is done, but if I do—"

"You've filled an inside straight," Considine finished for him.

Considine, pulling off the garment, examined it thoroughly, asking when he looked at the price mark:

"What's the index mark there?"

"What index mark?" Ogden asked.

"All these curlyenes—these circles."

"I'll tell you, Considine. Each one of them is a mark showing that whoever sells this coat gets a dollar—that is, he gets ten dollars. Now, the whole truth's out. The coat can be made to fit you, it's a splendid coat, it will wear all your lifetime, and you can't duplicate it at the price anywhere else. But I may as well be honest with you. I want to sell it, worse than I want that ten."

"Tommy, you've got a good hand. It gets the money. I'll take the coat."

Set it down to the credit of Thomas Ogden that he walked back to the bushing-room, with the spiffed overcoat over his arm and with Considine at his side, to order the alterations made in the garment with as innocent an air as if he had merely sold a pair of jeans overalls. Nor did he seem to observe the bewilderment in the faces of Thirty-five and Twenty-two and Forty-six and their fellows. Nor did he appear to hear the whisper that swept electrically over the store: "Eighty-six has spiffed a schnuckle with the ten ringer!"

How I Really Cured My Grey Hair

I Will Tell You Free How to Cure Yours by a Simple, Sure, Harmless Home Treatment. Age No Obstacle.

Don't Use Harmful Dyes that Make Your Hair Look Like a Painted Mop.

LET ME HELP YOU FREE.

I AM A WOMAN who belongs to a prematurely grey-haired family. My father was grey before he was 30, and two of my brothers as well as my sister became grey early in life. Before the age of 25 I developed grey hairs, which became quite embarrassing to me—socially and also in business. I LOST

THREE GOOD POSITIONS for no other reason than my fading hair. The greyness increased with alarming rapidity, and at 28 I LOOKED LIKE A WOMAN OF 45. One day I was seriously thinking of buying one of the many Grey Hair

Restorers that are extensively advertised, when I casually mentioned the subject to a scientific man, and a great student of the Chemistry of the Hair. He strongly advised me to have nothing whatever to do with these concoctions. He pointed out that Such Preparations Eventually Ruin'd the Hair, and in the meantime rarely received even the casual observer. He suggested that I try a method

he had perfected which by certain chemical action on the pigmentary coloring cells restored the hair to its natural color. In reply to my enquiries he assured me that the method was not only absolutely harmless, but would develop A STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL GROWTH OF HAIR. My friend wrote out his prescription, which I had made up, and after following the instructions for a few days, I was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. The re-coloring process continued until after some few weeks my hair actually once again possessed the natural shade of my girlish days. Since then I HAVE BEEN INUNDATED WITH ENQUIRIES from friends and also persons unknown to me, who came to hear of this wonderful preparation. Having become convinced that I have found A REMEDY OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT, which is quite harmless, I will send full details free to any man or woman who finds Grey Hair to be the same serious handicap it was to me. It is a Guaranteed Genuine Preparation and I OFFER A REWARD OF \$500 if it will not Re-color Grey Hair to Original, Natural Shade.

Simply write your name and address plainly, state whether lady or gentleman, and enclose 2-cent stamp for postage, etc., and I will send you full details in a plain sealed cover. Address—Mrs. MARY K. CHAPMAN, Suite 388A, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.

Even when Ferguson, unable to believe what had been told him by an excited salesman, came into the busheling room and saw the garment on Considine while the little tailor was making cabalistic lines between the shoulders with a flat piece of chalk—even then Ogden was calm and unruffled and continued to talk to Considine about the weather and the theatres. Considine, after learning that he might have the garment within an hour, paid for it and went down the street, but Ferguson stayed with Ogden to congratulate him. He led the salesman into his private office, opened his box of cigars and smothered him with compliments.

"But," he said with half a sigh, "now we'll have to get another of those coats from the factory. It won't seem like the same old store without that ten ringer on the front table."

From Ferguson's office Ogden sauntered to the desk of the brunette book-keeper. Before her was a heap of sales checks, but at one side of the pile was a check which indicated that an overcoat had been sold by salesman number Eighty-six for one hundred and fifty-five dollars, and below the figures were ten great, big circles—exuberant circles they were.

"Good for you, Mr.—Good for you, Tommy!" she cried.

"Thank you. I think that ten will just about pay for some flowers and some theatre tickets and a little supper."

"Tommy," she whispered, leaning toward him and sticking her pen into the top of the desk, "ten dollars is a fine sum to start a savings account with."

Which was the first time that Tommy Ogden had fully realized that he had a future and that he was very near to it.



CAMP SEWELL FIELD STAFF OFF FOR INSPECTION

WAR IS HELL" is a saying that may apply to actual warfare on the battleground, but it cannot be applied to camp life as experienced in Western Canada. This is the conclusion of a representative of The Western Home Monthly, who was privileged to spend a week with "the boys."

Sewell, Manitoba, was the spot selected for the camp, and a right fine section it is for the work. It is about 18 miles east of Brandon and eight from Carberry, on the main line of the C.P.R.. The station, a section man's home, and a sort of deserted farm

Camp Life in Western Canada

Facts and Fancies in connection with Sewell Camp

building a short distance from the depot, constitute the whole village outside of camp, and therefore it does not amount to much as a public freight or passenger point. When the soldiers are mustered it, however, presents a very different appearance.

This year there were about 6,000 in attendance, which gave the place considerably more than usual life. It was the largest camp of soldiers ever gathered together in the Canadian West, and from all sides it is highly spoken of. Perhaps the expression as carrying most weight was that from the inspecting staff, who gave out that it was as good a camp as anywhere in Canada. The exact territory covered we have not at hand, but it runs from near Carberry to Douglas and from three miles south of Sewell station to nine miles north at Hart on the G.T.P.. The whole of this territory is not available, but the greater part of it is and there is not much cultivation to interfere with field work. The land is rolling and has numerous bluffs, which aid in "surprise" work very much. We are given to understand that the larger portion of the territory is still vested in the Dominion Government, and that if several tracts of land belonging to other parties can be obtained (and of this there is very good likelihood) there is possibility of the district being set aside as a permanent camp ground.

It is well adapted for camping purposes in more ways than one. The soil is of a sandy nature so that after a rain it is not long before it is available again for operations. This allows good sanitary conditions to be carried into effect. Liquid refuse is easily cared for, as it takes but a few minutes for liquid thrown upon the ground to disappear. Should the section be determined upon as a permanent camp it would not be difficult to instal a permanent sewage system and the cost would be limited.

Water is essential to efficient camp life, and at Sewell it is readily obtained. A system has been installed which up to the present has been more or less temporary. Should it be decided to make the camp permanent a very little more expenditure would construct a modern water service. Wells are sunk at moderate depth and pumps installed. These are operated by gasoline engines and the water pumped into groups of tanks placed at convenient sections of the ground. From these

the water is conveyed by pressure through pipes to the various distributing points. There are troughs along the "streets," or division lines, where the horses are brought to water, and there are many stand pipes throughout the territory where thirst can be quenched.



Preparing for Meal

In proximity to these stand pipes are long stands upon which the soldiers can place their cans or wash dishes while they are making their toilet, as seen by cut herewith.

Through this system of piping the healthy, fresh condition of the soldiers was aided considerably. Each man could at any time of the day have a bath, if he was not on duty. Piping carried the water to the top line of the camp of each regiment. Here a stand pipe, of say two inch pipe, was erected in the form of a T. Around this pipe was placed canvas about four feet high. This was made into two "rooms" and the outer top end of the T ran over to each. Not far from the end was a stopcock by the turning of which water



Lieut. Shaw "At Ease"



Major Lipsett

Col. Steele

Major Ketchen



"B" Company, 106th Regiment, Winnipeg Light Infantry.

The above photograph is reproduced at the suggestion of Lieut. Col. D. McLean, Officer Commanding the 106th Regiment, Winnipeg Light Infantry, the regiment recently formed to complete the 20th Infantry Brigade. The Colonel wishes to congratulate The Western Home Monthly on the splendid spirit of patriotism that must pervade its establishment, for almost the entire company is made up of members of its staff, and a noteworthy feature was that every man enrolled attended the Sewell camp. In the group can be seen Lieut. Col. D. McLean, (mounted), Capt. Ed. E. Erb, Lieut. A. E. Gibbs, Lieut. T. P. Morrow, Color Sergeant E. Fuller, Sergeant E. Whittington, Sergeant T. Shorten, Sergeant Wm. Berry, Sergeant A. Thornton, etc.

was released and made to flow out through a spray downward onto the occupant, thus giving him a fine spray bath. This was appreciated by the men, and, if the camp at Sewell is made permanent, it can be carried into effect much better. We are given to understand that a short distance from the station there is a small lake, which by little improvement could be fitted up for swimming. It is felt that this would be appreciated by the men even more than the spray bath.

It was quite gratifying to the officers to see the readiness with which employers granted leave of absence to their men to attend camp. One of the pictures in this issue shows a group of the employees of the Stovel Co., who are printers of The Western Home Monthly. There were in all seventeen from this establishment, ten being from one department. A man joining a regiment is for the time being under authority of the commander and has to attend his duties irrespective of what his calling may be; in other words, should call be given for any special duty it must be performed notwithstanding what he, or his employer, may think. It is, however, the endeavor to fix duties so that there is as little inconvenience to the men and employers as possible. It is therefore gratifying to the commanding officer when employers freely allow their hands off for service.

At different points around the regimental camps there were placed movable forges and anvils. At these blacksmiths were at times



Camp Blacksmith Shop

engaged shoeing the animals. The cut here-with shows one of these next a pine tree. To the latter the horses were tied while being shod and being in the open there was fresh air in abundance.

Nearly all of the men had meals in large tents, but some preferred the open. This cut shows the table of one of the regiments



Ready for Meal.

all laid for the meal. These tables were erected a short way from the officers' tent.

and, through the playing of the band for the officers, the men also enjoyed their meal to music.

The accompanying cut shows one of the bread lines, and one of the cooking staff hiking off with a big dish of soup. Each



The Bread Line.

soldier, with cup and plate in hand, proceeds to the cooking camp, where he is served the rations for the meal. After receiving his allowance he walks off to the tent where the repast is enjoyed amid banter.

The bread was fine, home made stuff. It was not of a fluffy nature, but good and solid, yet well raised and baked throughout. Of bread, each man received one and a half pounds per day. It was baked in what is known as the Aldershot ovens. This is a series of holes in the side of a hill, say ten. These are a little deeper than an ordinary stick of cordwood and are circular in shape at the top and level at the bottom. The circle is formed by an oval iron plate and the bottom is sometimes formed by metal or brick. Each oven or space is filled with cordwood, which is allowed to burn until all the wood is red coals. These are then pulled out and thrown in trenches nearby, and the bread put into the oven. In this way the



Bakery Water Cart and Delivery Wagon

bread is cooked by what is known as artificial heat—heat retained in the ovens through the earth and sod piled around and on top of the oven. An iron door is put at the front of each opening and thus the heat is retained in the earth-covered oven. Watch is kept on the baking, and the batch when done is removed and placed on shelves in a tent where a gentle cooling takes place. Later the "staff-of-life" is distributed to the various companies by rigs, as called for by the

various mess sections. Kneading is done in a metal building situated a short distance from the ovens. Illustrations showing the inside of the kneading room, etc., are given elsewhere in this issue. Each batch consisted of 960 loaves; six loaves to each pan.

Near the kneading room there is another metal building. It is the grocery department. In this building there is a staff of men, whose duty it is to look after the supplies for each mess. Every soldier has so much pepper, salt, vegetables, etc., coming to him each day, and this staff is busy weighing out and keeping record of the groceries. This is not the only thing the grocery staff has to do. They are specially instructed to keep a sharp watch and see that no inferior food is served out. One day the writer saw a great lot of potatoes rejected owing to slight decay having arisen.



Cleaning out the Ovens to receive Batch of Bread

While the men are not supposed to have any of the luxuries of life they do get them, but they are not obtained at the government's expense. They are secured at canteens on the ground. Of these there were quite a number, and at these small pies, and so on, could be procured. Many a soldier, after the day's work was over, could be seen walking away from the canteen with a small pie or other goodie. To get away with these some would sit down on the grass nearby, and together chat and eat, while others would carry the good things to camp and there enjoy them. The camp was known as what is called a "dry" one, the canteens not being allowed to dispense any spirituous liquors. Soft drinks and ice cream were available and were indulged in quite freely by the men while off duty.

On Sunday there were three services held—two Protestant and one Roman Catholic.

Too much cannot be said of the effort to give the soldiers the best of food. While no frills in the way of pastry, etc., is allowed, the edibles supplied were of the best. There was of course, the usual ham or bacon for the morning meal, but for dinner and supper fresh beef, and this was prepared in tasty manner by efficient cooks. We say fresh beef, and mean it in every sense, for the animals (six or more each day) were slaughtered on the ground, put in cold air storage for 24 or more hours and then served out, each man getting a pound per day. The animals were killed by what is known as the humane killer, and it appears to be a very fast, as well as quick, manner. It takes but a second or two to kill each beast. In connection with the killing we cannot speak too fully of the sanitary conditions around the slaughtering place. After the animal is hung up, and being skinned, there is of course blood, etc., to be seen, but once the carcass is



Kilties Peeling Potatoes.

prepared and run into storage there is a general cleaning up. Within a short time after the slaughtering one could visit the section and not see the slightest objectionable sign. Disinfectant would be noticed but beyond that all would be clean.

A new feature this year was a veterinary corps. There was a large open tent on a hill, in which sick or injured horses were treated. Not far off from this were the bell tents of the corps. Although their services were not called for very often the members were ready for duty at any time and went through a regular course of drill.



Cutting Wood for the Meal.

This small illustration shows men cutting wood with which to make ready the meal. To the right the usual kitchen tent is shown; there was, however, some cooking done altogether in the open. The men preferred the open, but rain made it unpleasant.



One of the Sewell Camp Ambulance Corps and Hospital Tents



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



On this page, and the three following pages, are given section cuts of a photo of the Commissioned Officers of the 1913 Sewell Camp. Each officer was not at hand, but the picture covers all but a few of them. The photo is seventy inches long, and is the first large group taken of western army officers. The Western Home Monthly has therefore pleasure in presenting the section views to the public.

In making the reproduction we have taken the staff officers from the centre of the photograph and show them to the left of this note.

gentlemanly and with great spirit. Some enjoyed the more leisurely way of spending the evening round camp relating the experiences of the day, and telling stories, as pictured on this page.

General Ian Hamilton and staff, and the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, and staff, visited the camp, and spoke favorably of it in more ways than one. In company with Col. Steele and staff, they inspected the place in all conditions, and it is hoped that good will result. Hitherto there has not been the support to military life in the West as looked for. Owing to the visit of the above gentlemen at the time "war" was on, it is hoped that there may be a loosening up and that the effort of Col. (we hope soon-to-be General) Steele to bring the military life

the rear, and kept passing the various units of the attacking force until they had covered six miles, just beyond the last unit. The halting spot was in a valley amidst beautiful hills. It was about noon when the transport and last corps reached the camp. At once the soldiers partook of "grub" they had carried with them in their knapsacks, quenched their thirst with nice clear water from wells sunk amongst the hills, and then took to the battlefield. They filed out southward, and after a good march shots were heard. These were exchanged by scouts from each side and about 1.30 the battle was on in good form. The firing was kept up intermittently all the afternoon until about 5.30, when the men fell back to bivouac for the night, the western army about two miles from Sewell and the eastern five or six. A good meal was then partaken of and by dusk the soldiers were resting in the open. Pickets kept watch all night, and next morning bright and early the eastern division was up and on the march for another attack. By noon they had made good strides forward and surprised the fort holders. Just who won it is difficult for a civilian to say, but it was given out that the eastern division was successful. The men all say that they had an excellent time, and that the night spent on the battlefield was not bad at all.

After taking Fort Douglas the battle was discontinued and the men marched onto the

It is more or less the opinion of the public that camp life is but a time of freedom and frivolity. In this view the writer has believed, but he has changed his mind since the sojourn at Sewell. Camp life, under the command of Col. Steele, is not all work, nor is it all play. One is tempered with the other, so that it is made agreeable and still of service to the making of the man—a good soldier is of necessity a good man. As showing the standing of Sewell camp of 1913, it is only necessary to state that during the stay with "the boys" there was but little obscenity and cussing heard. It was a camp of 6,000 men, each seemingly striving to bring credit to his officers and in turn to "my" regiment.

the men. The commanding officer, Col. Steele, is every inch (as far as a civilian can judge) a true soldier. He believes in discipline and sees that duty comes first. Notwithstanding this, he evidently believes in seeing that the rank and file are made as happy as they can be as long as it is consistent with duty in a regular camp. Early and late he was at it, keeping a keen eye on all that was going on. It is not often that a man so strict as he gets along so smoothly, but the Colonel carries the respect of not only the officers but the men as well. It was exceedingly pleasing to hear them make complimentary remarks as he would pass along. This makes it much easier for him, for commands given are more readily obeyed from such quarters than if they came from one who is looked upon as arbitrary. It is not for a soldier to look for or give compliments—cold duty has no sentiment—but there were words passed around the camp as to Col. Steele's command that were of the best.

Perhaps we should not mention names in connection with the camp arrangements beyond that of the commanding officer, but we cannot pass without doing so with Major Ketchen. Carrying all annoyances that come to the man who has working care of the whole camp on his shoulders, Mr. Ketchen conducted himself in an admirable manner. Courteous and obliging to all, early and late, it was proven that he was the right man in the right place. Those holding subordinate offices were all of the same tendency. It was really wonderful the amount of work that was undertaken and carried out without the least friction. It was natural for complaints to be made in so great a camp, but they were all quickly looked into and carefully adjusted.

There was the best of discipline, and lots of heavy work while the men were on duty, but it must not be supposed there was no enjoyment. Evidently the adage of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is believed in, for in the evening time the boys had relaxation. There was base and foot ball, quoit pitching, boxing, sports on horseback, jumping, running, and so forth, so that the soldiers were made to forget the arduous day's work; and all the games were conducted



Evening at Camp

At night when "lights out" was called, at about nine o'clock, it was not long before quiet reigned, and there was no more stir until 5.30 reveille next morning. From that on all was activity and work in connection with soldier life until about the same hour at night, with a short respite for meal at noon time. One of the principal factors going to make camp life so efficient and enjoyable was the regularity enjoined upon the men. Everything appeared to be run by the clock, and as a consequence there were few delinquents, "prisoners" being made of those not reporting.

Too much cannot be said of the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of



Kilties on the March

in this part of the Dominion to the front may receive greater consideration.

Two days were devoted to a sham battle. Douglas was the point supposed to be attacked. It was being held by the western (or Winnipeg) troops, while the eastern (the outside troops) section attacked. The latter were sent some four miles north of Sewell and were placed in position at intervals for the next two miles. The transport followed in

open just north of the railroad track. Here a march past was carried out, the reviewing staff being stationed close to the roadway leading to camp. It took over an hour for the inspection, and the men are said to have presented a fine appearance. Reaching camp early in the afternoon the soldiers were soon enjoying a good meal "at home" and for the rest of the day amused themselves in one form and another.



On the Run



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

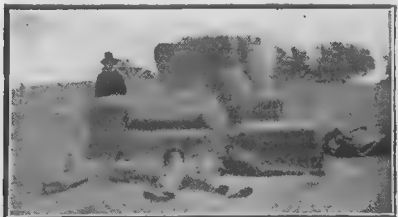
There were two hospital corps in the camp and they proved of advantage, although we are pleased to say there was not much actual call for them. They were each well looked after, by the doctor in charge of each seeing that all was well equipped. The camp ground of one of the hospital corps was denoted by a line of whitewashed stone. Along the lines between the various tents there were very pretty emblems made of stones colored white and red and set in beds of green, while here and there there were numbers of little



106th Regimental Emblem

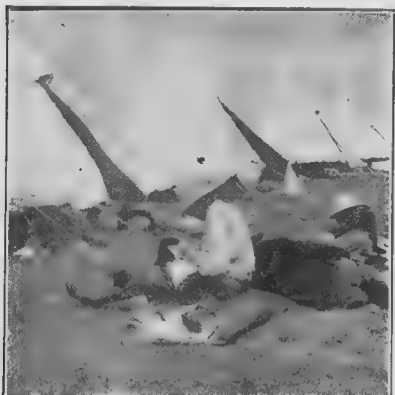
hubs. At the ends of a number of regimental squares there were also constructed emblems of the respective corps. The make-up of a number of these were very attractive.

It must not be thought that it is all pleasure at camp. There is good hard work, and often the men returned to their tents quite tired. The cut below pictures three of the boys who, at midday after a meal, lay down on the



Having a Nap

ground next hay bales and had a sleep. The picture given is from life, as the boys were sound asleep when the same was taken. On this page another cut is given, showing one of the troubles that was presented after a night's rain (and by the way, it rained nearly every 24 hours while the men were at camp this year). The "kitchen" was flooded by about a foot of water and the morning's grub (arranged the previous evening so that expediency would be the order of the morning) floating around. The cut shows the cook lifting potatoes out of the water, while on the bank nearby, a fire had been started on which to cook the morning meal. That was a day upon which the men did not sit down for breakfast on time.



Our representative caught one of the boys busily mending his garments, while close by a couple of others were taking things easy.

It was not an uncommon sight to see soldiers at an evening "fixing up" in this way for the next day's parade.

The section is admirably adapted to easy trench work. Being of a sandy nature earth-work can be constructed without very hard work. This was seen very nicely in connection with the construction of a suspension bridge. A part of the camp where there was a depression was selected for the demonstration. The approaches were easily made by road scrapers, the dumps being cast up in nice form. At each side of the ravine trestle work was erected and over this coils of wire, twisted on the ground was thrown and anchored in a trench. Across the wire cable a wooden floor was placed and over this bridge soldiers could go quite freely and safely.

The district, with the many hills and valleys and numerous bluffs, lends itself as an ideal section for scout work and active outside maneuvering. Notwithstanding that there are hills and valleys, there are also many large open spaces where general manoeuvres can be carried on to advantage. Signalling corps exercise, and various forms of other military work can be carried on at one and the same time within short distance of each other and yet no interference follows.

There was a Y.M.C.A. tent in the camp. Here magazines of various kinds were available for the men when they could find time to read, and the privilege was taken advantage of every evening. In one of the Y.M.C.A. tents there was an instrument, and here concerts were held at night and usually the tent was crowded.

The post office department has taken hold of service on the camp ground in good manner. This year there were three officials on the ground, besides a delivery man with rig.



Official Car and Military Chauffeur.

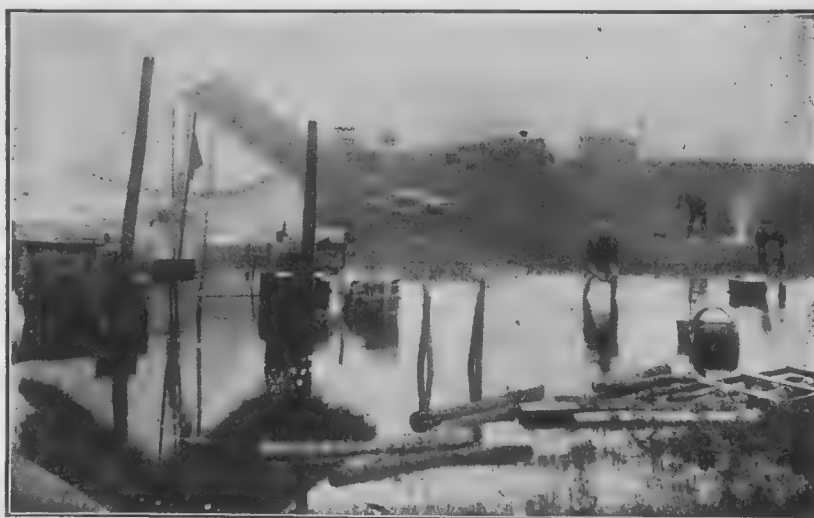
At Sewell there is but one railroad station, that of the C.P.R., and this company did all in its power to make things go along nicely. Delivery platforms were erected for the speedy delivery of troops and freight, and while camp is on an efficient staff is placed on duty, so that as little friction as possible arises.

In the station was the military telegraph, while near the staff quarters there was a long distance telephone exchange.

The night before the general breakup a military tattoo was held and thoroughly enjoyed by the soldiers as they reclined on the hillside. The musical ride by the Strathcona Horse was good and the firework display fine. This over, amid cheers from the great crowd of male voices, Gen. Ian Hamilton and Hon. Sam Hughes entrained.

Manure and other refuse was carried out to a nuisance ground and burned. The kitchen refuse, and rubbish about camp, was burned in specially provided incinerators.

regiments and note the orderly arrangement for the night. The horses were stabled by being tied to heavy ropes carried on poles driven in the ground. Each corps stabled the



The "Kitchen" after a rain

These were of iron plate about three feet high and two feet across. At the bottom there was a metal grate. Four trenches meeting in the centre were dug and on top of the junction of the trenches the fire pot was



Guns Stacked

erected. Over each trench a board was placed and then earth was thrown over the board and built up around the incinerator. An opening was left at the end of each trench in order that there might be draft. If there was any liquid thrown in the fire pot it found its way to the trenches and soaked down into the ground. These incinerators were kept going nearly all the time, refuse being thrown in almost continuously.

It was a nice sight to pass along the head or foot of the quarters held by the various

animals in two lines, about twenty feet apart, each row with heads in opposite direction to the other. The mounts were tied at the head to ropes and one foot was tethered to a stick. The latter was to prevent one animal encroaching on the space for the other when lying down. A short distance from the rear of the row of horses were placed the saddles in a straight line; and not far away were the blankets of each rider wrapped in the rubber sheet and placed in a regular line. A few feet away from this line of blankets were the tents of the soldiers, all tidily rolled at the bottom, so that by night all was aired.

At the infantry camps the rifles were nicely stacked in lines. At one end of the men's tents the officers' tents were pitched; and thus each regiment was to itself and had a square



Saddles and Blankets in "dress" form



Thrown Out in Column Line.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

for at home work. This square was kept in the best of order. Now and again squads would be told off to pick up paper and other litter which would naturally follow camp life. These squads were, for the time, in charge of the sanitary officer and usually the doctor made every use of the authority vested in him to have a good clean up.

Of music it can be said that there was no end, for it was heard all day long and well on into the night at times. On this page an illustration is given of the bands of the 100th and 106th regiments, massed, with the officers of each seated in the centre. The playing of the 106th band was well spoken of and they

the front, some of the general staff and a few orderlies being left to care for things.

One of the special features of the camp was a series of conferences held in a tent especially fitted up for them. Here the officers met and discussed subjects pertaining to the work in hand. It is said that some fine addresses were made. It was certainly a nice sight to see the large tent crowded with officers discussing matters pertaining to the welfare of the country.

The last Thursday in camp was largely given up to taking it easy. A certain amount of work was undertaken, but it was not as arduous as on the days previous. In the

eastward. On this ridge spectators can stand and see the practice, a very good view of the shot being obtained. Report as to the result is carried back to the firing line (say three miles) by means of signalling. One day the infantry were marched in regiments to this ridge, and from it witnessed the work of the guns for some time. This was highly appreciated by the boys and gave them an insight into this form of the warfare that they could not obtain through target practice in the ordinary manner. The valleys and hills also lend themselves to sight firing, as the guns can be placed in valleys while on an eminence close behind, the staff can be

Some of the officers had more than the usual seating equipment beyond the ordinary camp stools, as they provided themselves with



Officers' Seating Equipment

more modern seats; and the surroundings were cheerfully fixed up. One of these is pictured herewith. It will be noticed that the British flag flies to the side of the tent, while in front are the wicker easy chairs.

All through the camp there was great British loyalty.

At convenient points throughout the large camp latrines and urinals were erected, as shown in cut. The former were frame structures, having large metal pails, the refuse from which was carried away during the night. They were kept thoroughly clean and whitewashed. The urinals were of heavy canvas tacked around poles which were driven into the ground. Inside of this was a shallow ditch the length of the enclosure, and the liquid was allowed to soak into the ground.



Urinal and Latrines.

Effort was made to give a series of motion pictures in the hope of aiding the soldier in his work. These were to be given on a canvas in the open, but as the weather proved unfavorable they were not shown.



98th Band and Regiment lined up for March Out to Morning's Work in the Field.

were "commanded" to perform before the General. A number of regiments brought bands with them and they would be marched out by the musicians, who, after seeing the soldiers on the way, would fall out and return to camp. A cut herewith appears, showing one of the regiments marching out with the band leading. The first of July was one of the days of the sham battle. That day there was music galore at the Sewell camp ground, as the bands vied with one another in furnishing music. Their efforts were wasted as far as a crowd of listeners was concerned, for nearly every soldier was at

afternoon there was a series of sports, and there were many contestants, officers and men taking part quite readily.

There were a number of tent-barber shops on the grounds, one having eight chairs.

As a section for artillery practice the Sewell camp is hard to beat. The hills and valleys lend themselves in a nice manner to the work. To the south of the camp quarters there is a long stretch of open country running east and west. Along the north side of this there is a nice ridge, which is used as a view point. At the west end of the level section the guns were placed and firing done to the

stationed and give directions to the firing party stationed in the valley, while the ammunition supply wagons would be behind on adjacent hills or hid in the trees. All would be hid very much, the only individuals to be exposed to any extent being the officers on the eminence, and through the bluffly nature of the district they would to a great extent be free from general exposure.

One of the "innovations" at Sewell camp, was motor transport wagons. These were used in connection with the carrying of luggage and supplies to the bivouacs. They proved efficient and much more ready to hand than the old means.



Bands of 100th and 106th Regiments, Winnipeg, with Officers seated in centre.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

On this page we give reproduction of a group of officers at mess. As a usual thing the officers mess together. There is also a sergeants' mess, and the men's mess. The General staff enjoy a separate set of cooks, who have quarters away from all others. It was quite a sight to see the hungry men line up at meal time and wait in turn for grub.

One of the army service corps had a mule team with which to deliver bread from its bakery.

The last day of the sham battle one of the C.P.R. trains had attached to it what may be termed an officers car—a car in which were the wives of a number of the officers who were doing duty. They arrived at about noon, a

A number of sheet metal refrigerators were furnished the camp this year. In these butter, eggs and vegetables, as well as the canned goods, could be kept very nicely. Ice was furnished daily, so that the camp cooks had everything next to up-to-date and as a consequence were enabled to give good service, with less worry than other years. The refrigerators were about 3 x 2 x 3. At the bottom was apartment for the ice and another alongside for the meat; they were partitioned off. At top was a shelf or grate about 8 inches from the top to carry the butter, eggs, etc.

Winnipeg a Divisional Area.

A few days after the closing of the camp at Sewell the Winnipeg Free Press said that so well was the camp attended, so efficient were the soldiers and officers, and so important a part has the West in general, and Winnipeg in particular, played in the militia affairs of Canada that a new divisional area is shortly to be created with Winnipeg as headquarters and Col. S. B. Steele, C.B., M.V.O.R.D.C., in command. Such has been learned on the very best authority though the hint was given by General Sir Ian Hamilton, Inspector General of the Overseas Forces, in a speech to the officers of the militia at camp Sewell immediately after they had reached camp from the manoeuvres, which he had attended from start to finish. He had met Colonel Steele on numerous occasions and had come closely in contact with him and knew well that his rank was that of a colonel yet in this particu-

at camp Sewell that numerically it will lead all the other areas. It is a known fact that the division is one battery short as four are necessary and in district No. 10 there are but three but this is a matter which could be set right at once and rests solely with the minister of militia, who could order the estimates to cover the required equipment. Winnipeg has



Mess of the 11th C.A.S.C.

For scout work it is an ideal section, the hills, valleys and bluffs, with trails here and there, giving the men on duty all kinds of experience. The Monthly representative can speak from experience along this line for he got into the wrong camp and in the endeavor to find the other, got into a mix up with one of the scouts. The latter, who was "Mr. Jones" in name, challenged us and made effort to extract information that could not be given. Not getting the satisfaction he looked for the scout galloped off, leaving the poor civilian to work out his own salvation on the trail. Owing to the nature of the territory, scouts could get up to within close touch of the enemy's line. This was especially so in the north section, where the eastern division was stationed. Those on scout duty thoroughly enjoyed it as there was more "hazard" run through the lay of the land, than at other districts where sham battles were fought.

little before the fight was over and in time to witness the march past.

Camp life as a soldier has many things to commend it, one of these is the "levelling up" it brings. Those who in the ordinary walk of life may consider themselves rather superior to the other fellow are brought to know that others are as good as himself. Civility is one of the great factors in soldier life and it is one that tells nicely upon the rank and file. It makes them better citizens all round.

It is to be expected that there were a number of men of aesthetic taste in the camp. Love for the beautiful was visible on more than one occasion. One time the 100th regiment officers had a lot of wild tiger lilies decorating their table, and the 79th had Scotch thistles. The district was thick with all kinds of beautiful wild flowers.

Colored lanterns were used at the camps at night, each camp having a color of its own.



Breaking Camp.

shown very clearly that she can raise splendid regiments as anyone who has watched the growth of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, the 106th Winnipeg Light Infantry, the 100th Winnipeg Grenadiers and the other corps during the past three years will admit. The department is now working on the organization of the new area and official announcement will be made in the near future.

The promotion of Colonel Steele will come



Marching Across the Hills.

lar address, however, he referred to him twice as "General" Steele and this was taken by the officers present to be a forerunner of his promotion. Whether Col. Steele's promotion will go into effect to a major generalship immediately is a matter of conjecture, but there is no doubt that he will be commander of the new division. There will of a necessity be other promotions and there is very little doubt that Major H. D. B. Ketchen will be confirmed as assistant adjutant general, in which capacity he has acted for some time. With this confirmation will doubtless come the rank of lieutenant-colonel though this also is somewhat a matter of conjecture.

High tribute was paid Col. Steele by both Sir Ian Hamilton and Col. Sam Hughes and such tributes publicly made as they were in Camp Sewell before the flower of the western Canadian militia, and with a full knowledge that the remarks would be published in the press of the West as well as that of the east were unquestionably made with forethought and forecasting coming results.

There are at present six divisions in Canada with headquarters at Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Toronto, London and Niagara. Winnipeg headquarters embracing the tenth military district will be the seventh and it was shown

not in the least as a surprise here, for no man in the Dominion has done more for the militia than this splendid soldier, who has earned the affection and esteem of all the troops in the West. Under his guiding hand, in three years district No. 10 has become the backbone of the Canadian militia whatever may be said to the contrary. The new drill halls and armories shortly to be constructed in Winnipeg will place this city ahead of any other in the Dominion as a divisional headquarters and such was Col. Sam Hughes' expressed opinion when he was the guest of the officers of the Winnipeg garrison at the Royal Alexandra hotel during his visit here last month. He stated that Winnipeg deserved all she was getting and he was glad to be able to give it to her.

The minister of militia went even further than this after his inspection of Camp Sewell and publicly stated it was the best camp in every way of all the camps he had seen in the Dominion while on his tour of inspection with General Sir Ian Hamilton. The local officers of the permanent forces and the staff will not discuss the coming creation of the new division but there is no question as to the accuracy of the fact that, such is to be the case.



Interior of Kneading Room



SEWELL CAMP. ARTILLERY ABOUT TO

With the Aid of Providence

"JUST hear what the boy says," exclaimed Mrs. Burton, looking up from a letter she was perusing. "What now?" inquired her husband, Dr. James Burton.

"Listen and I will read it for you," and she read: "Now mother, surely you do not expect me to come home to marry the child of your adoption, when I am doing so well out here by myself, all alone." Besides—ha! ha! I remember the glimpse I had of her the evening before I came out here—lank and lean; freckle-faced, large-eyed and red-headed, with a name to frighten any man. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, mother, no doubt she has changed, as you say, but I know you are too sensible to wish me to marry anybody but the girl I can love, and I don't believe she could be your Molly."

Here the doctor broke in with a laugh.

"So much for your scheming, little woman. You might as well have saved yourself the trouble, for you will have to give up your pet plan after all."

"I shall do no such thing," answered his wife. "At least until he has seen her. He is prejudiced against her; that is all, and I believe an hour spent in her company would change his opinion of her, but I honestly believe he stays away on her account."

"Have your way, as women will."

"Indeed I will, and you shall see that I am not to be beaten," answered his wife.

The doctor left the room but Mrs. Burton remained and was for some minutes lost in thought. Suddenly an inspiration came to her and, taking pen and paper, she began a reply to her son's letter. Hardly had she commenced writing when the young lady in question rushed into the room crying: "O mamma! I have found you at last. I have been looking all over the house for you."

"What is it, dear?" inquired the elder lady kindly.

"I just received a letter from Florence Wile, or rather, Mrs. Bates. You know we used to be such friends at school."

"Yes, what of her?"

"She has invited me to visit her in her new home in Saskatchewan."

"But, my dear, surely she does not expect you to go so far alone."

"She promises to meet me on the way if I go, mother. Now don't say I can't afford it, for I have all of this month's allowance and more than half of last month's. It doesn't take nearly so much money since I have been at home," she continued eagerly.

Mrs. Burton looked out of the window for a moment, then turned and asked:

"In what part of Saskatchewan does your friend live, Mildred?"

"Her new home is on a ranch just two miles from the village of O—"

The elder lady repeated the name and inquired eagerly: "In which direction, did she say?"

"West, I think." Mildred wondered at her manner.

"Two miles west of O—," mused Mrs. Burton, and with a smile she told Mildred that she would tell her the next morning what she thought best to do in the matter. Mildred thanked her and left the room.

Left to herself again, the doctor's wife soliloquized. "Two miles west of O— and Wesley's farm is one mile west of the same place. They will be sure to know him, for what is a mile in that new country! Providence is surely on my side. Mildred shall go! Mildred shall go! If they could only meet as strangers! Wait—he calls her 'Mother' in his letters and she has never heard much of him. I shall succeed yet, I believe."

Her mind travelled back to the time, seven years before, when she had received a letter from a distant cousin telling her of a little waif who had been cast upon the church for protection, owing to the death of her grandmother with whom she had lived since infancy.

In spite of the fact that she had been left a small sum of money by the grandparent, the interest on which was to come to the one who gave her a home till she became of age or married, it seemed hard to find a suitable home for

her. Mrs. Burton's kind heart had yearned for a daughter, and so she had written requesting the little girl to be sent to her.

Mrs. Burton had only one child, a son by her former marriage, and as he was, at that time, preparing to set out for the West, to try his fortune there, she had been more than pleased to take the orphan into her home.

The child had arrived on the evening of the son's departure and had given her name as "Molly Crook." It was afterwards discovered, however, that her real name was Mildred Day, and that she had been called by the former name after her grandmother. She had come to them at the age of ten and proved to be a very obedient and truthful child so that she had soon become very dear to both Mr. and Mrs. Burton.

In a short time she was sent to school in London, where she had remained, with the exception of the holidays, until a few months previous to the time we now speak of. In addition to the interest on her own money, the benevolent doctor had given her a regular monthly allowance, which she had been taught to spend to the best advantage. Mildred knew little of the affairs of the family into which she had been adopted.

She had always heard Mrs. Burton's son spoken of as "Wesley," and naturally inferred that his surname was the same as that of the doctor, not knowing of the former marriage.

His name, however, was John Wesley Fenton, and, so far as his mother knew, he knew Mildred only by the name she had given on her arrival. He had always joked his mother about her in his letters; so little had been said about him in the girl's presence; and she did not know in what part of Saskatchewan he lived.

All these things the doctor's wife went over in her mind and felt sure that Providence was on her side.

On the following morning Mildred was informed that she might accept her friend's invitation, and preparations began at once for an early departure.

"There is a favor I wish to ask of you, Mildred, before you go," exclaimed Mrs. Burton on the day of her departure. "Yes, mother, what is it?"

"I want you to promise me that you

will not speak of me or the doctor to any one—that is, as if we were adopted parents or anything of the sort; and that you will not mention the name of our village, but rather say you are from London. That won't be a falsehood, you know, for you have only lately come from school. Do you understand the request?"

"Yes, but isn't it a strange one?"

"Nevertheless, do you promise?"

"Yes, mother dear, I promise," she answered with a kiss.

"You won't forget?"

"No."

"You might mention my request to your friend so that she could aid you."

"All right, I will do as you wish."

"Thanks, dear. Are you ready? Father is waiting for you."

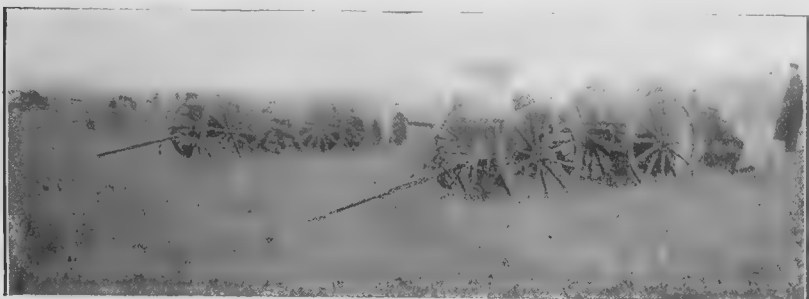
Mildred ran out of the house and climbed into the doctor's buggy, waving good-bye to Mrs. Burton.

She found the journey very long, but also very interesting, especially after she was joined by her friend to whom the route was familiar. When they arrived at their destination they were met by Mr. Bates, and the drive from the station, through the open country, was very refreshing after a long railway journey.

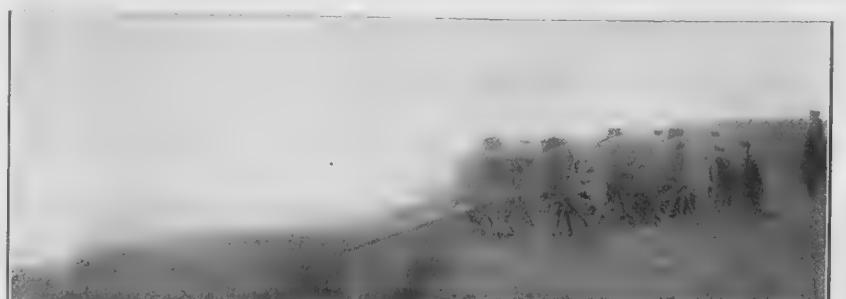
They reached the farm soon after nightfall, and after partaking of a hearty meal, the two friends settled down for a chat. Mildred told her mother's request and Mrs. Bates promised to remember, although she said she would have to smooth over some previous statements.

Next evening a surprise was given Mildred, when about fifteen guests, members of neighboring families, presented themselves at the farm. Among them was a young farmer who seemed to be very popular and whom everybody called "Jack." He was introduced to Mildred as Mr. Fenton. Several times during the evening she found herself in conversation with him, and acknowledged to her friend afterwards that he was the most charming young man she had ever met and that the neighbors were of a class far superior to what she had expected.

The time passed very quickly to Mildred, as every day brought some new pleasure. She soon learned to ride on horseback and she and her friend



Guns Ready for Action at Sewell Camp.



Guns in Action at Sewell Camp.



MARCH OUT FOR THE DAY'S FIELD WORK.

went on all sorts of little expeditions, often having tea or lunch at one of the near-by homesteads.

On one occasion they called on young Fenton to deliver a message sent by Mr. Bates. He received them somewhat awkwardly, but very kindly, and Mildred was glad of an opportunity to view the interior of a bachelor's shack. Of course, the call was returned, and he soon became a frequent visitor at the Bates' home; and often accompanied Mildred to the village for the mail or for some little article that was needed at the farm.

In this manner a month passed almost as a day and a letter from home reminded her that it was time for her to return; and as she sat alone outside the house enjoying, for the last time, a balmy evening on the prairie she fell to reviewing the enjoyable time she had passed during her stay there.

She sat gazing at the crimson West, yet seeing nothing, for the tears had blurred her sight, when a hand was laid on her shoulder and a cheery voice cried, "Good evening, Miss Day. Not crying, surely, on such a glorious evening!" in a changed voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Fenton," she replied with a start. "Come into the house, Mr. Bates was wishing to see you."

"He can wait. I want to see you a moment out here in the gathering twilight," and he flung himself on the turf before her.

"Why so sad, Miss Day?"

"Sad!" forcing a smile.

"Yes. Are those not tears sparkling on your lashes at this moment?"

"Did you never hear of people crying for joy? I return home tomorrow."

"Ah! No doubt you are only too glad to leave this half-civilized place and return to the more refined society of the East. I had not thought of that."

His face became clouded.

"Mr. Fenton!" she cried reproachfully. "What sort of person do you take me to be? Surely you do not believe me to be so ungrateful that I do not appreciate the kindness shown me by the people here! Why, I have had a glorious time and I shall be very sorry—"

"To leave us, your new friends, and return to the old life," he continued for her.

"But a moment ago, you implied that you were weeping for joy," he added, looking away from the eyes that were again filling with tears.

"Don't you know, Mr. Fenton, that sorrow is often mingled with joy?" she responded after a moment's hesitation.

"I am very glad to return to my people, yet regret to leave those who have been so kind to me here," she continued.

"Ah! I begin to understand. Excuse me if I have pained you. I am only a rough farmer, you know, and perhaps do

not see things as you do. May I ask if any particular event—or—person has—given you more pleasure than the rest?" he said hesitatingly.

"That is a hard question to answer. Mr. Fenton," she answered, glancing at him. Then dropping her eyes she continued: "I have enjoyed my stay here very much and all have been very kind."

"So you said before. Oh, pshaw! What is the use? I see I must speak plainly or you won't tell me what I want to know," he cried. There was a pause during which Mildred continued to stare at the ground.

"Miss Day, I have been fool enough to hope that you cared more for a certain farmer than for the rest, and that the memory of that evening we rode over to the village would be as dear to you as it will ever be to me."

As she made no reply, he went on, springing to his feet.

"Give me a little hope. Say that I who have adored you from the first may have something in return. Look at me, Mable, and tell me I shall not be forgotten."

"I shall not forget you, Mr. Fenton," she replied without raising her eyes.

"That's not enough after all. You are not likely to forget the lad who returned your glove that day, and to whom you gave some chocolates in return. I want more than remembrance merely. I want—I want—you to—love me, darling, as I do you. There, I have said it," he cried taking her face in both his hands and forcing her to look up at him.

"I do love you—Jack," she faltered.

"Thank God!" murmured Jack Fenton, and he reverently kissed the upturned face.

"Mildred, darling, you are dearer to me than all the world, but I dared hardly hope that you would bestow even a passing thought on me."

"Strange! I thought the same of you," she answered with a smile.

"Now we understood each other," he cried, and, seizing both her hands, he again fell to the ground at her feet.

Thus Mrs. Bates found them nearly an hour later when, her evening duties completed, she came out in search of Mildred.

That night John Wesley Fenton—for it was no other—answered his mother's letter which he had received more than a month before, informing her that he intended to visit his home in the fall, but that she need not expect him to fall in love with Molly, for his heart was proof against her charms, as he had lately met a young lady who had won his affection, although he admitted "her hair is the least bit red."

Mildred returned home, summer faded into autumn, and Mrs. Burton watched the mail for a letter from her son, as he had promised to write again before

setting out for the East. At last it came and stated that he would be with them inside of a week. Of course, it was not known on what particular day he would arrive, so his mother was ever on the look-out for him. Mildred, too, was expecting some one, for Jack had promised to visit her in the fall, and she had directed him to the school in London for her address, not daring to give it herself on account of her promise to Mrs. Burton. She had told that lady about him, but she appeared to take very little interest in the affair. However, she assured Mildred that she would be very glad to see him and hoped he would prove worthy of her. She seemed not to notice the girl's haggard face as the days passed, so eager was she for Wesley's arrival.

One evening as the two ladies sat sewing and waiting for the doctor, who was out unusually late, the door bell rang so loudly that they both started.

"That is Wesley. Nobody else would ring like that," cried Mrs. Burton as she ran to the door. Mildred had thought of Jack, and her sewing fell in her lap as she strained her ears to catch his voice. When she could hear it it seemed familiar, but what was he saying?

"Well, mother, you haven't changed—only a little older; that is all. How is the doctor?" were the words that reached her ears. It wasn't Jack after all. But, then—that voice! She had thought she would know it among a thousand.

Presently the door opened. They entered, but Mildred did not look up.

"Come in here, Wesley, I want to introduce you to Molly, as you have always called her. She and I are alone," Mrs. Burton was saying.

"Molly!" the time seemed to turn backward to the old days; but she must rise to meet them, or what would they think of her?

With a great effort she arose and took a step forward when her eyes met those of the young man.

"Jack!" and "Mildred!" were uttered simultaneously and neither seemed able to advance.

Mrs. Burton appeared not to notice and proceeded with the introduction.

"Miss Mildred Day, my son, John Wesley Fenton." The spell was broken; they clasped hands; but Fenton, turning to his mother, demanded: "What is the meaning of all this? Is it a joke, Mother? Where is Molly? This is—this is the young lady I told you of in that letter, I met her in Saskatchewan."

"And this is he whom I told you of. I don't understand," faltered Mildred.

Both thought the little mother had taken leave of her senses, for the only reply she gave was a burst of tears, and the two looked at each other and at her in bewilderment.

Happy tears, however, do not last

long, and almost immediately Mrs. Burton was bidding them be seated while she gave an explanation. She told them that from the first it had been the dearest wish of her heart to one day see her son and her adopted daughter become one; she explained how Providence had aided her scheming by keeping them in ignorance of each other's names, and concluded by asking their forgiveness.

That, of course, was most heartily given, and both pronounced her "the shrewdest and dearest of schemers." And so did the doctor upon his arrival, for "Who can outwit a woman?" said he.

When Jack Fenton returned to his homestead in the West he was accompanied, not only by Mildred as his bride, but also by his mother and the doctor, who were beginning to feel their age and believed that the change of climate would do them good.

A Successful Business Woman

Mrs. F. E. Currah, whose advertisements of Orange Lily must be familiar to all, is an excellent example of a successful Canadian business woman. Mrs. Currah has been in business here for over 14 years. Prior to that time she had been an invalid for 2 years. She was cured by using the remedy she now sells. In her enthusiasm over being cured, she obtained the Canadian agency for Orange Lily and set to work earnestly and vigorously. The first years business showed a loss of nearly \$1,000. Her husband (who is the manager of The Windsor Supply Co.) made up the loss and advised her to quit advertising, but she persisted. During the second year, she began receiving the benefit of the efforts of those who had been cured, by their sending in names, recommending, etc., and instead of a loss she had a fair profit. It is unnecessary to add that each succeeding year has been more profitable than the preceding one, and that there are few remedies more favorably known now.

For Rehash

Jack—"Now that your engagement is broken, are you going to make Blanche send back your letters?"

Harry—"You bet I am. I worked hard thinking out those letters. They're worth using again."—Boston Transcript.

Protecting Himself

"You admit then," inquired the Magistrate severely, "that you stole the pig?"

"I has to, Boss," said the prisoner.

"Very well," returned the Magistrate, with decision; there has been a lot of pig-stealing going on around here lately and I am going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

THE WATER-MILL

"Any grist for the mill?"
How merrily it goes!
Flap, flap, flap, flap,
While the water flows.
Round-about, and round-about,
The heavy millstones grind,
And the dust flies all about the mill.
And makes the miller blind.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The jolly farmer packs
His wagon with a heavy load
Of very heavy sacks.
Noisily, oh, noisily,
The millstones turn about:
You cannot make the miller hear
Unless you scream and shout.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The bakers come and go;
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.
The dusty miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring.
And while they go about their work
Right merrily they sing.

"Any grist for the mill?"
How quickly it goes round!
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirling sound.
Farmers, bring your corn today;
And bakers, buy your flour;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

"Any grist for the mill?"
Alas! it will not go;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.
And when the frosty weather comes
And freezes up the streams
The miller only hears the mill
And grinds the corn in dreams.

Living close beside the mill,
The miller's girls and boys
Always play at makebelieve,
Because they have no toys.
"Any grist for our mill?"
The elder brothers shout,
While all the little petticoats
Go whirling round-about.
The miller's little boys and girls
Rejoice to see the snow.
"Good father, play with us today;
You cannot work, you know.
We will be the millstones.
And you shall be the wheel;
We'll pelt each other with the snow
And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
Is laughing at the door:
She never saw the mill worked
So merrily before.
"Bravely done, my little lads,
Rouse up the lazy wheel.
For money comes but slowly in
When snowflakes are the meal."
—Aunt Ellie."

A New Cook Book

"Backward, turn backward, oh time, in thy flight, feed me on gruel again for tonight; I am so wearied of restaurant steaks, vitrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake, oysters that sleep in a watery bath, butter as strong as Goliath of Gath; weary of paying for what I can't eat, chewing up rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward for weary I am. Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam; let me but once have an old-fashioned pie, then I'll be willing to curl up and die." So says our Uncle Walt and all of us will agree with him and vote for home made bread and cakes "like Mother used to make" every time we get the chance. She certainly was a genius at making nice, homey things to eat and though boughten "eats" may look as fine they do not taste half so good.

Housewives of today find the late summer the most difficult in which to cook as it is hard to find new things to tempt the appetite. We would advise every housewife to get a first-class cookbook suited to her own particular part of the country and the material at her disposal. The ordinary kind covers too wide a field—it is filled with all kinds of recipes for all kinds of things and one has to look from fifteen minutes to half an hour for something suitable for the occasion, whatever it may be. A short time ago we came across a cookbook which was written for the women of the West and we can heartily recommend it. It is composed of tested recipes from two thousand experienced cooks and deals with all kinds of things from the making of bread to Charlotte Russe. All recipes are inexpensive and nothing is called for which cannot be obtained at the town or village store. The directions are complete and easy to follow. The first and perhaps the most important subject dealt with

is bread making. Baking day no longer need be the long and tiresome thing it used to be when we set it at three in the afternoon and finished baking it at three the following afternoon—maybe later. There is one kind described in this book which can be made in two hours. Just think what a time and labor saver that must be. Then there are nearly as many different kinds of bread as there are of cake or pie, and it is more wholesome. The first half of the book is given up to the discussion of bread making, sandwiches, buns and biscuits and the second to pies, cakes, candies, etc. All the directions are so easy to follow that the youngest cook need not hesitate to venture. The book is full of new and better ways of doing and making everyday things and making them taste like new ones. We hope that each and all of our readers will procure one of these books for her own use and we believe that she will find it invaluable.

It is published by the Lake of the Woods Milling Company and every recipe has been tested by the company's experts. The number in stock is limited but as long as they last they may be secured without charge, except 10 cents to cover postage, by request from the Publicity Director, Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Winnipeg.

Besieged by Lions

Wild animals do not usually attack men without provocation unless driven to do so by hunger. It is probable, therefore, that the four mountain-lions which besieged Mr. J. H. Camp for four days and nights in a cabin in the upper San Gabriel country, California, were starving. It was a terrifying experience, as the San Francisco Examiner tells it, for Camp's only companion in misery was a burro, and his means of defence a revolver and a limited quantity of ammunition.

Camp had gone to the mountain cabin to prepare it for the reception of several hunters, and during his stay alone had heard the cry of wildcats and the screech of panthers. He had not seen any of the animals until one day when he was cutting away some brush on the trail near the cabin he heard a twig snap in front of him.

Looking up he beheld a huge lion right in the centre of the trail, switching its tail menacingly. Camp was filled with terror, but instinctively his hand sought his hip pocket, in which reposed his revolver.

As he drew it another lion walked out of the brush, and behind it were two smaller ones, probably cubs.

Blazing wildly away with the revolver, Camp created a momentary diversion that allowed him to reach his cabin. Rushing inside, he barred the door and reloaded his revolver, determined to frighten away the brutes if possible. As he looked out he saw his burro snorting and tugging at his tether, one of the tawny brutes having already begun to creep up on him. With a plunge the burro broke loose and rushed for shelter, with the lion after him. Camp opened the door just long enough to admit the frightened burro, which shot in as if launched from a catapult.

Throwing his weight against the door, Camp barred it again. He had plenty of provisions, and decided to remain quiet for a time, hoping that the lions would go away. Knowing that they are usually cowardly brutes, he was at a loss to account for their daring action except on the theory that it might be a pair with their cubs. He made the burro comfortable, and was glad of his company, and then took a look to see if the lions were still there. They were watching. All day Sunday at least one was in sight, and Camp decided to lie low. On the next day and the next the conditions were the same.

On the fourth morning Camp cautiously peered out. The lions were not in sight. He hurriedly saddled the burro, mounted, and turned the little beast toward civilization. The burro needed no urging, and Camp was congratulating himself on his escape when a piercing screech came from the trail behind. The lions had discovered his departure, and were in pursuit.

There was only one thing to do—beat the lions to civilization. Camp accepted the terms. So did the terrified little burro, which for once, at least, galloped like a race-horse. Never was the descent to Lordsburg made in such time, and when Camp and his burro reached the town both were exhausted, the one from fright, the other from the hard ride.

Sound Enjoyment.

The spirit of modern life is to plunge into experiences vigorously and get the most from them. This was the spirit that animated the man who preferred tough beefsteak because there was more "chew to it."

Similarly virile was the attitude of Mr. Skillings, who had come to town to order a new family carriage.

"Now, I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the agent.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Skillings. "My folks ain't that kind. When we're riding we want to know it."

She Recognized.

People like to be told what they already know, to hear about old friends and old interests. Absolutely new information has nothing in the mind to hitch to. This story from the "Memoirs of a Child" is an illustration: Once, probably before the child's school-days began, somebody took her to a school commencement, and a gentleman made a long, long address, to which the child listened with respectful attention. The general sound of the words was familiar to her, and she was hardly aware of the fact that she did not at all understand.

But all at once he said something about a pink sash, and the child looked round at the person who had brought her and laughed delightedly. She knew what a pink sash was, and she knew he was saying that girls liked to wear pink sashes; and oh, how refreshing it was! Then and there the child decided that it was a very nice speech.



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Pacific Coast Animals—Harbor Seal.

Strange Stories of Animal Collectors

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author

THE rummiest adventure I ever got into, said the collector, happened on a blustering March day on the outside coast. The old Pacific was earning its derisive title that day. It was running high, both wave and tide. The sand was driven so hard against my face that I was half blinded. The result was that I bumped into the very thing I was in search of—a beachcomber's shack. The sun had long since dropped into the tumbling horizon, and the rude hut of wrecked timber and flotsam generally appeared strongly to me.

Three times I pounded on the strange door. It was the daintily painted and scroll-numbered cabin door of some ill-fated ship. No answer came. I opened it slowly and carefully, and looked into an empty room—that is to say without any animal life. The table held some recently opened canned goods taken from a broken case of wreckage half filled with sand. A rough, low bunk, a table, a chair from the dining saloon of some liner, and a heaped up pile of flotsam and jetsam laths and shingles, picture frames and life belts, smashed cases of all sorts of merchandise filled one corner of the only room.

I made my supper on the stove. By the way, the firewood was some foreign redwood, beautifully grained. Then I wandered on the beach wondering what had become of the owner of this odd junk. Tired as I was with my day's journey, I soon threw myself on the bunk—my only covering the one grey woollen blanket from my duffle bag. How long I slept I have no idea, but I was half awakened by the door swinging open and a soft padding footstep entering on to the loose boards of the floor.

"Who's that?" I called out. No answer—but the padding ceased.

"Anybody there?"—silence. "I took the liberty of sleeping here." No word came from the soft-footed thing.

Now I heard a faint cry as if between a sob and a whine. I was sitting erect on the low bunk with my hand outstretched as if beseeching an answer. Suddenly I felt a large, wet, cold body press against my hand, bear it back and roll or clamber into the bunk—right on top of my bare feet. It held me down by its weight, and it also impressed me so fearsomely that I did not seem able to move. I tried to find out its shape by the touch of my toes on the body. It was certainly not a human being, unless demented, for it sobbed and whined incessantly. It was now actually creeping up towards my face and cuddling—I can use no other word—closely up to me.

Finally, after what seemed hours, but was only minutes, I fully realized the danger, yes, and the horror of my posi-

tion, and eagerly sought for a match in my clothes. Would I never find one! At last I did. In my haste I broke it on the rough flooring. Another—broken also. The third—it spluttered into flame. I looked into the eyes of a skullface thing all covered with hair—cheeks, brow, chin all hairy and wet. For a moment my fright increased; then I recognized that my terrible bedfellow was nothing more than a harbor seal. I found and lighted a candle, the seal following my every step and rubbing his cold body against my bare legs. It insisted on flopping along after me when I went out to the lagoon for water. I raced it back and beat it to the door, hastily slammed it after me and fastened it—and sat down to listen to the most earsplitting lament I had ever heard uttered. The result was that I had to take this most evidently pet seal in, feed it on part of anything I raded to eat and actually to allow it to flop its cold, wet body on to the bunk when I again laid down. And here the returning beachcomber found us next morning—both asleep on his bunk.

"Give me of your quills, oh Hedgehog!" sang the immortal poet; but much as I love Longfellow, I regret that there was not a Biological Department in those days to instruct the singer that they could not "shoot their quills like shining arrows." Look at Porkus in the tree. This night-walking animal is a holy terror of a pet. He easily equals a tribe of rats in his woodworking capacity. What a bonus he would be to



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The National Institute of Sciences has appropriated \$25,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs.

The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interests in Psychological and Occult Sciences.



"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send me your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly and address your letter to:

National Institute of Sciences, Dept. 838, C. No. 258, Westminster Bridge-road, London, S.E., Eng. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Postage on letters to England, 2 cents.

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one of these new breakfast food concerns, as I have seen a peek of nibblings surrounding the thing that yesterday was a cage and today is woodmeal. It had also started in sapping and mining, and it deserved a diploma for the tunnel it had made in one night.

We found this chap hibernating, and the timid thing instantly awoke as the prospector's shovel let the light into his subterranean home. There he stood ready to push a very army of barbed quills against any living thing that intruded into his winter quarters. His



The Opossum.

long outer harmless quills made a bristling armor, but it was the serrated edged ones beneath these that we feared. He lashed his tail, and as it was covered with dry open quills, he made a clashing, rattling noise that infuriated my two dogs—Gordon setters. Once we saw a naturally loosened quill become detached from the tail and fall a few inches from the animal. But it did not average one of these dropped quills per day, so that I fear the "shining arrow" must be ascribed to the "poet's license."

Of all destructive pets and captives commend me to this big ground rat—unlike many other cousin rats in the sweetness and richness of its flesh. Well, we carried this chap home in a bag—and he sowed it with quills three to nine inches long, but never disturbed the long outside quills of his armor. Twice he ate his way out of cleverly, as we thought, constructed pens. The third time he tore his way out he encountered Dash and Daisy. I saw the midnight encounter by the dim light of a lantern, and we let him stay escaped as the dogs were near porcupines themselves with his transferred quills.

"Here is a nice, savage little thing!" continued the Animal Man as he brought out a Collared Peccary. "And great sport they give to a chap on horseback. We were after rare birds on the Mexican hills when we heard a rush and a patter and clatter in the chapparrel."

"What's that?" I asked Juan Carmano, my host.

"Pig. Come along, Senor. It is the grand, little animal."

Off we set as fast as the wiry, small black ponies would let us. The drove had gone down the hills to some wet valleys in search of lizards and snakes and frogs, for they are as fond of these as of grain and vegetables.

We came across the herd grouped around a cactus grove. They were greedily eating the succulent fallen fruit. At our scrambling, pounding rush they looked to me like a drove of undergrown grey pigs of more civilized zones than game animals—they turned and faced us with gleaming white tusks in every little red, slathered mouth. Then, with a flip of their short, fat tails, or it may have been a sort of wrinking of the upper rump, off they scampered through the cactus, where no sensible horse would follow. I have tasted the

flesh in the peon's quarters, and Carmano said it was first-class food—for the natives. No doubt a bit of class prejudice in this, for where is there a man more proud than those sweet-voiced, gentle-spoken, Spanish-extracted Mexicans. I have never ceased admiring the born graciousness of my host.

He told me of many a hunter treed by this insignificant quarry. A herd of these little, dark gray, wild pigs had entered his plantation and had wrought havoc in some yam fields, so two of his guests sallied forth armed with guns and shells loaded for curassow specimens, and fired a broadside of stinging sixes into the herd. With one accord the pigs charged them and drove them both up some low, young orange trees. The little aggressors fairly milled about that tree, tearing at the roots and snapping their sharp tusks at the discomfited hunters. We killed several with rifles before they made off in a headlong rush—of course through some imported plantation.

Did you ever eat 'possum and yam?—well, here's the 'possum and the yam—or "sweet potatoes" you can get in any grocers. These are really a nice playmate for children. My kiddies have huge sport with this old chap. If you would call him correctly you can just add an O, but opossum, or just plain 'possum, as the plantation hands call him, he is beloved of the colored man. To hear the sigh of content and to see the greasy jowl of a Georgia hunter about Thanksgiving time—when all is left of this rat-tailed marsupial a pile of well-picked bones—you will agree with the old saying—"they licked the platter clean."

They have an odd pouch, at least the females have, just like the kangaroo of Australia. This fat pet is always so sleepy in the daytime that he lies curled up into a ball and yawns and blinks when we disturb him. His dentistry is to be admired, but he does not use it readily for defence. It is more as a food provider that Nature had given him such a jaw full of teeth. You know the old saying, "playing 'possum," well, these animals do it to a fine degree. I saw one of these cute, little



The Prehensile Tailed Kinkajou.

chaps apparently quite dead on the lagoon edge. My dogs snuffed it and I turned it over with my foot. We had passed on perhaps a dozen yards when the hounds gave tongue and back they sped along the path. I turned just in time to see the foxy opossum nimbly running up a swamp oak, and then he coolly hung himself up by his prehensile tail, and swung head downward, playing dead some forty feet above his other pose on the path below. I thought he deserved his life for his cleverness, so left him in peace.

It is extremely odd to see a female 'possum suddenly twitch herself into a sitting attitude and allow several nimble little rats of youngsters to creep from her pouch. I have counted as many as eight emerge in this way from their nice warm travelling coach. A noise, a squeak, a skurry, and in they creep,



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The Mexican Curassow.

and off speeds the whole 'possum family—*E pluribus unum*.

Mexico gives us many an odd pet. There are families of monkeys of the New World represented there. The Kikajou is one. It looks almost like a big grey squirrel—all but its long prehensile tail and its clinging monkey-like actions. A rare pet it is and a most affectionate one. Here the bright-eyed little chap curled up in the collector's hands and wrapped its long tail about his arm.

So rare is this smooth, buff-coated, handsome animal that I have never seen it in a collection. Here also is a bird somewhat resembling in its habits the wild turkeys. This, too, comes from that most interesting country—Mexico. It is as large as our biggest tame turkey and is called the Curassow. It is black-coated, as you see, but if you walk around to this side of the pen you will find it is as beautifully iridescent as the Indian pheasant—that wondrous bird of coal black body and tail of pure golden feathers. This curassow weighs about twelve pounds, so you see a few will make a good bag. Eaten with pearly pearls as sauce, they are a dish fit for the gods. See the big, grey beak with the odd yellow button on it—a regular Chinese mandarin decoration. See the black eyes and the black curling crest. These are birds of very shy habits, living in the depths of almost inaccessible woods. Although they are seen much upon the ground, they inhabit the trees principally, feeding on the semi-tropical fruits and nuts. They reach the trees by long, single, sweeping flight and cry out with a loud, harsh "chuck." When alarmed it utters a curious whistling note, but its "song" is more like an animal's deep bass roaring. A most excellent table bird, and next to the wild turkey, the finest game bird on the North American Continent.

"It's a long lane that has no turn," so keep going ahead.

Better to Climb and Fall.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be.
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's
fame,

It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway,
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."

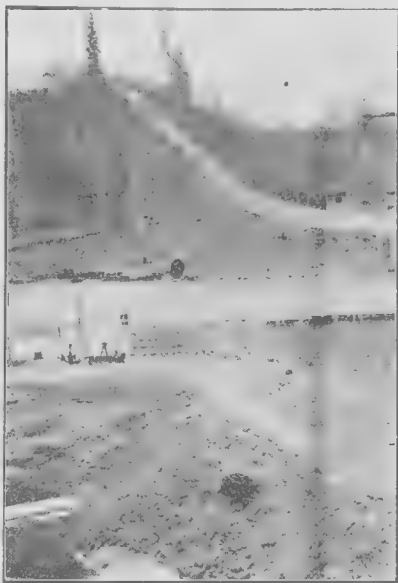
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all:
With something to do the whole year
through

He will not stumble nor fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray
With never a thought of care

Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
Not only leaves no name

When this life is done, but ten to one
He leaves a record of shame.



Give me a man whose heart

Is filled with ambitions fire;
Who sets his mark in the start.

And keeps moving it higher and
higher.

Better to die in the strife,

The hands with labor rife,

Than to glide with the stream in an
idle dream.

And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb,

And never reach the goal,

Than to drift along with time,

An aimless, worthless soul.

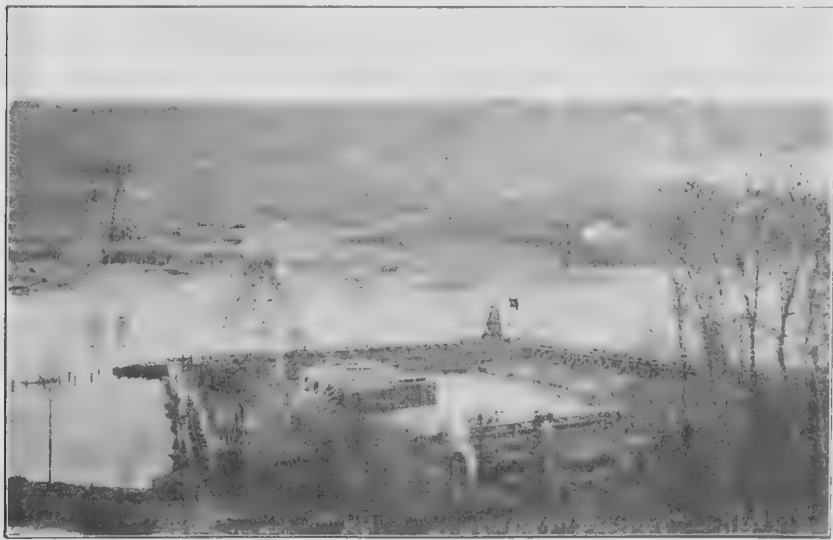
Ay, better to climb and fall,

Or sow, though the yield be small,

Than to throw away day after day.

And never to strive at all.

—From Chicago Record-Herald



This cut and the one above are views of the waterworks at Prince Albert, Sask. The smaller is a picture of the high bank on the north side of the Saskatchewan river, over twenty miles from the city. One of the work horses is seen at the top with the walkway running down to the lower bank of the river; at the bottom can be seen some of the log work houses and machinery, while in the bed of the river some excavation is noticeable. The larger cut gives a bird's-eye view of the river and the great work under way for the Saskatchewan city. The square with the derrick at one corner is view of the portion of the river bed, which was first pumped dry and then excavated or bored for footings, as low as 37 feet being reached for the work. When completed Prince Albert will have one of the most up-to-date water systems in Canada.

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A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet can destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that destroys the germ as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

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Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

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Dye Those Summer Things

Scores of summer things, such as fancy parasols, bathing suits, colored stockings, ribbons, feathers, artificial flowers, hammocks, and cushion covers, get faded and dingy long before they are worn out. But with



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PRINCIPAL.

Get the Children Ready for School Opening

In returning to school at the opening of the Fall term every child wants to be well equipped for the new work—school books, pencils, pens, scribblers, slates, erasers, rulers, pencil boxes and the like must be gathered. Eaton's new Fall and Winter Catalogue furnishes a big range of selections in school necessities at moderate prices.

Pen nibs, in all styles, per gross, 25, 30, 45, 60 and 90 cents.

Pen holders, wood handles, cork or rubber grips, each, 5 cents.

Rulers, plain or brass edges, 3, 5, 8 and 10 cents each.

Pencil sharpeners, 8 and 15 cents.

Crayons, 8 colors in box, 5 cents; 18 colors, 10 cents; 24 colors, 15 cents. Eagle compass and divider, 25 cents.

Eaton's pocket dictionary, 20 cents.

Spear pocket pencil, screw motion, 4 inch long, with lead refills, 10 cents.

Eaton's special lead pencils in HB, H, and HH grades, per dozen, 30 cents.

Pencil boxes, slide tops and fancy design on top, each, 5, 10 and 15 cents.

Erasers, in all sizes, from 1 cent to large typewriter erasers at 8 cents.

Slates, 7x11 inch., plain wood rim, 10 cents; cloth bound rim, 14 cents.

All kinds of school books listed.

Thread Will be Needed for the Mending

And then, too, there are the children's clothes to be mended—altered here and patched there—and an additional supply of thread will be required. The careful mother should prepare for these emergencies in advance. Eaton's can aid her substantially. Our thread lines are fully listed in our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, which should be consulted before ordering.

The Acme brand spool cotton, 200-yard spool, is the best on the market for strength and smoothness, and is equally good for machine and hand sewing. White or black, sizes 10 to 60, at 45 cents per dozen, or per spool.....4c.

For household use the Diamond E brand of sewing cotton will give excellent satisfaction. This thread is also put up in 200-yard spools in black and white, sizes 10

to 60, at 35 cents per dozen, or per spool.....3c.

Colored sewing cotton, size 40 only, is priced at 45 cents per dozen. When ordering send samples of cloth. Per spool...4c.

White crochet thread can be had at per spool.....5c.

For further descriptions and prices consult our new Fall and Winter Catalogue before ordering.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

FREE! FREE! TO LADIES



A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, cysipelas and salt-rhism. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

Write For Free Trial Offer

Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the
T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG

Fashions and Patterns



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



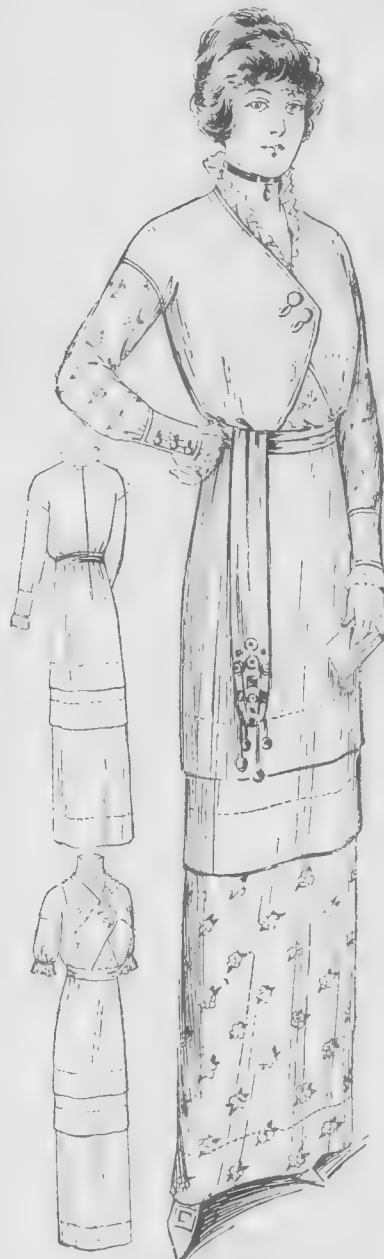
A Fashionable Gown of Plain and Figured Silk

Silks as they are made today are so delightfully cool and light of weight that they make ideal summer gowns. This one combines plain with figured foulard and includes so many new features that it is of especial interest. The sleeves are sewed to the blouse on the elongated shoulder line, the fronts are overlapped to give a little chemisette

with white, too, or a gown made after the manner shown in the small view could be made of white or color throughout. Any fashionable silk could take the place of the foulard.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2¾ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 or 1 yard 36 or 44 inches wide for the sleeves and chemisette; the upper portion of the skirt will require 3 yards 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the lower portion 2¼ yards 27, 1½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1¾ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7523 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7858 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON
7523 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.
7858 Two-Piece Tucked Skirt.
22 to 30 waist.

A Pretty Gown of Black and White Foulard

White foulard dotted with black makes an especially attractive summer material and this gown is smart and attractive and, at the same time, essentially useful



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7832 Blouse with Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 42 bust.
7833 Three-Piece Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

effect, there is the open neck finished with an upstanding frill and the skirt is the favorite one in two pieces. In this instance, it is made of two materials joined beneath the lower tuck but that treatment is not necessary. If preferred, the sleeves can be made shorter and trimming of lace can be arranged over the bodice as indicated in the small view and the chemisette can be made with high neck. Nothing more fashionable than the silk could be found but the design is as good for voile and for the still simpler lawns, batistes and the like, for in these days there is not much difference between the afternoon gown for home wear and the one designed for dinner and occasions of the sort. Materials, trimming and treatment make the necessary difference. While the contrasting sleeves are fashionable, they need not be used if one material is preferred. A charming frock could be made of Dresden cotton voile with the lower portion of the skirt only of pure white and a chemisette of tucked muslin. Plain colored voile could be combined

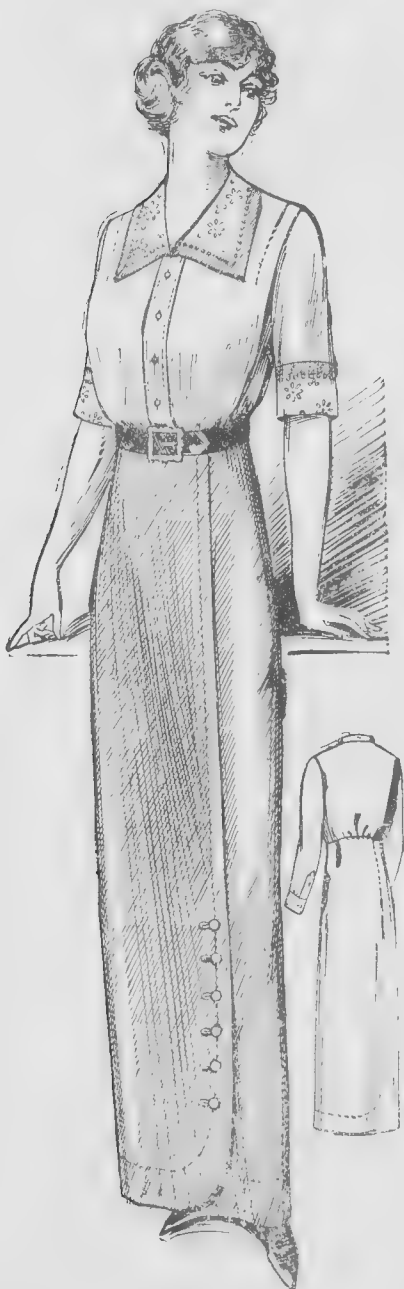
and practical. The blouse is made in the kimono style that is such a pronounced favorite. It is perfectly plain without fullness and closes right down the front. The collar makes an impor-

tant feature. It can be rolled out over the shoulders or it can be buttoned up about the throat and the sleeves can be made longer or shorter. The skirt is cut in three pieces, the edges all being overlapped in place of seamed. In one view, it is shown with drapery in the left front and, in the other, it is shown plain. It is not often that one design can be made to take such different aspects but this one can be made with plain or draped front and, when the drapery is used, the edges can be either straight or curved. The waist line also can be adjusted at or above the natural line as becoming. The foulard gown is always a desirable one for summer wear but the season offers a wide opportunity in its wealth of fabrics and this design can be copied in one of the Dresden voiles that are so popular or a gown could be made from crepe de chine or it could be utilized for the soft cotton broche that is among extreme novelties. The dress is an exceptional one for it gives all the latest features of the season and it means just the air of true smartness that always is sought, yet the blouse and skirt are so simple that the making requires very little effort.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs; the skirt $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7832 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7833 from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

For Mid-Summer Days



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON:
7855 Shirt Waist or Blouse,
34 to 44 bust.
7507 Four-Piece Skirt
22 to 32 waist.

The blouse that is made with short sleeves and open neck is certainly a boon for mid-summer days. This one is dainty and attractive and is worn with one of the new skirts overlapped at the front and back. As shown here, the blouse is made of cotton crepe with trimming of eyelet embroidery edged with color and with little fancy stitches joining the color to the white. The skirt is made of linen but skirts of this kind

and general wear and this season washable silk is extensively used as well as linen and cotton fabrics. For the blouse with short sleeves and open neck, any pretty, dainty fabric will be appropriate and will be found just as satisfactory with a skirt to match, making a gown, as it is with the odd skirt. The skirt is made in four pieces and can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line.

to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Handsome Suit of Broche Cotton

Cotton is so wonderfully beautiful this season that it is made up into some of the handsomest gowns. This one is



ATHABASCA, ALBERTA.

Winnipeg business men looking towards the high bank on the east side of the river. The boy scouts acting as "body guard."

can be made of any material heavy enough to be suited to the tailored finish and the blouse has many possibilities. Treated in this way, it is designed for mid-summer and for home wear but, with just a few changes, it can be completely transformed. If the neck is made high and the sleeves long in regulation shirt-waist style, a tailored waist results. While, at first thought, the two are quite unlike, the same foundation answers for both. Waists of the tailored sort are always desirable for travelling

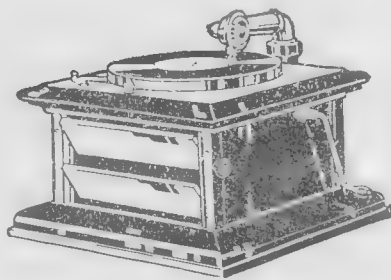
For the blouse will be needed $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 for the collar and cuffs; for the skirt $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 for linen or other material without up and down, 5 yards 27 or 36 or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide if there is figure or nap. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7855 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7507 from 22

buff in color, shows a broche effect and is trimmed with plain white eponge. The buttons are little round ones in Irish crochet. The peplum gives the suggestion of a coat that renders the gown peculiarly adapted to the street while it is perfectly correct within doors and, consequently, serves a double purpose. Cotton fabrics are among the most fashionable of the summer and the gown just as it is, is a most attractive one, but there are numberless materials that can be treated in the same way. Crepe

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Please send me your new illustrated Machine Catalogue and interesting history of the Graphophone. I assume no obligation and all you send is to be mailed free.

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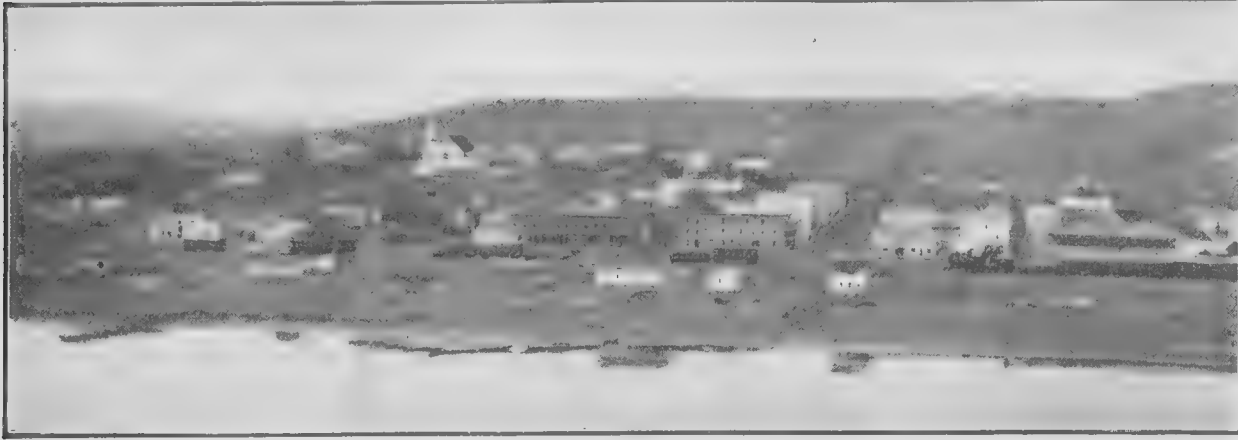
de chine and charmeuse satin suggest themselves at once; for the simpler effect, the pretty flowered voile combined with plain, the pongees that are very

in black or blue, combined with plain white satin, would make a beautiful effect. One of the natural colored pongees would be pretty with the trim-

lovely with plain and indeed any fancy and plain materials or any materials in contrasting colors can be treated in this way. The blouse is a plain one but the

liked, the sleeves can be made shorter. The skirt consists of just four pieces with a wedge-shaped panel at the front. The backs are overlapped slightly to the right of the center and there are seams only at the sides.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the collar, vest and cuffs; the skirt 5 yards 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27 for the panel.



ATHABASCA, ALTA.

Looking westward up line of the Main Street. To the right is the station and in front the river

lovely this year and foulards are perfectly suited to such treatment. White foulards in a design similar to this one

ming portions of the same material embroidered in tiny flowers in the natural colored silks. Broche crepe would be

vest and the peplum render it distinctive. If the open neck is not becoming, a little chemisette can be worn beneath and, if

EATON'S

Travel Emphasizes the Importance of Good Clothes

When people go away on a trip they spend much money on their equipment. All very well in itself, but why wait until going away before getting a new outfit? Why not procure it now and get some real use out of it?

It is, indeed, essential that you be well dressed when going abroad; is it not equally important that you be well dressed at home, where you are best known, even though you may scarcely ever travel?

Travel is but a happening—an incident revealing in its true proportions the vital importance of being always prepared for any emergency.

Thus, whether or not you are planning to travel this fall it is essential that you

be prepared, that you keep abreast of the pending developments in wearing apparel.

The Eaton catalogues are a reliable guide in this connection. The very latest things are presented in taste, quality and design.

Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue is being sent out early in August. It is the largest and finest we have ever issued. If you do not receive your copy shortly write us for it.



T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7773 Blouse with Vest,
34 to 42 bust.
7708 Four-Piece Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7773 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7708 from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Free Book on Deafness and Head Noises

An interesting and remarkably helpful book on Deafness and its treatment, that should be in the hands of everyone whose hearing is failing or who has those terrible ear noises, is being given away free of all charge by its author, Deafness Specialist Sproule of 117 Trade Building, Boston.

Every reader of this paper should turn at once to page 69 and read the generous offer of this famous Specialist. The book, which is illustrated with remarkably fine pictures of the ear and its parts, is full of exceedingly valuable medical information and will be of great help to all who suffer with Deafness.

Uncle John—"Willie, if you could have your way, who would you rather be than anybody else?"

Small Willie—"Just me—if I could always have my way."—Chicago News.

HOW I CURED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO CURE YOURS TOO

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance. There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin. But notwithstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness, and will tell broad-cast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own cure after all else failed. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 388 B.C., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Note: Mrs. Jenkins as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well-known as a Society Leader in Scranton, Pa.

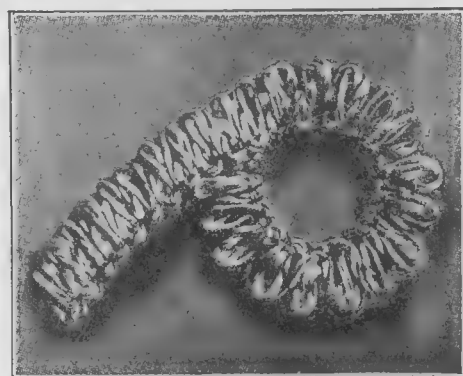


Baldur or Aster Embroidery

THIS fashionable embroidery takes its name from the braid used to fashion the flowers. The work is very easily done, and the embroidery dainty and effective. The braids come in tones of yellows, pinks, blues, gold browns, reds, heliotropes, and white, and the diagrams which show the flowers in the making are easily copied. One yard of braid makes four or five flowers according to the number of rows preferred, and the centres are formed of French knots, either a darker tone matching the braid, or else of black.



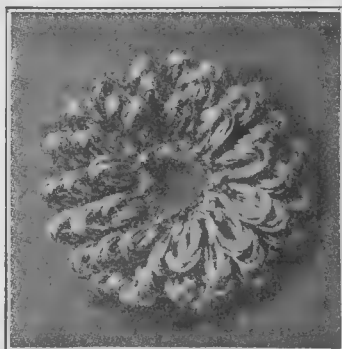
About three shades of a color are necessary to bring out a design, although No. 6585 has been embroidered in rainbow colorings, pink, blue, heliotrope and pale yellow all combined to give this effect. The braid is fastened on each side with a chain stitch, one edge of which may be ravelled away, leaving the picot edges of the braid free, (see illustration No. 1) and the braid is sewn forming a circle covering the outer row of the stamped design, each succeeding row being brought in to cover the stamping. About five rows are necessary to form a flower the same size as the illustration.



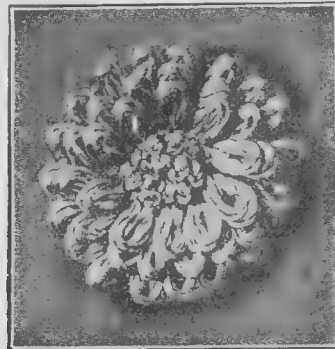
Showing first row.

stitch, or tipped long and short. It will be noted that either scarfs or centres may be had to match the designs illustrated.

Cushion No. 6585, has the flowers embroidered as described above, the basket worked in golden brown and Japanese gold thread, the ribbon worked in satin stitch in two tones of pale blue, and the wisteria is embroidered with French knots in shades of dull purple.



A flower in the making



Finished flower

Cushion No. 6591 is embroidered with golden brown flowers, the basket in gold, brown and black, and the ribbon bow-knot solidly worked in pale green, outlined with black.

Silks to embroider any of the designs shown on this page may be supplied at 55 cents per dozen, and the braids at 12½ cents per yard.

Japanese gold thread at 10 cents per skein, and fringe at from 50 to 75 cents per yard, according to quality.

If these goods cannot be got from your dealer, address to The Needlecraft Department, Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Montreal, P.Q., sending in the amount quoted, and the article will be sent post paid.



No. 6591.—Cushion, front and back, 75 cents each. No. 6591A.—Scarf to match, 23 x 54, \$1.50 each.

Get Next To Your Liver.

IF YOU DON'T

Something Serious May Happen.

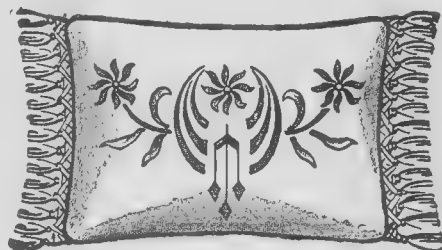
At times everyone is bilious, the Liver becomes overworked, bad bile is accumulated, and enters the blood, and causes a general clogging up of the secretions. When this happens no one can escape Constipation, Jaundice, Headaches, Heartburn, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, and those tired weary feelings which follow the wrong action of the Liver.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS stimulate the sluggish Liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, and clear away all the waste and poisonous matter from the system.

MRS. H. A. McCLARAN, Rimby, Alta., writes:—"I have used MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, and am greatly pleased with the results. I had Indigestion, and such a bitter taste in my mouth after retiring that was so unpleasant I could not sleep well, and also had a deathly sickness sometimes after I had eaten. Two vials of LAXA-LIVER PILLS have cured me."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS are 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00.

See that you get them when asked for. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Design 206

TINTED IN SHADES OF BLUE, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss into every home. Pillow Top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.

ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. 306, Montreal

MONEY LOST

Money is lost if you don't carry on your work on business principles. We teach them through our six courses—

Business Farmers' Shortland Higher Accountancy Civil Service English

Write for our Catalogue

Central Business College

Wm. Hawkins, Principal. Winnipeg, Man.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Seebell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

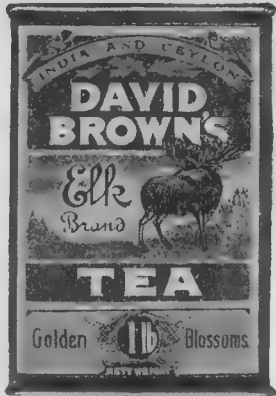
Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

accomplish their purpose with maximum efficiency and minimum discomfort. Increasing doses are not needed.

25c. a box at your Druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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for the small sum of

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It usually sells at \$1.50, and we venture to say that even at that figure it is the best **TEA VALUE** you ever had.

The blends are specially prepared at our direction by the best tea experts in London, England, from the purest leaf obtainable and under the most favorable of modern conditions.

Ask your grocer for our Tea. If it has not reached him it will shortly. In the meantime cut out this coupon, and enclose it with one dollar. We will promptly attend to the rest. Twenty-five years' experience in the Canadian tea business.

David Brown, 328 Smith Street, Winnipeg

CUT OUT THIS
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with \$1.00.

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Address.....

The Home Doctor

Degeneracy

Dr. Arthur Newsholme, an eminent English physician and writer on eugenics, calls attention to a statement made by Professor Karl Pearson that 25 per cent. of the married population produce 50 per cent. of the next generation. "Basing his conclusion," adds the Doctor, "on a comparison between birth-rate and proportion of (a) female domestic servants, (b) professional men, (c) general laborers, (d) pawnbrokers and general dealers, in a number of selected districts, Dr. David Heron, in a Drapers' Company Research Memoir, has concluded that the intensity of relationships between undesirable social condition and a high birth-rate has almost doubled in fifty years." Here is another cause for race degeneracy. The "unfit" are increasing faster than the "fit."

Our Harvest of Idiots and Perverts

Dr. Alfred Gordon has studied 200 offspring from 90 alcoholized parents to "represent" (we quote from the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety) "in the most striking manner important varieties of men-

Our Food

The science of living begins at the mouth. Barring the taking of drugs, as a man eats and digests his food so is he. Owing to drug taking and errors in human feeding, disease is latent in man at all times. Only a few escape sickness and pain and die natural deaths. This is not as nature would have it. Josh Billings, recovering from heart trouble caused by tobacco, said—"Nature made all right, we make fools of ourselves." Other drugs which are of almost universal use and which affect heart, nerves or efficient elimination are coffee, tea, spices, cocaine, morphine, chloral and alcohol. All of these are drugs, and all are poisons, and all more or less disturb the vital functions, reducing vitality and efficiency.

Gaining Health with Pleasure in Vacation

Most children hail vacation time with rejoicing. Quite as many mothers look forward to it with "fear and trembling." To the childish mind vacation means change and freedom from irksome restraint; to the mother it means additional care, less of leisure, and oftentimes annoyances and perplexities from which tired human nature shrinks in dread. The lengthened days present more time for which occupation must be provided. The warmer weather is demoralizing, and, left without the balance wheel of regular tasks and duties, it is hardly to be wondered that the children in their new independence become devisers of mischief.

She is a wise parent who foresees the result, and seeks to prevent trouble by recognizing and making some provision for the needs of the child under the changed environment. Children interestedly occupied are not likely to get into mischief. The so-called troublesome child is most frequently one who has been turned out to seek employment for himself.

The wise mother keeps vacation time in mind, and makes plans for it months ahead, just as she would were she to take a trip across the continent or the ocean, also providing clothing comfortable and suited to the purpose. The extra work incident to the season, the house and cleaning and spring sewing, she endeavors to get completed before the schools close, so that there may be fewer demands upon her own time and she may be able to devote herself more largely to her children. She arranges for something interesting and all-absorbing which shall come as a regular feature of each day's program. If she lives in or near the country, it may be some line of nature study; for example, the collection of stones, which involves pleasurable rambles and delightful talks.

One family of children found a vacation all too short to complete their leaf collections, there were so many curious things that could be made with leaves and so many interesting facts to be learned about them. There are few children, except in the crowded cities, but have access to these beautiful and bountiful treasures of nature, which can serve them in so many ways as playthings, besides being an object lesson of the great Creator's wisdom and goodness.

If one lives near the sea or lake shore, shells afford much provision for entertainment, as does also the sand which can be used in many ways for diversion and profit. If one does not live near the beach, a very pleasing substitute may be arranged in the back yard, by filling a wooden frame (larger or smaller according to available space) with sand in which the children can play while the mother sits by with her work, which for her own health's sake will be far better done out of doors whenever the season will permit.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.



MOUNTAIN SCENE

On the line of the G.T.P., near the boundary of Alberta and British Columbia.

tal deficiency. Idiocy, imbecility, feeble-mindedness were frequently accompanied by other serious disorders. Epilepsy is the most frequent affection. In 150 of the 200 this disorder existed. In infancy during dentition convulsive seizures occurred at rare intervals. Later, in childhood and boyhood typical epileptic seizures were manifest. Epilepsy per se is a sufficiently powerful factor for an arrest of mental development, but in the majority of cases the mental degeneracy was evident from early childhood before the epileptic condition became firmly established."

A further study embraced 78 individuals whose parentage could be traced back to alcoholism in 20 grandparents. These 78 members of the three generations presented mental abnormalities of a very grave nature. Compared with the individuals described in the previous paragraph they present "a decidedly lower mental status in the latter than in the former. There were more idiots than imbeciles and more imbeciles than backward or feeble-minded. The low moral sense, vicious tendencies, outbreaks of extreme anger, destructiveness, irresistible impulses for all sorts of crimes—are all exceedingly pronounced. In adults of this category may be mentioned in addition to the above symptoms also perverted sexual sense and act, theft, vagabondage, debauchery, precocious prostitution, frequent sojourn in prisons, finally alcoholism. A large number of the 78 individuals were committed to asylums for the reason of frequent outbreaks of delirium and confusion. A number of them spent considerable time in prison because of a great variety of offenses."

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Young People

The Making of the Pearl

So soft, so warm, the water lay,
Its chambers paved with amberous
lights
The sunbeams sliding there forgot
Their home among the skyey
heights.
With the rose-tangle's stems they play-
ed,
They blushed beneath the purple
dulse
They swung from tide to tide, and gave
All swimming things their joyous
pulse.
The little creature at their touch
Felt the fresh force of gathering
cells,
And happy seemed this rhythmic life
That swept its currents through his
shells.
Happy the swell of bay and bight
Dimpling with kisses of a wind
Blown from the royal cinnamon,
From jasmine and from tamarind.
Happy the shadow of the palms
Seemed to him, wavering o'er his
reef,
Happy the rippling scarf of light
Tossed from the long banana leaf.
Firmly he fixed him to his rock,
And wider opened to the tide
That softly rose, and fell, and left
A grain of sand along his side.
A tiny rasping grain of sand
It was, whose never-ceasing prick
Dispelled the charm of summer seas
And pierced him to the very quick.
Ah, what a world of trouble now!
But straight he bent him to the
strife,
And poured around that hostile thing
The precious ichor of his life.
A trail of jewels in the gleam
The dolphins dart, above, below,
With sinuous side and silvery flash,
Roll a great eye on him and g
He saw them only as he felt
Sore scath beneath his mantle lay,
And mending as he could his hurt
He spent himself day after day.
Or halcyons rocking on the wave,
Or sailing birds of Paradise,
Softly their plumes swept upper air,
Idly his ooze received their dyes.
And summer moons might draw the
floods
With their white magic, and wide
calm
Shed from the wells of midnight blue,—
He knew but never felt their balm.
And storms could stoop and stir the
depths
To blackness, but he heeded not,—
The universe had nothing now
For him but that one fatal spot.
The color of the foam, the light
Of heaven across translucent seas,
Flicker of wings and silver scales,—
He wrapped the pain with things
like these.
And as some singer's bitterest woe
Has fed the song we love to hear,
So all the trouble of his life
Was glorified in this one tear.
What mattered then the swarthy shape
That cleft the wave with plunge and
whirl
And snatched him into death and doom?
His life was lived in that great
pearl.
On some queen's breast it heaves, it
falls,
Changing with every breath its hue,
Sunshine and sea and moon are there,
The sorrow of a lifetime, too.

Muriel's Minutes

By Emma F. Bush.

"Oh, dear," sighed Muriel as she looked at the pouring rain. "It does seem too bad. Here I've looked forward at Beth's party for weeks, and now mamma, says I cannot go if it keeps on raining; and a big tear rolled slowly down her cheek, falling onto the windowsill.

Cousin Abby looked up from the table, where she was painting, in time to see a second tear follow the first.

"Why, Muriel," she said cheerily, "this will never do. We cannot have it rain inside the house as well as out of doors. Suppose you stop looking out of the window and come over here, and we will have a party all to ourselves."

In a few minutes Muriel was seated at the table, watching Cousin Abby take out some large sheets of white paper, a pair of scissors, and some fresh paints.

"You see, Muriel," she said, while the shears worked busily cutting the paper into different shapes, "we will have a party where we make our own guests," and taking up the paint brush, in a few minutes a little paper girl, carrying a basket in her hand, lay on the table.

"This," announced Cousin Abby, taking up the brush again, this is to be a minute party, and these forms that look to you like paper-dolls, are really some of the minutes you have spent, taking visible shape."

"Oh, how funny," laughed Muriel, "and what is this, Cousin Abby?" taking up the little girl.

"That," said her cousin, shows the minutes you took the cakes and candies to little sick Jamie; and this," putting a dear little baby doll on the table, "the ones you spent amusing baby Bob, so that your mother could rest.

"Oh, oh, Cousin Abby, what are you doing," cried Muriel, "you are making that one all black!"



An Indian Schoolboy at Fort a la Corne, Sask.

"Yes," said Cousin Abby, gravely, "These minutes came when you had the quarrel with Jennie. I am afraid we shall be obliged to let them come to the party, but I hope no more of their sisters will follow."

"Um," said Muriel reflectively, "we certainly had a dreadful quarrel, but I don't think we looked as black as that, quite. Can't she go under the table, Cousin Abby?"

"No, I think she must stay there," was the reply, "but here is another to help us forget her," and a dear little kitten appeared on the table.

"I know," cried Muriel, "that's when I love and care for my kitty."

"This," said her cousin, holding up another doll, "is a work of art."

"I should say it was," laughed Muriel, "see those tears falling down her cheeks. Let me guess what it is. Oh, I know, the tears I shed over Beth's party."

"Yes," said her cousin, "and after all they were needless, for see, it has stopped raining, and the sun is peeping through the clouds; so run and get ready."

"Thank you very much," said Muriel, gathering up her dolls. "I will show them to Jennie, and when she sees the black one, perhaps she won't want to quarrel with me any more."—Ex.

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the Others
and
Me



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About the Farm

Mangel is Useful Crop

Needs Plenty of Manure but Gives Good Results

The largest mangels are grown on the heavier loamy soils, and with special attention as regards manuring and details of cultivation, some truly astonishing weights of single roots can be secured, says a writer in "The Farmer and Stockbreeder" (England). One often wonders what purpose is served by encouraging the cultivation of these abnormally heavy roots. As far as feeding value goes, there is certainly very little to be said in favor of it, but rather the reverse, for as a rule these extra heavy roots are of poor quality, and often soft and woody in the centre. It appears advisable, indeed, especially where the soil is of a comparatively light and open texture, to plant mangels in narrow drills, fairly close together in the rows. By this means it is usually possible to raise a large number of small or medium-sized roots that may even yield a greater weight per acre of food than the larger roots, while there will be little doubt at all that the former will yield the better quality food material of the two.

The mangel wurzel adapts itself to a variety of useful purposes, chief of which undoubtedly is for the feeding of dairy cows in winter. At the same time, mangels can be relied upon to furnish quite an agreeable change of diet for

sowings are made in a sheltered position, and where the land has been cross plowed in spring so that a fine deep seed bed is secured. It is a very common mistake, however, to work down too large an area of ground at one time, for if the season should turn out to be a wet one, an occurrence that is by no means rare, the season of sowing is often spoiled. Besides, a considerable amount of damage may be done to heavy retentive soils if they are plowed in a wet, saturated condition.

If the seed is sown very deep the plants are correspondingly weaker, and they may even die off altogether; hence it is essential to sow as shallow as possible in drills from 20 to 26 in. apart, the quantity of seed being in no case more than 7 lb. to the acre.

Manuring the Crop

Manuring is particularly important in the case of this crop. There is, indeed, no other farm crop that so well repays the cultivator for the expenditure he may make in artificial fertilizers, especially when he employs a suitable quantity of good farmyard manure as well. Twenty tons of dung to the acre is not too much for the mangel crop, if the soil is inclined to be heavy and retentive of moisture; but if need be, a smaller dressing of yard manure may be given, and a supplementary dressing of artificials supplied in due season. This method of manuring, at all events, ap-



WAINWRIGHT, ALTA.

G. V. Hastings coaxing one of the deer in the large animal park at Wainwright, Alta., with C. D. Shepard watching.

ewes and lambs that are folded on rye, or a few acres of ground near to a shelter where stores are wintered may be drilled with advantage. This system will obviously effect a considerable saving in time and labor.

Even pigs and horses relish a feed of chopped or sliced mangels now and again, but they must be thoroughly ripe, and only a moderate allowance must be made for this purpose.

Yellow Variety for Dairying

Most popular among all the different types of mangel wurzel in cultivation are the Yellow Globe kinds. Dairy farmers especially prefer these to any others, for they are exceedingly adaptable as regards soil requirements, and what is perhaps even more important, furnish a greater percentage of dry matter than any of the other kinds, except the Golden Tankards and Golden Globes. The two latter, by the way, although undoubtedly possessed of very good feeding properties, are nevertheless inferior to the Yellow Globe mangels, because they are not nearly so productive or free-growing as the latter varieties. There are also the Long Red mangels which are peculiarly suited to deep, alluvial soils; they should not be chosen for stiff, cold and retentive soils, however, since the roots will usually be small and often forked, so that when they are pulled a quantity of soil will adhere to them, making the work of cleaning the mangels much more arduous than in the case with sound globular shaped roots.

One of the most important things in this culture is to secure a fine tilth for sowing. In retentive soils the crop is invariably a good one, especially where

pears to give the best results in comparison with farmyard manure alone, and also with artificials alone.

What the Farm owes to Asphalt.

When you stop to consider the wonderful economies effected on the farm in different ways by the use of natural asphalt in various forms it may well cause you to run back in your thought, trying to trace the origin of this important yet seeming mysterious substance which has made itself really indispensable to the modern aggressive farmer.

Natural asphalt is found in various deposits in different parts of the world. Those in Egypt having been used by the Ancients in nearly the form they found it to waterproof walls, and as an embalming substance to preserve the bodies of their dead, which has kept the mummies of Egypt to the present day.

The Dead Sea, as well as the waters of Cuba, have yielded natural asphalt, and various deposits have been found in veins in this and other countries, but the most remarkable deposit, because of its combined uniformity, largeness of area, and apparently inexhaustible supply, is the Lake of Trinidad.

From this source is secured most of the natural asphalt used for modern commercial purposes.

The multiplication of uses, to which it has been found that natural asphalt is particularly adapted, have extended most helpfully to the farm.

In the form of prepared roofing it makes a covering of positive and lasting waterproof qualities, and has the added

advantage of being in such form that any handy man about the farm can apply it to any of the buildings.

Then the asphalt prepared in the form of cement is invaluable for rendering damp-proof the walls of cellars, dairy-houses, concrete floors or any similar surface.

Again we find that asphalt paint does invaluable work in protecting all kinds of iron and steel-work such as fences, girders and the like from rust and all corroding influences.

And in yet another form, as a wood-preserved, natural asphalt effects almost incalculable savings.

Fence-posts dipped and impregnated with it can be made to last indefinitely. The same can be said of planks or lumber of any kind which are likely to be used in damp places. In fact natural asphalt has come to be relied upon for thorough waterproofing anywhere—above ground or below.

Natural asphalt is one of the most potent agents the farmer of today can employ to help him reduce the upkeep expense of the farm, and should be welcomed and used by the intelligent farmer for every possible purpose that it can be put to, because of its unmistakable value.

Teething Troubles in Horses

At this season of the year horses often thrive badly even if they receive a fair allowance of corn the cause being that they are casting their teeth, and therefore cannot grind their food properly, while the roof of the mouth may be sore with lampas, a complaint common among young horses. The worst sufferers are undoubtedly three-year-olds, as they are just putting up the central pair of permanent teeth, so that they cannot pick up their food with any comfort until the new ones grow up level with the others. It sometimes happens that the temporary teeth do not come out soon enough to allow the others to grow up in their proper place. An inspection of all young horses is therefore necessary in order to discover whether the temporary incisors have given place to the permanent ones and that each tooth is growing up in its proper position.

The soreness of the mouth of a three-year-old often makes it an awkward animal to bridle, and if the bit is put into the mouth in such a clumsy manner that it causes pain the colt fights against it, and may easily develop into the habit of tossing up its head, and refusing to have the bridle on. Boys or novices should not be set to put the bridle on a colt which is at all sensitive about the mouth. It is quite as necessary to look into the mouths of young horses at grass, as they are liable to the same teething disorders, whether they are working or playing, or whether they are light or heavy in type. The great point is to make sure that none of the colt's teeth remain in the mouth after their work is done, and that each of the permanent ones is in its proper position.

Preservation of Eggs

During the month of spring and early summer, when eggs are usually plentiful, it will pay the poultry keeper to consider the preservation of surplus eggs for use during the winter months. The methods adopted are simple and the expense attendant on the preservation very small. There are many ways in which the freshness can be ensured even at the end of six or nine months. Lime water until recent years was a favorite method, the pickle being made by mixing a pint of unslaked lime with a gallon of water. The eggs were placed in layers in stone jars and the lime solution poured over them and filled up from time to time. Many eggs are preserved each year in layers of salt, and others buttered so as to fill up the pores of the shells.

Waterglass or silicate of soda, which is largely used, maintains the quality of the contents of the eggs for a considerable period. There are, however, important considerations no matter what pickle is used, the chief being that as far as possible the eggs shall be absolute-

ly new laid. All eggs should be collected from pens or flocks of hens kept without a male bird, as experience teaches that infertile eggs keep fresh longer than those which contain a living germ. Cleanliness is most essential, so that the pores of the shells may be able to receive whatever solution is there. The stone vessels should be stored in a cellar or cool place not less than 33 deg. or more than 45 deg.

The College goes to the Farm

By Aubrey Fullerton.

In their efforts to convince the public that education applied to the farm is a good thing the leaders in agricultural reform in Canada have developed some novel but very successful plans. They are making farm education popular. There are four provincial agricultural colleges in Canada and two others are about to be established. The oldest of these schools, the Ontario Agricultural College dates from 1874 and has now an annual enrollment of over a thousand students. Private beneficence has put the Macdonald institution at Sainte Anne, Quebec, on an exceptionally good footing. The new University of Saskatchewan began its work two years ago with particular emphasis upon agriculture, and Alberta will shortly make provision along similar lines. Manitoba has had a good school in running order for some years, and the Nova Scotia Agricultural College at Truro has won fame.

It was felt long ago, however, that the building of colleges would not itself solve the problem of farm education. The farmers were somewhat skeptical. Many of them refused to send their boys. College-trained farmers were discounted. In short, farm education was not popular. The Ontario Agricultural College, otherwise known as the O. A. C., hit upon the plan of demonstrating itself. It invited the farmers themselves to come to college for a day's visit and see with their own eyes what it had to offer to their sons. Farmers' excursions were organized, and country people in every part of the province were invited to take advantage of them. Whole families came, were entertained and went home with a better appreciation of the farming-school system. Prejudices were overcome, and by the grace of hospitality the college tactfully advertised itself.

That was ten or twelve years ago. The immediate need of self-advertisement has now passed, for the O.A.C. has reached a solid place in the esteem of Canadian farmers, and they send their boys to it willingly. The excursions are still being continued. They have become annual events in the country-life calendar of Ontario. During the greater part of every June some thirty thousand farm people go to Guelph for a day's outing, are welcomed and shown the sights, and a kind of family good feeling is thus kept up between the college and the farm that often has far-reaching effects. In many cases it is the only holiday that the farmer allows himself and he enjoys it accordingly.

The railroads provide special trains and excursion rates. Guelph is centrally located, and the trains are scheduled to arrive shortly before noon, each day's contingent numbering from 800 to 1,500 men, women and children. Lunch is served in one of the college buildings. It is an informal but substantial function, for the college people are generous hosts. Every item on the bill-of-fare, except the tea and coffee, is produced on the college farm, and practical demonstration is thus given of what good butter and cheese and bread really are. The lunch is followed by a short address of welcome, which includes a statement of the college's aims and methods. Naturally the emphasis is put upon its practical rather than its academic side.

In the afternoon the excursionists make a personally conducted tour of the college farm. One of the professors or instructors accompanies each party, stopping at one demonstration plot after another and explaining what it is and what process of culture it represents. This itself has been found to be of great

educational value, and farmers have taken away hints that they have afterward put into effect on their own farms. The afternoon's rounds include inspection of the orchards, the stock barns, the

dairy rooms and the creameries. Meanwhile the women have been introduced to the modern excellence of the college's domestic science department. When train-time comes the college visitors go

back to their homes with the satisfaction that follows a well-spent holiday, and they also feel that the business of farming has a dignity and importance greater than they had thought.

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Children

The Little Master—V

"Donald," said little Elspat, "is that a goshawk?"

"A goshawk it is, my little lady," said Donald, the falconer, stroking the bird that was perched on his wrist; "and as fine a one as is in Scotland this day. Look at the beauty of him; see how he holds his head up. That's for pride, d'ye see? The goshawk is a proud bird—like a lord among birds he is, as it might be my, Lord, your father."

"Is he jolly?" asked the little girl.

"Jolly?" repeated Donald. "I don't rightly know whether he is jolly or not, little Lady; but his crop is full of good corn, and he knows he is going out for sport soon to the greenwood. Yes, yes! Jolly enough he will be, I'm thinking."

"Why don't you ask him?" said Elspat. "Cannot all goshawks speak?"

"Never a one that e'er I met with, my Lady!" said the falconer, with a puzzled look. "What notion is in your pretty head, now? Parrots speak, and the like outlandish birds, but a good Scottish hawk—nay, nay! He has other work to do than talking; that is only good for chattering mortals."

"I know what she means," said the Little Master, who was standing by one of the perches, feeding a splendid falcon, who shook his smooth plumage and claw-

"'Tis pretty all the same," said Elspat; "and ye need not be calling me child, Alan, that are none so very old yourself. Would you like to hear it, Donald?" she asked wistfully.



Playmates

"Deed and I would then!" said the falconer, heartily. "Any t'ing that you told would be good to hear, my little



A Good Catch

ed the boy's sleeve for pleasure as he snatched one morsel after another from his hand. "She is thinking of the 'Jolly Goshawk' that Mother sang us last evening. That is not true, Elspat. 'Tis only an old story, like all the ballads."

"Nay, but some of them are true, Alan!" cried the little girl; "true as true, for Mother said so."

Lady-lass; and when 'tis about a hawk, ye see" why—'tis as it were made for me. d'ye see? And who knows but the birds themselves will be pleased?" he added, stroking his favorite again. "Listen now, Lightning; hear to the little Lady!"

The hawk gave a short scream and clawed Donald's hand.

"Go on," he says, said the falconer. "He's hungry for it."

"Well," said Elspat, "it was a young knight was parted from his true maiden; mostly they all do be," she added a little sadly. "And he called his jolly goshawk and told him 'twas well he could speak and flee, for he must take a message to his true love from him."

"But how will I know her?" asked the hawk "when I never set eyes on her." So he told him four-and-twenty ladies would be coming home from the kirk and well he would know his true love, the fairest lady there. So off the bird flew and came to the castle and lighted on the ash tree and sang a song about their love the knight's and the lady's. So when the sweet lady heard that she came to the window, and the goshawk threw her the letter he had brought in his beak all the way. And he said she was to send her lover a send, for he had sent her two, and tell him where he might see her soon or he could not live.

Then the lady said—wait now till I mind the words! She said:

I send him the heart from out my breast,
The garland frae my hair;

I send him the heart from out my breast,
What would my love have air?

And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland
Ye'll bid him wait for me there."



Flowers for Mother

"Oh, yes! the fighting ballads," said the boy; "they are true enough; but this kind is—well, it's different. 'Tis next neighbor to a fairy story, child."

"Then the goshawk flew back and the lady went to her father and asked would he give her what she wanted. And he told her she must never ask him for that Scottish knight, for never more should she see him.

"Nay, she said, but just an asking; that if she died in fair England he would take her to Scotland to be buried. At the first kirk in Scotland they should let all the bells be rung; at the second kirk they would sing hymns and prayers for her; at the third kirk they would deal gold for her sake; and at the fourth kirk they would bury her. Is that right, Alan?"

"Right enough," said the Little Master; "but the best part is to come."

"I know! I know!" cried Elspat. "Her father said yes, she might have that asking, but why did she talk so when she wasna going to die? And then she went to her chamber and she took a sleepy-draft, and she fell down all pale and cold as any corpse. 'She's dead!' said her mother. But the old witch-wife said 'Maybe and maybe no! But drop the hot lead on her cheek, and drop it on her chin, and drop it on her bosom white, and she'll maybe speak again.' For she knew about her true love, ye see, Donald,

and she said it was much a young lady would do to win to her true love. So they did that, cruel that they were, but she never stirred nor spake, so they thought



Love's Young Dream

she was dead indeed, and they made her a gown of satin, and a coffin of cedar with silver edges, and they started with the funeral train for bonny Scotland. But now, d'ye see, Donald, the goshawk had told his master all she bade him, and when the funeral train came to the fourth kirk in bonny Scotland there was the knight with all his merry young men waiting for them. And he bade them set down the bier till he should look on her; for the last time he saw her, she was bright as a rose, he said. So then he stripped the sheet down from her face and—oh, Donald! what think you? The lady opened her eyes and looked full at him. And 'Oh,' she said, 'give me a piece of your bread, love, and let me drink of your cup, for long I have fasted for your sake.' And she bade her seven brothers that brought her there go home again and blow their horns. And she said she did not come to bonny Scotland to lie down in the clay, but she came to wear the silks so gay; nor came she among the dead to rest, but she came to bonny Scotland to the man that she loved best. And that is the end, Donald; and is it not a bonny story? and d'ye think Lightning undersood it?"

"And if he did not," said Donald, "he is not the hawk I take him for."



The Evening Hour

Don't Shiver Next Winter Have A Warm House

A COLD HOUSE cannot help being a damp house. Muscular rheumatism, la grippe, pneumonia and neuralgia are often caused by continued exposure to a cold, damp atmosphere. Install a McClary's Sunshine furnace in your home this summer and next winter you can defy the zero days. A Sunshine furnace will make your home worth living in—warm, cozy, comfortable and healthful.

The Cost of a Sunshine

The cost of a McClary's Sunshine furnace is no more, or as much, as you have often paid for an agricultural implement. Yet no agricultural implement is one half so important to your health and to the welfare of your family. A Sunshine furnace is the cheapest protection against winter sickness that you can invest your money in.

Requires Little Attention

As far as taking care of a Sunshine furnace, it's almost no trouble at all. It only takes a minute to open the wide, double feed doors and throw in two or three shovels of coal—or a big chunk of wood if you have any you wish to burn up.

Then it requires only another minute to fill up the water pan, which is conveniently and correctly placed over the feed doors. By so locating the water pan, the moisture, as it is evaporated, takes the short, direct route to the rooms and the proper humidity of the atmosphere is obtained.

No old-fashioned, back-breaking shaking to McClary's Sunshine, either. You simply "rock" a handle, to and fro, about six times, and the ashes fall into the ash pan. Then to take out the ash pan and empty is a small chore. Taking care of a Sunshine furnace requires less work than one ordinary heating stove.

And, mind you, when rocking down the ashes, no dust escapes to go up into the house and settle on and injure the furnishings. It all goes up a sure-acting dust flue, and thence up the chimney. McClary's experienced furnace builders have simply thought of every little, as well as every big thing, to make the Sunshine the cleanest, most convenient, healthful, durable and economical furnace in the world.

Fire Under Control From Upstairs

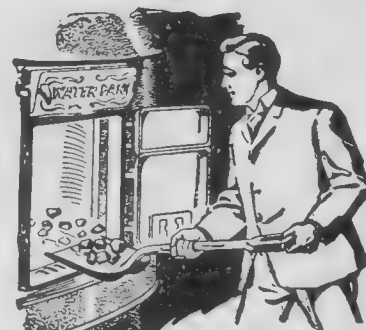
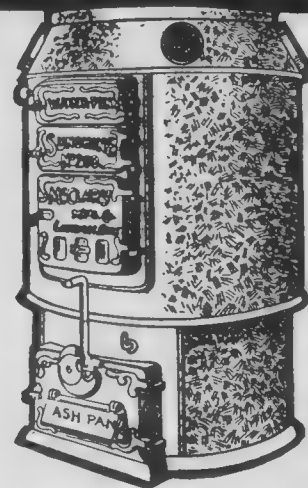
The fire, for instance, is always under control without going down cellar. By merely pulling up a chain from, say the hall on the ground floor, you can make the fire burn up briskly in a few minutes. If too warm another chain will check the fire. The only time you need go down to the Sunshine is to put in two or three shovels of coal night and morning.

Very Economical on Fuel

McClary's Sunshine is very economical on fuel. Hundreds of Sunshine owners say the Sunshine burns fully a third less coal than other furnaces they have used. Certainly, it will heat your house to your satisfaction! We, the largest stove and furnace makers in the British Empire, guarantee it.

Our installation experts will also help you and the McClary agent in your locality to plan the arrangement of your heating system. They will also co-operate in other ways to insure the proper installation of your Sunshine furnace.

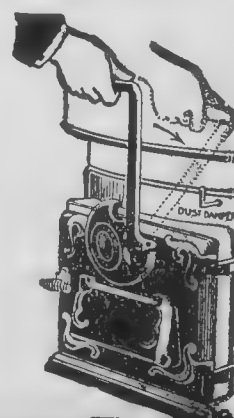
Drop a line to our nearest office for a Sunshine furnace booklet. It contains particulars about many other features of the Sunshine furnace that we could not cover in this advertisement.



Big Double Feed Doors



Filling Water Pan

"Rocking Down"
the
Ashes

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

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The Corns

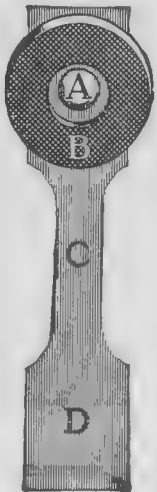
That Did Not Go

Thousands of people, asking for Blue-jay, are told something else is better. Some amateur creation, some out-of-date liquid. When it fails, they think Blue-jay also fails. But it doesn't. While you putter with corns, Blue-

jay is removing a million corns a month. It stops the pain instantly. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

Doctors employ it. Every user endorses it. It is modern and scientific.

Try it on that stubborn corn which "just as good" things don't help. On the corn you have doctored and pared and eased. Let Blue-jay take it out.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B Stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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Physicians gladly supplied for tests.

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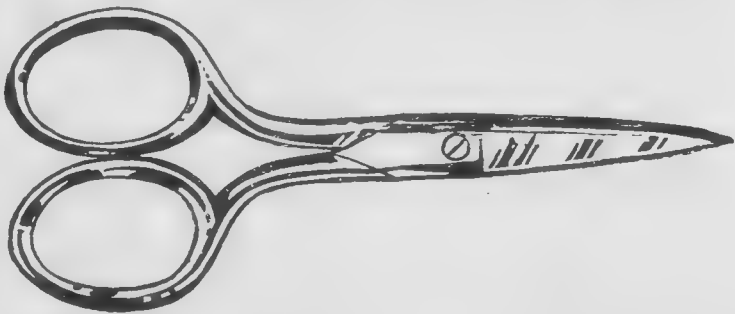
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Temperance Talk

Reckoning With Rum

A thick set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes. I've been figuring my account with old alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I have been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around and then threw me into a ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"Then came a time when this funeral business landed on me like a pile-driver. Inside of a year four or five of the men I had known best, the men I had loved best, the men who had been my real friend, and my companions, died, one after another. Also some other friends developed physical derangements I knew were directly traceable to too much liquor. Both the deaths and the derangements had liquor as a contributing, if not a direct cause. Nobody said that, of course; but I knew it. So I held caucus with myself. I called myself into convention and discussed the proposition somewhat like this:

"You are now over forty years of age. You are sound physically and you are no weaker mentally than you have always been, so far as can be discovered by the outside world. You have had a lot of fun, much of it complicated with the conviviality that comes with drinking and much of it not so complicated; but you have done your share of plain and fancy drinking, and it hasn't landed you yet. There is absolutely no nutriment in being dead. That gets you nothing save a few obituary notices you will never see. There is even less in being sick and sidling around in everybody's way. It's as sure as sunset, if you keep on at your present gait, that Mr. John Barleycorn will land you just as he has landed a lot of other people you know and knew. There are two



Naval officer's wedding at Esquimalt, B.C. Officers of H.M.C.S. Rainbow dragging the Automobile from the Church

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—Exchange.

Cutting It Out

When Sam Blythe cuts a thing out, consider it cut out. Moreover, one may be sure that when he cuts a thing there is a reason for it, and here is his reason for cutting liquor: "I had taken good care of myself physically, and I knew I was sound everywhere. I wasn't sure how long I could keep sound and continue drinking. So I decided to stop drinking and keep sound. I noticed that a good many men of the same age as myself and the same habits as myself were beginning to show signs of wear and tear. A number of them blew up with various disconcerting maladies and a number more died. Soon after I was forty years of age I noticed I began to go to funerals oftener than I had been doing—funerals of men between forty and forty-five whom I had known socially and convivially; that these funerals occurred quite regularly, and that the doctor's certificate, more times than not, gave Bright's disease and other similar diseases in the cause-of-death column. All of these funerals were of men who were good fellows, and we mourned their loss. Also we generally took a few drinks to their memories.

The Grapple Plant

Did you ever read a description of an African thorn called the grapple plant or hook-thorn? It reminds me of the power which ardent spirits have over their victims. It grows along the ground, or trails its long branches along from the trees, and when in bloom is very beautiful in appearance, covered with its large and abundant blossoms of a rich purple hue. But these branches are closely covered with sharp barbed thorns set in pairs. These are bad enough, but, as the plant matures and the purple petals fall off the seed-vessels are developed; and these are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked thorns. This seed-vessel splits along the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so as to form an array of hooks pointing in opposite directions.

These thorns are as sharp as needles and steel-like in strength; and if but one catches the unwary traveller's coat-sleeve he is held a prisoner at once. His first movement to escape bends the long, slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point upon him. Struggling to escape only trebles the number of the thorned enemies. The only way

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FREE

of escape is to wait a moment, and cut off the clinging seed-vessels carefully, and then, when clear of the bush, remove them one by one. This plant was often fatal to the English soldiers in the Kaffir wars, seizing and holding a man prisoner until the weapon of the wary Kaffir chided his heart.

Every drinking saloon is a living, matured grapple plant. And so long as they are licensed places of resort they will be sure of plenty of victims. Once caught, it is almost impossible to escape. Only an entire cutting off can save one. When the sword of the law can sever the root of the error, there will be hope. If a man is too tightly held to free himself, and if the plant still is left to throw out its enticement to him, either he will fall, or in some way must be taken beyond the reach of the snare.

The safest thing to be done is to root out the plant altogether. And if this cannot be done, and a continual contest is to be kept up with those constantly and newly caught in old branches, let us do all we can to prevent their spreading, and to save such as we may from those that do infest the land.—W. H. Eagler, in "Church Advocate."

Not Another Drop

A commercial traveller entered a railway carriage. A shout of welcome rose from a number of his acquaintances who were there before him. They had drunk with them and in them, and they offered him the bottle. He refused. They pressed him to drink, but in vain. Their solicitations, jeers and mocking laughter had no effect upon him. What had made him thus suddenly turn abstainer? they asked, and he told them as follows:

"Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than 25, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he had not seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you think it was? A pair of baby shoes; little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'm; I want a drink."

"You had better take those back to your wife. The baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home, now; died last night."

As he said this the poor fellow broke down bowed his head on the show case, and cried like a child. "Boys," said the traveller, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence. No one laughed, the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—The Spectator.

Bare Feet are Shod

The public-houses had all been closed in an Eastern American village. A leading merchant of the town tells the following story:—

A woman, poorly dressed and very timid, came into his store one day. She had not been used to buying many things.

"What can I do for you," inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had public-houses, but now they are closed he does not drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go to town today and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

Regulating the Elephant

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had trampled on were sure of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route he is going to take, and make him pay."

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan; regulate him, regulate him," shouted the crowd. So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitution and by-laws and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a number of gardens they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gatekeepers, and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the elephant regulated.

Slowly the great feet tramped onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and with a sniff of contempt the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well," exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulating plan would have worked first rate if the elephant hadn't been a little too strong for obstruction."

The elephant's name was whisky.—Alliance News.

Take a Drop.

"Come in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Irishman to another.

"No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died."

"Well, what about Tim?"

"He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began to drop business in Garney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a little bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He dropped his place, he dropped his coat and hat, he dropped his money; he dropped everything. Poor Tim! But the worst is to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man. And the last time I saw him he was taking his last drop with a slipping noose around his neck. I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen too many good fellows when whisky had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle then they dropped into the gutter, and then they dropped into the grave. No rum-seller can get a drop in me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."—Selected.

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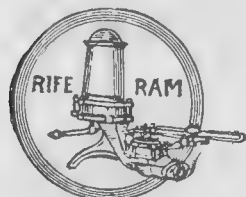
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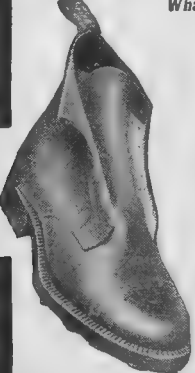
Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

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'Arold—Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?

Jimmie—No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an' got it sunburnt.—Sketch (London).

Pride

As we wander along through this vale of tears.

It is plain among other things, That no song is as sweet to a donkey's ears

As the song that the donkey sings.

The Way Out

A well-known physician, says "The Boston Herald," was on his way to his office one winter morning when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down the street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the icy pavement they both slipped and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their pedal extremities considerably entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the



SS. Karluk, sailing for the Arctic, signals farewell to the cheers of the British Warship

proper thing to say or do under the trying circumstances the problem was solved by the quick-witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains."

How She Pleased the Bishop

A well-known Bishop, while visiting at a bride's new home for the first time, was awakened quite early by the soft tones of a soprano voice singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As the Bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his young hostess must possess to enable her to begin her day's work in such a beautiful frame of mind.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was. "Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."

Very Obliging

Mary Ann: "Oh, sir, I believe I've swallowed a drawing-pin!"
Artist (absent-mindedly): "Never mind, here's another!"

Not the Kind She Wanted

"Which way, please, to the corset department?" she asked of the floor-walker.

"Straight back, madam."

"No, not straight back," was the reply. "I want a straight front."

Ethel's Guess

A Southern mother was questioning her little daughter in geography.

"Who was the first to go through the Straits of Magellan?" she asked.

"Magellan, with his squadron, quickly replied the child.

"What do you understand by his squadron, Ethel?"

The question was not in the book, but Ethel was quite equal to the emergency.

"Why, it's one of those women that ain't quite white, mother."

Her Idea of Remembrance

Two negroes were talking about a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which funeral there had been a profusion of floral tributes. Said the cook: "Dat's all very well, Mandy; but when I dies I don't want no flowers on my grave. Jes' plant a good old water-melon-vine; an' when she gits ripe you come dar, an' don't you eat it, but jes' bus' it on de grave, an' let de good old juice dribble down thro' de ground!"

His Unlucky Days

Seated in a row on the porch of an old-country inn, with their chairs tipped back, some old cronies were going on about unlucky days. After all had given what they considered their unlucky days a quiet old chap at one end spoke up:

"Aa'll tell ye ma unlucky days. Aa's fund out in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck wi' leetening on a Monday; or te be caught wiv a circular saw on a Tuesday; or te tumble owerboard on a Wednesday; or te be run ower by a motor-car on a Thursday; or lose a ten-pun note on a Friday; or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and hev nowt for dinner on the Sunday!"

Merely a Suggestion on His Part

The last applicant for help found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the grape-arbor with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"

Why He Knew

A prominent Judge, who was an enthusiastic golfer, had occasion to question a boy witness in a criminal suit.

"Now, my boy," said the Judge, "are you sure that you know the nature and significance of an oath—that is, what an oath really means?"

The boy looked up at the Judge in surprise, and then answered:

"Why, of course I do, Judge. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"

Asthma Cannot Last when the greatest of all asthma specifics is used. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy assuredly deserves this exalted title. It has countless cures to its credit which other preparations had failed to benefit. It brings help to even the most severe cases and brings the patient to a condition of blessed relief. Surely suffering from asthma is needless when a remedy like this is so easily secured.

Was Subject to Hot Flushes, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

Mrs. J. CARROL, Mount View, Ont., writes:—"I am an elderly woman now, and about two years ago I became faint, was subject to hot flushes, palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath. I went to a doctor but seemed to remain the same, until one of my neighbors recommended MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I gladly followed the advice, and am to-day a strong, robust woman, and I thank MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS for my present state of health, and have recommended them to all who I have learned of suffering from heart trouble."

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Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

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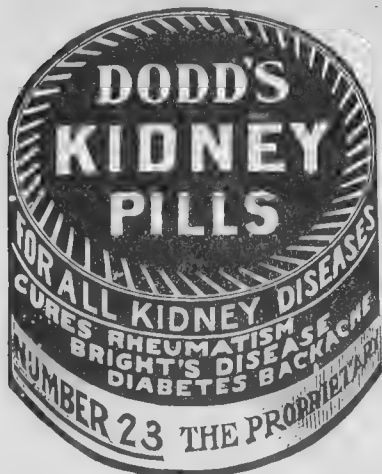


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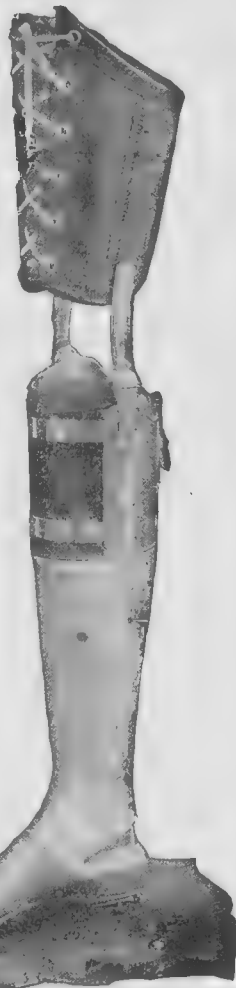
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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Farmers' Wives Have a Better Time of It Than Plato Makes Out

Sask., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I was reading the April number of the W.H.M. and came across a letter from a person who signs himself Plato. I read his letter through and when I had come to the end I thought that he knew very little about the farm and its surroundings. He says he wonders at so many women taking up the cudgel on behalf of farm life. I don't think he needs to wonder at all, for if he was around here where I am, he would not meet a woman who is not satisfied with her lot on the farm. I have heard women whose husbands have business places in the city advising young women to become farmers' wives, so I think Plato's reasoning is a little out there. Again, he says, "If he were forced to live at either place he would choose the city." but my choice is the farm. However that is nothing as everyone has his or her own likes and dislikes. Plato says again that "no one can deny that country life is narrowing and knowledge is bound to be one-sided that is gained only by reading." I wonder where he got his knowledge from. By reading, or did he ever go to school? I am pretty sure that he gained it by reading, as his is very much one-sided on the farm question anyway. Neither do all the farmers who make their fortune rush to the city as Plato terms it. He also says that in the city the poorest enjoy the pleasures that are denied the farmer. A statement I very much doubt, for I cannot see where the poor people can enjoy themselves in the way Plato means, when they are almost starving, and there are thousands of those in the cities, even in prosperous Canada. No, that takes a little thinking. It seems to me that Plato is writing about olden times for he certainly cannot be up-to-date on such matters. The women on the farms are sometimes out driving and visiting neighbors, such like doesn't seem all work if Plato could see them sometimes. And as far as music is concerned, I have yet to go to a house where there is not a musical instrument of some kind, and good musicians too. I have heard more music since I came to the West than any other place. We have also a church here that gets a larger congregation than any of the towns around us, and the nearest town is seven miles. I hope that when Plato writes again about farmers' wives he will have more modern ideas, not those of 1882 and 1883.

Pippen.

The Funnel-Formed Fiend

A coppery-yellow sky, dull grey at edge, Heat that moved in oppressive waves or lay
A smothering pall o'er the land. No breeze was there;
Never a grass-blade stirred. The beasts Scented the air in suspicion, hied them Together in herds, and in a stampede of terror
Sought the nearest coulee. Wary young prairie fowl,
Clear-visioned saw in yon low-lying cloud,

Small yet as a man's hand, perchance their old enemy
The hawk, and flew screaming away to safety.
Only human guessed not that danger approached,
Then 'mid the silence of nature, the land
Awaiting it, knew not what, was rent and scorched
As if by vengeance, long held in check, but now
Breaking its bonds, and thirsting for blood.
Out from the mouth of hell it burst, blazing
Its trail of woe,—a comet-like fiend, waiting not
To count toll, but sweeping before it, like houses of cards.
All that lay in its path. With a sudden roar that drowned
Screams and prayers of the stricken it passed;
One more moment, and it has gone, The sun
Half rimmed in its setting sends one golden shaft
Over the gloom of death and destruction below.

—F. G. Bayne.

A Western Farmer

Alta., May, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for over two years and think it is a fine paper. I am a farmer in sunny Alberta, and I have homesteaded four years, and have made a great success of it. I find it a little bit hard to get along baching and working so much land, but I quite agree with Dido in the May number. I am 24 years of age, so I go by what he says, "I will soon know my own mind. I think that "Maple Leaf" put in a very good letter. It is true, a woman cannot work outside and inside at the same time. I would never expect a woman to do any outdoor work unless it was absolutely necessary. As far as the baching part of it goes I fare pretty well, but I long to see the day when I will have a wife of my own to cook for me. Now, girls I will be glad to hear from any of you, who may care to write. I will answer all letters. My address will be with the Editor, and I will sign myself

Bachelor Bill.

How Much Influence Has a Woman in a Man's Life

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—In looking through the correspondence column of the W.H.M., I notice that there are some new subjects introduced for discussion from time to time, and I think that the "Power of Influence" introduced by Fern in the May issue is a good subject to consider. "How much influence has a woman in a man's life?" "How closely must she come in contact with him in order to influence him?" Now these are hard questions to answer, but as I have been a lonely wanderer, I have some idea what effect the influence a woman has on a man in that position. I have worked on the farm as a farm laborer and also at odd jobs in town. I have worked on the gangs at railroad construction and also in the logging camps, and everywhere you go, it seems to be natural for the man to seek the society of the woman. Why should this be? The power of their influence is an attraction to them. I asked a young football player once, if he was going to play in the club's team this season, and he answered, "I have signed on, but I have no girl yet," and I asked why the girl? and he answered, "When I know that there is someone looking, I can do a great deal better than I can when I have nobody at all." And I believe that he was right. The influence of a lady friend will put energy into a man. A sympathetic smile will lift the burden off the weary wanderer, and a smile of approval for a service done, will win you much respect. I will close now signing myself

Busy Body.

PARALYSED AND COULD NOT WALK

"Fruit-a-tives" Completely Restored New Brunswick Merchant To Health.



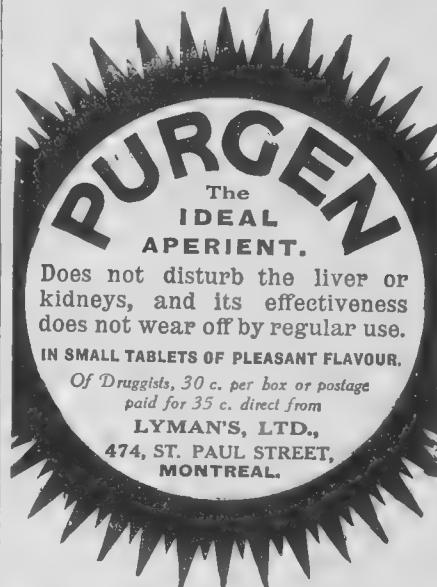
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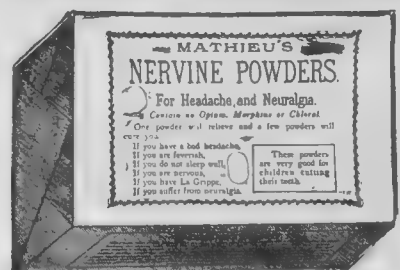
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A Farmer's Daughter.

Ontario, May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your ideal magazine for nearly two years, but have at last got up enough courage to write. A sister of mine, teaching in Manitoba and boarding in a house where they took the W.H.M., liked it so well that when she came home she sent for it. She is now teaching about thirteen miles from here, but sends us each copy when she is finished with it. We take a large number of papers but it is my favorite. I am a farmer's daughter, living on a farm near the capital of Canada. I wonder how many of the readers of the W.H.M. have been in Ottawa. It is a very pretty city. I love the country, especially at this time of the year, and do not think I would like city life. I can dance a little, and like it fine, and do not mind a quiet game of cards once in a while. I would like to hear from any who care to write.

Milkmaid.

Wants Irish Correspondents

May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I first learned to appreciate your splendid paper in the Old Country, (I am an Irishman), and I still continue to read and enjoy it. Although I am not a subscriber I am now living with the friend who used to send it to me and I bade "good-bye" to the little cottage home in the green Isle in the East, and came to this great country to seek my fortune, and we two jolly Irish bachelors share the pleasure of the W.H.M. together. We thoroughly enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column, and sometimes have a lively discussion and criticising the writers' opinions. I will not venture to give any of our opinions now, on the subjects your correspondents have dealt with, as I intend this letter to be as short as possible. I have been in Canada a little more than twelve months, and certainly like the country well. How it compares with dear old Ireland, I will not say. I would like some of the Irish girls in this country to write to me, and I will try to answer all correspondence.

Handy Andy.

Wants Information

British Columbia, June, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been a silent reader of this fine paper for the last five years, and as I have not noticed many correspondents from B.C., I think it is about time a start was made. I am not a homesteader but I would very much like to become one, and I am thinking of going to Alberta or Saskatchewan this fall. I would not like to leave my position here (as I have a good one in a saw mill, and every month makes it better for me) without knowing something about these provinces. Would some of you kind readers kindly write and give me a little advice in regard to this? By doing so you will greatly oblige. I am eighteen years of age and would like to correspond with girls from Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Cottonwood.

May I Come Too?

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—May I come too, and join the happy circle, as really, it is very inviting when one reads the number of interesting letters which appear in the correspondence column every month? And do you ever notice how extremely well everyone seems to enjoy and appreciate the Western Home Monthly? Judging by myself I can very well imagine how pleased each member is when the magazine makes its monthly visit. I notice in the last month's issue that "The Doctor" has returned. While all were severely scolding him, I must say that I think the members were extremely hard on "The Doctor." I think he just wrote that letter to see how the many readers would take it, and if they would prove to be more lady-like than some of his patients appear to be, which he mentioned in his last letter. And have they? Am I not right "Doctor?" Never mind, come again, I for one enjoyed your letters. I must

also state that I did enjoy "A Reader's" letter so much, also "Bashful Sandy," both appearing in the March number. Now, boys, in those letters you will find good advice. Try it. I notice that some of the members still describe themselves so I will too, in case the many readers will imagine me to be an old maid, but I am not, as I am not yet twenty, and as for good looks, I will leave that for some one else to judge. What is the matter with "X.Y.Z." I wonder, he has not written to the paper for a long time. I would like to see another letter from him, also "Rainbow" and a number of our old members. I would be glad to receive letters from either boys or girls. My address is with the Editor.

Bonnie Sweet Bessie.

From Scotland Yet

May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I receive The Western Home Monthly from a friend in Canada. I think it is a very interesting paper, especially the correspondence column. I live on a farm, and am interested in all kinds of farm work. I can yoke and drive a horse, and can also ride quite a bit. I see by some of the letters that they do not believe in dancing, but I am very fond of it, and there is nothing I like better than a good Scotch reel or "blue bonnets." I think dancing is very good for smartening up young people and giving them a good figure. I play the violin. If any one would like to correspond with me, I should be very glad to answer their letters. I will close now, wishing your paper every success, and hoping to see this letter in print will sign myself,

The Scotch Blue Bell.

Marriage is Not a Failure

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the W.H.M. and the cause of it is the publication of a letter in your May issue over the pen name of "A Confirmed Bachelor." His letter made me sit up and take notice, for it is the most disgraceful bit of sophistry that I have read for many a day. It would be interesting to know just what causes a man's mind to become so morbid as to render him capable of condemning the sacred bonds of matrimony. Marriage, we have good reasons to believe, is the moral foundation of society—of our nation, and upon its success or failure depends our whole social system. We will rise or fall just in proportion to the success or failure of our married people. Surely our correspondent doesn't think this nation is on the downward road to destruction—or on the verge of disparity and immorality! No marriage is not a failure by any means. It is only those who should not marry, and do, that makes a failure of it. It is the people who are the failure, and not the system itself. It is the few who go about with a lugubrious face thrusting their imagined woes under the nose of an unsympathizing society instead of fighting through the fog of ignorance to the sunshine of man's humanity to man. Marriage is never a failure when founded on love, toleration and common sense. One of the difficulties experienced in married life is the shock occasioned when they each find out that the other is only human after all. In her hearts of hearts the woman has made a sort of idol of the man she is to marry. It is the same with the man regarding the woman, but on a much smaller scale, for men are not capable of loving so intensely and as steadfastly as women. Men haven't risen as far above the animal as woman. This may sound a little unjust, but it is only necessary to point out that when a woman falls she is forever branded with the shame of her sin, and scorned by the very ones who caused her downfall, while a man may commit the same sin and society will only wink at the incident, which is soon forgotten. This goes to show that woman living on a higher plane, as she does, violates more of the laws of nature and customs than does man by the same act. When a man falls he hasn't far to go before he strikes bottom. And I venture to say that about nine tenths of the trouble in married life is caused not by the woman, but by the man, who

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MR. JOHN BRIGGS, Whitewood, Sask., writes:—"I am sending you this testimonial out of pure gratitude, as I am not a believer in patent medicines, but I got so run down, that I became quite willing to give anything a trial. I paid a visit to our local druggist, and told him I was suffering intense agony with my back. He told me I had kidney trouble, and handed me a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, saying it was the best thing he could possibly give me. I tried them, and the effect was certainly marvelous. They are worth \$10 a box of anybody's money, and I would not be without a box by me. I certainly owe my present condition to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS."

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

still clings to the theory that there should be two standards of morality. I am heartily glad that women are beginning to grasp their opportunities and are able to go out into the world and earn a decent living. With all my heart I say "let them." They quite deserve the fresh air they get. It is splendid to see them competing with their brothers. Brains! Why, they have any amount of brains. They make some of us "lords of creation" look like two cents. Just a word regarding the suffrage question: I will be sincerely glad when the women have the chance to vote—that is their's by right. It would be of interest to me and many others, perhaps, to know by what authority we mere males deny them a right that is undoubtedly their own. Is it really because we wish to protect them from harm? Or isn't it a case of "might makes right?" More likely it is because we feel a sort of exhilarating joy in pitting our brute strength against her frailty and more sensitive nature and showing her we are boss, because we are the biggest? Despicable cads that some men are, to say by voice or action that women are incapable of casting a sensible vote. Have men forgotten that their mothers are women? And is it a fact, then, that women are here for the one and only purpose of bringing men into the world to train them to be their superiors. Or are the laws of heredity so unerring that they always place the dividing line between the male and the female and blesses the male with an abundance of brains and curses the female by lack of them? Of course not. Yet this very thing is implied by every man who dares say that woman is his inferior and is not capable of having a voice in the governing of the country in which she lives. In concluding, I wish to say to "A Confirmed Bachelor" if you are what your name implies, then please let the women go in peace. It won't do for you to hand out too much of that stuff that you are pleased to call "advice" without first having a little experience in married life, and don't forget that it was, doubtless, through a successful marriage that you are alive, and have a right to fill in your little niche in this world—a right that you should not abuse by attempting to catalog all marriages as failures, and by indirectly condemning the sacred bonds that gave you the "breath of life." Just break through the clouds that are dimming your horizon and see if you cannot find on the other side the silver lining. I should like to take you by the hand and show you that there is a much brighter side to life in general than you have pictured, and that marriage is not a failure.

"Dumpy."

Wants More Correspondents

Man., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of the correspondence column, for a long time, and now I have gathered up courage to write. I do not think there could be a better magazine published than The Western Home Monthly. It is with deep interest that I look forward to its arrival, with its fine intelligent, and instructive reading. I am not joining this circle with a view to matrimony, as I think it is too sacred a proceeding to enter into lightly, but with the hope of adding a few more friends to my list. I will now give you a small description of my home town. It is a very pretty place, situated in a valley, on the borders of a lovely lake running eastward, and is beautifully surrounded by trees. It is quite a summer resort, so you can imagine the delightful times I spend in boating, bathing, etc. As this is my first attempt at writing to your page, I will not make it too lengthy. Those wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, which it richly deserves, I will now stop.

Sweet Marie.

Two Jolly English Girls

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Having been readers of your paper, The Western Home Monthly, for a long time, we thought we might find space in your correspondence column.

We take great pleasure in reading the different letters, and we get some very interesting information from them, in fact, we enjoy reading every page of the magazine. Well, I think we will describe ourselves. We are two business girls living in the same town, and we both have a jolly time together. We spend a great deal of our time in doing fancy work, in our leisure hours, and indulge in music. As we will sign ourselves "Hans" and "Fritz" perhaps it is best to tell which is which. "Fritz" is 5ft. in height, and has dark hair and complexion and grey eyes, "Hans" is 5ft. 7inches and has blue eyes and fair hair and complexion. Well, dear readers, we must not waste too much space in your columns, but shall be delighted to hear from those poor fellows called bachelors namely:—"The Doctor," "A Western Guy," "A Confirmed Bachelor," and Gus." Any letters will be answered promptly. Our address is with the Editor.

"Hans and Fritz"

All Should Try Farming

Sask., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Will you kindly allow two lonely English boys a small space in your correspondence column, one a subscriber and both very interested readers. We have both been out in Western Canada a little over two years having both been on different farms about the same period, but thinking we would like to change from farm work we have moved into the city and have both been very fortunate in securing good positions, but we think farming a great pleasure and we think all young fellows should have a trial of it. Now, as regards doing chores, as a "Western Guy" remarks, and about having a horse and buggy, I can say that nearly all the farmers around this district let their men have a horse whenever they want it, and most of the hired men only look after the horses they work, but I used to look after 13 horses, but then I never grumbled as I could have a holiday whenever I wanted one. One thing in farm life is that the farmer and his men must work together to make the work a success. Now, as regards "Maple Leaf's" views of an ideal wife, we think that when a man marries he should not expect his wife to work outdoors at all, unless just to look after the poultry, as a woman has quite enough to do in the house without slaving at outdoor work, and now all you young fellows when you think of getting married let it be your one aim in life to look to and help your wife all you can. Another thing we are very fond of is outdoor pastimes. We are both athletic, and we find it a pleasure after a hard day's work to join in a game of football, cricket, etc. It would do young men more good than loafing around pool rooms at night.

Two Sports.

Wouldn't Be Anything But a Farmer

Alberta, May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for over two years and would not be without it for anything. The correspondence column is especially interesting to me. Your paper comes to my brother's address and as we live only a short distance apart, we agree to pay the subscription price alternately, and both have the pleasure of reading its pages. Dancing and card playing have been pretty well discussed in this column. For myself I don't see any harm in a little dance or a quiet game of cards, but it is what it leads to. The dancing parties in the West are quite a necessary and enjoyable recreation, where every one is as good as his neighbor, and all are out for a good time. The only objection I have to them is, that they are kept up so long that a person feels used up the next day or two. I certainly enjoy round dancing, but do not care very much for quadrilles. I enjoy good music, and play consider-

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

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An exceedingly interesting new book that tells about Deafness and how it can be cured right in your own home, is being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, a famous specialist known throughout the country for his great success with Deafness.

This book should be read at once by every one who is deaf, for it contains the latest information in regard to the new method of treating Deafness without any surgical operations, pain, absence from your daily work, or inconvenience.

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From cover to cover this excellent book is full of the very help and knowledge that every deaf person needs. It explains all about the formation of the ear, why the deaf cannot hear, the diseases that cause Deafness, and the reason for ringing, buzzing noises in the head and ears. It shows just how the passages of the ear get all blocked up and how the delicate inside parts get out of order. Best of all, however, it points out how Deafness and Head Noises are now being cured and clear perfect hearing restored.

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My Free Trial Treatment may Cure You

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I feel so very much better after using the 10 days' treatment of ORANGE LILY you were kind enough to send, that I will not require any more. In fact, I feel entirely well, and it is now a month since I stopped using the treatment.

(Miss) F. W. T.

Similar letters to the above are not infrequent, though, of course, such cases are not of long standing. Most women who have suffered for any length of time will require to use ORANGE LILY longer than the Trial Treatment in order to effect a complete cure, but in every case they will be perceptibly benefited. Further, the benefit will be permanent whether they continue to use ORANGE LILY or not. It is not taken internally, and does not contain any alcohol or other stimulant. It is an applied treatment, and acts directly on the suffering organs. In all cases of women's disorders, these organs are congested to a greater or less extent, and ORANGE LILY will relieve and remove this congestion just as positively and certainly as the action of ammonia or soap on soiled linen. It is a simple chemical problem, and the result is always the same, a step towards better health and complete cure.

In order that every suffering woman may prove its good qualities, I will send enough of ORANGE LILY for 10 days' treatment, absolutely free, to each lady who will send me her address. **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.**

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If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

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long before the average period. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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ably on the violin, guitar and mandolin. I am a farmer and wouldn't be anything else. I have farmed in Ontario and think farming is much easier in this western country, but I miss the fishing and fruit of which there is such abundance in Old Ontario. I am a bachelor on the sunny side of thirty and would like to hear from some of the fair sex who would care to write. My address will be with the Editor.

Lucky Jim

Wants Correspondents

Alta., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—We have been readers of your valuable paper for the past three years and find a lot of interesting news in it. We are especially interested in the correspondence page. As this is our first attempt at writing, we would be more than pleased to hear from some of the fairer sex, and will try and answer all correspondents immediately. We are both young bachelors, but don't believe in publishing our good looks. Will now close with best wishes to every one.

Rambling Pete and Roaming Lee.

number of divorces. The Rev. Philip Henry used to give two pieces of advice to his children and others, in reference to marriage. They were these: "Keep within the bounds of profession," and "Look at suitability of age, quality, education and temper." The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters. Parents should fit their daughters to be good wives, and also their sons to be good husbands. What are we in this world for, but to love God and serve him, and to love and serve one another. Love is the fulfilling of the law. I will sign myself,

Ontario Girl.

Prefers the "Mutually Happy Couple" to the Bachelor and Spinster

Alberta, May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Like a good many of your readers I find the W.H.M. hard to beat as a monthly magazine. The illustrations show that there are quite a number of pretty places even in the prairie provinces. The correspondence column continues to improve, some of the letters being very interesting, though one cannot always agree with



Some Indian subjects of King George

Marriage Should Not Be a Failure

Ont., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—If you would please afford me a little space in your columns I would like to say a few words about the subject which is being discussed, viz: Is Marriage a Failure. Surely it need not be. It is man's own fault if it is. In the beginning when all things were made, God made man the crown of creation. He said "It is not good that man should be alone," therefore, he made woman to be a companion as well as a helpmeet, and where there is no meetness there cannot be much help in marriage. Marriage and the home were instituted at the beginning of things. The first home began in the Garden of Eden. D. L. Moody says: "For man to be alone is suicide." The only chance of keeping society together is by the marvellous influence of women. The reason there are so many unhappy marriages is because young people are too frivolous and reckless. They do not fully realize the solemnity of the step they are taking. One young girl when asked if she thought of the serious step she was taking, she answered, "Oh, well! when I get tired of him I can easily have it all dissolved." If girls would only be more sure of themselves before becoming engaged, not entering into this agreement thoughtlessly or frivolously they would command the respect of every one and especially of their young man's friends as well as greatly lessen the

the sentiments expressed therein. In regard to "A Confirmed Bachelor's" letter in the May issue, no doubt there is a lot of truth in what he says, but I do not agree with him in one or two instances. I think that the "mutually happy couple" do more good in the world than an old bachelor crank or spinster. Take in the matter of adopting homeless children, church work, and any social work in the country, I don't see the usual bachelor doing much along these lines, unless, perhaps, it is eating up the good things provided by the married couples at some social festival. They are generally very good at that sort of thing, and I am speaking from experience now. And I have no doubt many fellow readers will agree with me in thinking that the school teacher who marries a farmer, and brings up a family of good Christian children, is doing more for the welfare of the country than if she remained a teacher all her life. Even if she rose to be a leading light in her profession. I also think there are lots of country girls who would help a professional man to climb the social ladder as well as any city bred girl, though I don't think that is a very high ambition. You must think I have said enough, so I will stop, and sign myself,

Motley.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cape Wolfe, Canada.—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from female troubles. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised doctors and neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was.

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter if you like. I think if more women used your remedies they would have better health."—Mrs. J. T. COOK, Lot No. 7, Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., Canada.

Because your case is a difficult one, and doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



\$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and back-of-the-head itches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath, sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Likes the W.H.M. Best

Sask., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a subscriber to your paper for nearly six months and I would not be without the W.H.M. There are seven different papers taken into our house, and I think it beats them all. I like the correspondence column fine. In reference to a letter of "Fern's," in March issue, on a man's moral standing, I think a friend such as "Fern" speaks of is a great help, especially one's mother. Boys, if your mother is alive take care of her—she is your best friend. I did not realize what a mother was until I lost mine. I am a total abstainer, but I have a different opinion as regards dancing and a quiet game of cards. I also smoke once in a while. I like correspondence and would answer all letters. My address is with the Editor. I would like to hear from "Girlic," if she would write first.

Slim.

More News From Dido

Medicine Hat, June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I'm here again, if you will allow me to "butt" in, and I'll tell you right now I have got some criticizing to do in this month's issue. Well, now, "Teetotaler" I guess you've got millionaires and homesteaders mixed up pretty well. There is not much chance of millionaires wanting to be homesteaders, but there are quite a few who would be vice versa. You are right when you say "one can get some queer ideas, in the W.H.M. letters," look at your own? A couple do not have to wait until the money is made, but it is a dead certainty, you cannot keep a wife on nothing. Therefore, you have got to wait to get sufficient means whereby to start comfortably, and more especially if he is a homesteader. When a man has made his fortune, he can live pretty nearly where he likes, but if a girl has to wait till then, well I feel sorry for the poor girls that's all, and I guess some of them will have made their own fortunes first. You say that you have tried waiting, and found it no good, still you say you are better off than when you started. That's a conundrum. I've come to the conclusion, that you can only see one side of the feminine question and that you must be a bachelor, and also a woman hater. I have corresponded with a few, who wished to receive letters, but I don't get any answers, so now I am going to quit wasting stamps, and put it through the column instead. The nicest girls that I have ever met in Canada are in Manitoba, (south) around Brandon, Elgin, Minto, and I have been in a few places in Canada. Old Weary William has a little advice to give which ought to help some of the younger married people a little. As regards "Templar's" letter, I have been a teacher in the art of dancing, and I say again, it is a great pastime. The individual gains happiness from it, and the community gain good, either directly or indirectly, for example, a dance may be given for the benefit of some people, deserving in some way. Then the person who dances gets a certain amount of pleasure from it. I know there are failures attached to most things. Drink is not made for man to spend all his money in, or make a glutton of himself, but a glass of beer taken in moderation will hurt no man. Well, Scotch Bluebell, I'm glad you have a little sympathy for the poor bachelor, myself included, but I can cook a good meal and make pastry, and do most of the cooking for four of us. I say, take a wife when you can keep her comfortable, but not luxurious, nor yet hungry. I do not agree with "Joyful Reader" that the name of our club should be "Westerners' Club." What about the easterners', how would it suit them? I will write to "Western Bell" as she desires to hear from someone who has travelled a little. I think this sufficient, and will sign myself,

Dido.

Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectually that they pass from the body unperceived. They are not ejected in their entirety, but are ground up and pass away through the bowels with the excreta. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

How The Body Kills Germs.

Germs that get into the body are killed in two ways—by the white corpuscles of the blood, and by a germ-killing substance that is in the blood. Just what this substance is, we do not know. The blood of a healthy person always has some germ-killing substance in it to ward off the attack of disease. The fountain head of life is the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished. To put the body in healthy condition, to feed the system on rich, red blood and throw out the poisons from the body, nothing in the past forty years has excelled Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a pure glyceric extract (without alcohol), of bloodroot, golden seal and Oregon grape root, stone root, mandrake and queen's root with black cherrybark.

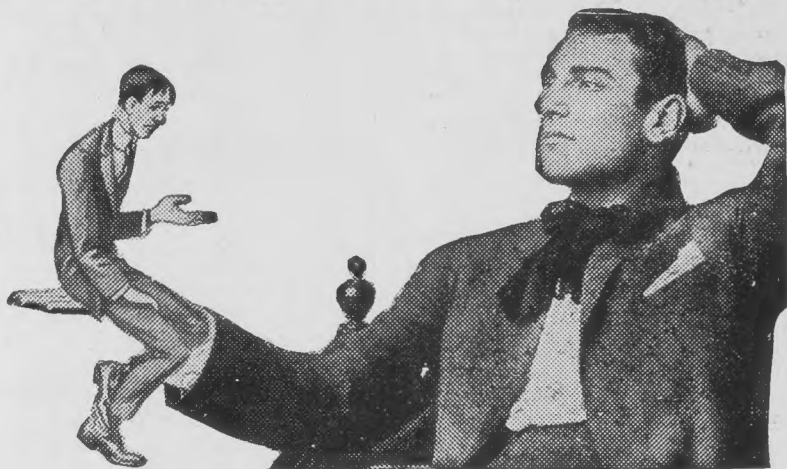


J. H. MARTIN, ESQ.

"My husband was a sufferer from stomach trouble and impure blood," writes Mrs. JAMES H. MARTIN, of Frankfort, Ky. "He had a sore on his face that would form a scab which would dry and drop off in about a month, then another would immediately form. It continued this way for a long time. He tried every remedy that any one would suggest but found no relief. He then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which completely cured him. He has stayed cured now for two years, and I recommend this valuable medicine for impurities of the blood."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

ARE YOU A Strong, Vital Man?



Believe me, reader, when I say to you, it is not a matter of stature which makes a man strong and vigorous. A tall man may be weak and unmanly, or a small man may be a giant of power in his community. No matter whether you are small or large, no matter whether you are young or elderly, no matter what past indiscretion or act of folly may have sapped your courage and left you weak, nervous, unstrung, unmanly, I say to you in all seriousness, if I can be sure that you will help yourself and help me by following the dictates of Nature's laws—that is if you really WANT to become strong again and will thus cease now and forever the practice of any excesses or indiscretions which you may be indulging in; in other words, if you will lead a decent, manly man's life, be true to yourself, then under these fine conditions I promise you as man to man that I can resupply your system with an abundant VITALITY or VITAL VIGOR, you should build up and develop into a strong, virile human being, with the same force and manly vigor that you see displayed in other full-blooded fellows about you. Vitality is the greatest single power in the world, and without it debility and weakness must prevail. Take my word for it, my friend for I know whereof I speak. Over 200,000 debilitated men have written to me of their ailments during the past twenty years.

My little book, which I send free to men, goes into this matter of vitality thoroughly, and should be read by all men, single or married. It fully describes my HEALTH BELT with suspensory at-

tachment, a light, inexpensive appliance which you place comfortably around your waist upon going to bed and wear until morning. Thus, while you sleep, it is continually sending a great, soft, potent stream of real VITALITY and MANLY STRENGTH into your nerves, organs and blood night after night, while you sleep. It often takes the pain or weakness out of your back in one application—then before you realize that time is passing you commence to feel better, stronger, more ambitious, more manly, and will answer "never felt better in my life" to your friends' greetings, while they in turn will secretly marvel at the great change in your appearance. I have seen this work out in thousands upon thousands of cases before you. Remember, I am not asking you to buy a HEALTH BELT now, but merely want you to send for the book, then when you have thought the matter over, I will gladly make some proposition whereby you can use a HEALTH BELT if you want to, but first get the book.

ALL men and women are naturally drawn to and fascinated by the truly VITAL man, because he radiates his power and vigor, as you know if you have observed the bright men in any assemblage. The weakling must stand aside. There are no drugs or medicines to take in connection with my HEALTH BELT. Simply wear it and absorb its wonderful health giving power. With special attachments it is a fine treatment for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders and general ill-health.

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Fill in the coupon; let me send you at once my free booklet in plain sealed envelope; it is profusely illustrated with half-tone photos; keep it in your pocket for easy reference; read the chapter on Vitality; read the chapter on Debility; read the chapter on those subjects which

interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in manly vigor. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting book, which should be in everyone's possession. Therefore send today. If in or near this city call at my office. Hours, nine to six.



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Household Suggestions

Concerning Flavorings

Emma Gary Wallace

The cost of cake and dessert flavorings amounts to quite an item in the year, and intelligent forethought will materially reduce this expense. Leaves of the sweet-scented geranium placed in the bottom of the tin in which a cake is baked will impart a delicious flavor which is delightful and difficult to place. Wash and dry the leaves, and put next to the batter.

When oranges are freely used, save the peels. Set away in a cool place until a number collects. Take a sharp knife and trim out the white part which contains the bitter principle. Cut the oily yellow rind in tiny strips and drop into a bottle of a solution of two-thirds of best grain alcohol and one part water. Add the prepared rind from time to time, shaking the bottle occasionally. After the bottle is full set it away for three months, at the end of which time the strong orange extract may be drained off and strained through a couple of thicknesses of muslin or filtered through regular filter paper. It will be clear and much stronger than the usual product, and is delicious for ices, cakes, desserts and candies.

Lemon rind may be prepared in the same way. A small, smooth, wooden board and a sharp knife will be found of assistance in trimming the peel.

Cocoanuts

Cocoanuts.—Of the wide variety of uses to which the coconut is put, a Maine agricultural experiment-station bulletin says: "The small, green and immature nut is grated fine for medicinal use, and when mixed with the oil of the ripe nut it becomes a healing ointment. The jelly which lines the nut of the more mature product furnishes a delicate and nutritious food. The milk in its centre when iced is a most delicious luxury. Grated coconut forms a part of the world-renowned East-Indian condiment curry. Dried shredded (desiccated) coconut is an important article of commerce. From the oil a butter is made, of a clear, whitish color, so rich in fat that of water and foreign substances combined there are but 0.0068. It is better adapted for cooking than for table use. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals, but it is rapidly finding its way to the tables of the poor, particularly as a substitute for oleomargarine."

Over 50 per cent. (50.6 per cent. to be exact) of the coconut is composed of fats, and 27.9 per cent. of carbohydrates, with only 5.7 per cent. of protein. When used in any considerable quantity, foods rich in proteins and carbohydrates should be used along with it—the legumes, say, for the proteins, and rice for the carbohydrates.

The milk of the coconut is composed chiefly of water, and is almost wholly devoid of nutritive qualities.

Shredded coconut has become an important article of commerce, and is considered indispensable by the housewife. Like the coconut in any form however it is difficult of digestion, unless pains are taken to give it the most careful mastication.

A delicious sauce may be made from the coconut as follows: cut fresh coconut in thin slices and grind the nut very fine in a chopper or strong hand mill. If nothing of this sort is available the coconut may be grated. To each cup of the prepared nut add one pint of hot water, stirring and beating with a spoon to extract as much of the juice as possible. Drain off the liquid and add a second similar quantity of hot water, and after beating again very thoroughly strain through a thin cloth or fine sieve, pressing out all the liquid possible. This may be used at once as a substitute for milk, to be eaten with rice or other grains, or to prepare puddings and sauces. It is excellent served with toasted cereal flakes, or eaten with toast.

Meat Recipes

Economical Meat Recipes

Economy Scrapple—Buy two or three pounds of neck beef, and simmer slowly until tender, in enough water to cover. Remove the meat and pick free of bone and gristle, and return to the broth, or reserve for making pressed beef. Season the broth with salt, pepper, a little onion pulp if liked, a little powdered sage, and a tablespoonful tomato pulp. Stir into this mixture enough fine corn meal to make a thick mush. Cook about one-half hour long.

two tablespoonfuls flour in two tablespoonfuls butter, and add to it the beef broth, stirring until smooth. Add a sliced onion or two tablespoonfuls onion pulp, add one-half cupful strong cider vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. If cabbage is liked, one-half a medium-sized cabbage may be shaved fine and added to the liquor while the meat is cooking. Cook all together for 15 minutes after the thickening is added.

Useful Cookies

Boston Cookies—Work one cupful of butter until creamy, and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar gradually, while beating constantly; then add three eggs, well beaten. Dissolve one

Jelly Jumbles—Work one-half cupful of butter until creamy, and add one cupful of sugar gradually, while beating constantly; then add one egg, beaten until light, one-half teaspoonful of soda mixed with one-half cupful of sour milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a soft dough. Chill thoroughly, toss on a slightly floured board, and pat and roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Shape in rounds, using a cutter first dipped in flour. On the centers of one half of the pieces put a small cube of currant jelly. With a thimble make three small openings in each of the remaining pieces in triangular fashion near the centers, and put pieces together. Press edges slightly, and bake in a rather hot oven.

White Cookies—Two cups sugar, 1 cup fried meat fat and butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon soda, flour to roll soft.

Southern Biscuit—Sift, then measure, two cups of special pastry flour and add one-half teaspoon salt and one rounding teaspoon baking powder. Sift again, then rub in one-half tablespoonful of cold lard. Beat the white of an egg well and stir it into one-fourth cup sweet milk. Mix this wetting with the flour; roll the dough thin; cut in small rounds after buttering the top of the sheet of dough; lay the rounds one over the other in pairs; prick the upper layers with a fork; and bake in a quick, hot oven.

Pies and Cookies

Pie Crust—One-half teacup of lard, a pinch of salt, two teacupfuls of flour. Work well together with one-half teacupful of cold water.

Raisin Pie—One cup of cream (or rich milk), one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a little salt. Stone the raisins and simmer until tender in a little water before adding to the other ingredients.

Tapioca Pudding—Soak three table-spoons tapioca over night. Put it in one quart of milk and boil one half hour. Beat yolks of two eggs with one cupful of sugar. Stir in the tapioca and boil ten minutes longer. Pour into a pudding dish. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Stir in three table-spoons sugar. Put this over the top and sprinkle with coconut. Brown in oven for five minutes.

Strawberry Flip—Cook one-quarter pound of tapioca in water until clear, after having soaked it over night. Dissolve one-eighth ounce of gelatine in water to cover it and strain into the hot cooked tapioca, adding also four ounces of sugar. Next add one pint of strawberry preserve. Freeze, serve between two half-inch layers of angel food cake.

The Two Angels.

God sent His angel Joy to me
After long months of pain.
I heard the songbird's notes of glee,
The sunshine followed rain,
And hope and love unfolded sweet
Their petals on the air.
I saw life's pathway for my feet
Stretch onward, verdant, fair.
God sent His angel Pain to me
With the white fall of snow.
A morn of joy was quickly dimmed
By a grey eve of woe.
White as the snow that angel's face,
And yet with tearful awe
The tokens of the Saviour's grace
In those kind eyes I saw.
Softly he whispered, 'Sink not down,
But raise thine eyes above;
The Man of Sorrows wore the crown,
After a life of love.
His love, His grief, a boundless sea,
Swept o'er this earthly shore;
Now myriads flock to His dear feet.
With tears and smiles adore.
'Rise, speak the message of His love
To weary hearts that moan.
The angel Pain is sent to all—
Thou dost not weep alone.
Speak to those weary ones of me.
Of the "eternal years,"
Some day the Hand that chastened thee
Shall wipe away thy tears.'

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

POTATO PANCAKES

4 large potatoes 2 tablespoonfuls flour
2 eggs ¼ teaspoonful salt

Mix ingredients and fry a golden brown. Serve a small piece of fried bacon between two pancakes.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

6 cupfuls sugar 3 tablespoonfuls butter
1 1-3 cupfuls milk 4 squares chocolate
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Boil 13 minutes.

LEMON DRINK

1 oz. citric acid 2 lbs. granulated sugar
4 dessertspoonfuls essence of lemon
1½ qts. boiling water

Set away in bottles and use about 2 tablespoonfuls for a drink.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE

4 eggs (whites) 1 teaspoonful baking powder
¾ cupful butter 2 ozs. citron peel (cut fine)
1 cupful sugar 4 ozs. almonds
1½ cupfuls flour 1 cupful coconut
½ cupful milk

BROWN BREAD

2 cupfuls sour milk 1 teaspoonful soda
½ cupful brown sugar 3 cupfuls Graham flour
4 tablespoonfuls black strap molasses ½ cupful white flour
1 cupful raisins or nuts (this can be left out) ½ teaspoonful salt
Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven.

FRUIT SALAD

2 bananas 2 oranges
½ pineapple juice 1 lemon
½ lb. malaga grapes ½ cupful chopped walnuts
Sugar to taste
Serve very cold with whipped cream.

er, stirring very often; then pour into buttered cake tins that are three or four inches deep. When cold, slice in one-inch thick slices, and brown them nicely on both sides in pork fat, or a mixture of lard and butter.

Baked Corned Beef Hash.—Chop enough cold, cooked corned beef to make two pints. Chop the same quantity of cold, boiled potatoes, and mix the two together. Put them in a stew-pan and add one pint of hot water, or broth if you have it, and cook just five minutes, stirring often. Take from fire, and add four well-beaten eggs, and a dash of salt and pepper, and if liked, one teaspoonful of minced onion or onion pulp. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a hot oven.

Sour Beef Stew.—One and one-half pounds of soup meat, boiled until tender, and cut up in small cubes. Brown

teaspoonful of soda in one and one-half tablespoonfuls of hot water, and add to first mixture; then add two cupfuls of flour (mixed and sifted with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of cinnamon), one cupful of chopped English walnut-meats, one-half cupful of currants, one-half cupful of raisins, and one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour.

Pecan Cookies.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add one cupful of brown sugar gradually, while beating constantly; then add one cupful of chopped pecan-nut meats, sprinkled with one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, the whites of two eggs, beaten until stiff, and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Drop from tip of spoon on buttered sheet, one and one-half inches apart, spread, and bake in a moderate oven.

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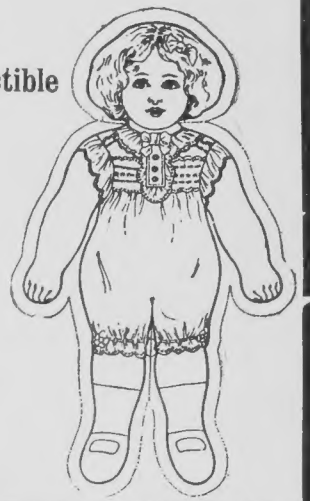
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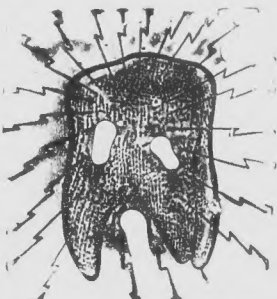
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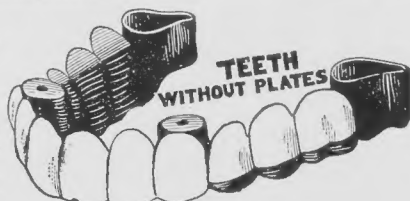
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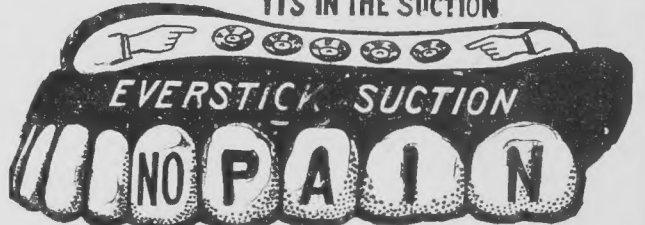
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